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THE UNITED STATES IN THE PHILIPPINES

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[Mr. Ireland has been known to readers of the *Atlantic* since 1898 as an authority upon colonial affairs. In 1902 he went to the Far East as a special commissioner of the University of Chicago to collect material for an elaborate report on colonial administration in that part of the world. The present paper embodies some of the more important results of more than two years spent in the study of comparative colonization in the English, French, Dutch, and American colonies in the Far East. It is, perhaps, the first competent and wholly non-partisan treatment of American administration in the Philippines from the comparative point of view. — THE EDITORS.]

I

To the student of comparative colonization the entrance of the United States upon a career of over-sea expansion presents none of the elements of abnormality which chain the attention of those who, while attributing to the institutions of the American government and to the character of the American people peculiar qualities which invalidate every argument based upon the universal experience of other nations, approach the subject from the standpoint of an American history isolated from the general progress of mankind. It is a matter of plain fact that in the whole of recorded history there cannot be found a single instance of a nation which, having reached a certain stage of economic development, has not embarked upon enterprises of territorial expansion, that this phenomenon in the growth of nations has persisted in all climates and under every form of government, that it is common to all races, and that it has been associated with every form of religion, heathen or Christian, of which we have any knowledge. It is not too much to say that no single element in the human character has done more to mould the destinies of mankind than this intimate relation between intellectual and physical vigor and territorial expansion.

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With these facts in view the impartial observer finds it more natural to link the over-sea expansion of the United States with the continuous chain of human evolution than to regard it as an abnormal sequel to a hundred years of local history.

In order to understand the course of American policy and administration in the Philippines it is necessary to emphasize the perfectly normal character of the undertaking, and to insist that, in so far as the problem of the Philippines concerns the Philippine people, it has presented at no stage a single important feature for which the experience of other nations does not afford a parallel. Those questions which relate to the constitutionality or otherwise of the whole relation between the United States and the Philippine Islands, or of any particular administrative measure, concern the American people alone, and are of no interest whatever to the Philippine natives; and throughout this article the estimate of American action in the Islands is based not upon any adjustment to an American standard of political principle or conduct, in regard to which there appears to be no small conflict of opinion in the United States, but upon its relation to the economic, social, and political welfare of the Philippine Islands.

When Philippine affairs are thus severed from their unnatural connection with American home politics, and are approached as a problem in which the end sought is simply the achievement of the greatest good for the Philippine people, the inquiry is raised from the plane of political bickering to that of national statesmanship, and the discussion loses that quality of acerbity which invariably obscures the point at issue, and, in administrative matters, usually paralyzes the constructive forces of the authority finally left in control.

## II

Under the terms of the Peace Protocol of August 12, 1898, the United States was authorized to "occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a Treaty of Peace which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines;" and under the terms of that Treaty, concluded on December 10, 1898, Spain ceded to the United States the archipelago known as the Philippine Islands. But in the interval which elapsed between the battle of Manila Bay on May 1, 1898, and the signing of the Peace Protocol on August 12, American action in the Philippines assumed definite shape, and the occurrences of that period have exerted the most profound influence upon the whole Philippine situation.

I should be content to pass over the events which preceded the Treaty of Peace as *faits accomplis* were it not that the policy pursued by the United States under its rights as a belligerent, and later under the status established by the Peace Protocol, is marked by those very characteristics which are so strikingly apparent in the conduct of affairs after the Treaty of Peace had given the United States full power to proceed in all respects as her statesmen might deem proper. Almost every act of the United States in the Philippines, except those of a purely military nature, from the date of the battle of Manila Bay down to the present time,

has been characterized by what may be called from one standpoint independence and originality, or, from another standpoint, blindness to local conditions and contempt for universal experience.

This attitude of detachment, alike from the insular environment and from the historical example of three centuries of the failures and successes of others in a similar field, has been the most influential factor in American relations with the Islands; and in order to make the point clear, and to show the continuity of this element in American policy from the very commencement of the Philippine affair, it is necessary to deal briefly with the earlier phases of the Philippine problem.

At the beginning of the year 1898 it was a matter of common knowledge in the Far East that Aguinaldo and his principal adherents, who had left the Philippines in 1897 under the terms of the Treaty of Biac-na-Bató, had decided that the promises of reform, which constituted the Spanish obligation under the treaty, had not been performed, and that the Philippine Junta had decided to commence another revolution at the earliest favorable moment. Aguinaldo himself never made the slightest attempt to conceal the motive of the proposed revolution, namely, the achievement of political independence for the Philippine Islands; and it is impossible to suppose that the American consuls in Singapore and Hongkong were not fully aware of his intentions in this respect at the time when the former (Mr. Spencer Pratt) "sought him out . . . as the man for the occasion," and sent him to Admiral Dewey, and the latter (Mr. Rounseville Wildman) accepted the post of Honorary Treasurer of the Philippine Patriotic League and drafted the Proclamation which Aguinaldo issued on his arrival at Cavite.

Aguinaldo was taken in an American transport to Manila, was given arms by the American authorities, was allowed to seize Spanish arms in Cavite, and was encouraged in every way to start his insurrection; and these things were done *after*

he had publicly issued a proclamation declaring his intention of establishing an independent Philippine Republic. Even if we accept General Anderson's statement (*North American Review*, February, 1900) that as late as July, 1898, Admiral Dewey was not aware that the Americans would hold the Philippines if they were captured, and assume that up to that time the admiral believed that the policy of the United States would be to grant independence to the Philippines, the early treatment of Aguinaldo was a deplorable mistake.

What Admiral Dewey's action amounted to was this, that without any definite information as to what the policy of the United States would be if the war with Spain involved the capture of the Philippines, he conveyed to the Islands, under circumstances which implied an official recognition of the purposes of the insurgents, the one man who could most seriously compromise the situation, and whose declared aim, if successfully carried out, could only have one of two results, either the recognition of Philippine independence or a war between the United States and the new republic.

It is true that neither Admiral Dewey nor any other responsible agent of the American government ever gave Aguinaldo an explicit assurance that the United States would recognize Philippine independence; but in the absence of any declaration of an opposite intention, and in view of the circumstances under which the war with Spain had been undertaken, and having regard to the support and encouragement given to Aguinaldo by high American officials after he had declared in unmistakable terms, and in the most public manner possible, his opinion that the Americans had come to give the Philippines an independent government, it is impossible to accuse Aguinaldo of having put a strained construction upon the attitude of the American officials, or of importing into their acts a significance which could not be fairly attributed to them.

Up to the middle of June, 1898, there

appears to have been no official declaration, public or private, of the policy which the United States intended to pursue toward the Philippines; but on June 16, Mr. Day, the Secretary of State in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet, wrote a dispatch to the United States consul in Singapore which contained a definite statement of the views of the administration on the subject of Philippine independence. In the course of this communication Mr. Day said: "This Government has known the Philippine insurgents only as discontented and rebellious subjects of Spain, and is not acquainted with their purposes. . . . The United States in entering upon the occupation of the islands . . . will expect from the inhabitants, without regard to their former attitude towards the Spanish Government, that obedience which will be lawfully due from them. If, in the course of your conferences with General Aguinaldo, you acted upon the assumption that this Government would cooperate with him for the furtherance of any plan of his own, or that, in accepting his cooperation, it would consider itself pledged to recognize any political claims which he may put forward, your action was unauthorized and cannot be approved."

The first question which naturally arises in regard to this declaration is, was the policy here outlined communicated to the American naval and military commanders in the Philippines or to Aguinaldo himself? I have been unable to find any evidence that Mr. Day's statement received any greater publicity than was afforded by the correspondence files of the American consulate in Singapore; indeed, there is strong presumptive evidence that it never reached the Philippines through any official channel, for throughout the latter part of 1898 Aguinaldo repeatedly sought to obtain a declaration of American policy in regard to independence, and as late as September 8 General Otis informed him, "I have not been instructed as to what policy the United States intends to pursue. . . ."

The relations between Aguinaldo and the American commanders prior to June 16 fall into an entirely different category from those which existed after that date, for the former represented the personal judgment of individual officers acting largely on their own responsibility, whereas the latter rest on the responsibility of the authorities in Washington, who had formulated a definite policy and were in a position to control the action of their local representatives in conformity with it. It is most difficult, therefore, to reconcile the actions of the military commanders in the Philippines after June 16 with the declaration contained in Mr. Day's dispatch to the effect that no recognition of any kind would be given to the political ambitions of Aguinaldo. I have space only to give two instances of the extraordinary nature of the attitude of the military authorities toward an insurgent general whom the United States had decided not to recognize.

On August 8, 1898, General Anderson wrote. "General Emilio Aguinaldo, Commanding Filipino Forces: Will Your Excellency consent to my occupation of the intrenchments facing Blockhouse No. 14?" . . . On October 14 General Otis wrote, "General Emilio Aguinaldo, Commanding Filipino Revolutionary Forces: General, it is my desire to place it [a convalescent camp] at a locality which would not inconvenience any organization connected with your forces . . . and to the emergency of this anticipated proceeding I respectfully invite your consideration and ask your assistance should execution become necessary."

The Philippine situation developed rapidly during the latter half of 1898, and in February of the following year the political aspect of affairs, which had been marked by steadfast progress on the part of Aguinaldo in strengthening his military position and in extending his government in Luzon and in several other islands, and by a constant repetition on the part of the Americans of vague assurances that the intentions of the United

States were highly benevolent, and a careful avoidance of any act or declaration definitely favorable or adverse to the specific question of Philippine independence, was completely changed by the outbreak of war between the two armies. This eventuality had been foreseen for some weeks by each side, and the most ingenious devices were resorted to by the Filipinos to throw the responsibility of the first act of hostility on the shoulders of the Americans. As a matter of fact the war was commenced by the Filipinos, but only after the American soldiers had submitted, with a self-restraint that cannot be too highly praised, to every indignity and insult which could be expected to provoke an attack on their part, and it had consequently become clear that if the Filipinos were to get the war started before large reinforcements arrived from the United States, they themselves would have to assume the offensive.

The determination of Aguinaldo to fight the Americans was perfectly natural in view of what had taken place since the battle of Manila Bay. The confidence which he had at first reposed in the Americans had given way, as months passed without any recognition of his republic, to suspicion and distrust; and by the beginning of 1899 it was realized by the Filipino leaders that whatever the intentions of the Americans were, they were not such as to encourage the hope for an independent native government. The only thing lacking to establish completely this view was a definite statement from the United States, and this was forthcoming on January 4, 1899, in the form of a proclamation from General Otis (his amended version of the President's instructions to the Secretary of War) which finally disposed of Aguinaldo's government by announcing the assumption of the governing power by the United States. After the publication of this proclamation war was inevitable; and the fact that the Filipinos commenced the fighting has no special significance.

The salient feature of American policy



up to this point is the apparent neglect of the government to regard Aguinaldo and his revolutionary programme from the only point of view which could promise any guidance in the circumstances. In dealing with Aguinaldo, after his arrival in the Islands had placed him in touch with his supporters, the question which should have presented itself to the American authorities was not whether his actions justified a belief that he was incapable of maintaining an independent government, not whether his political mistakes or inefficient administration would afford a good argument *ex post facto* for the American assumption of the government, but whether, in view of the determination arrived at on June 16, as set forth in Mr. Day's dispatch, that the insurrectionary movement was not to be recognized, Aguinaldo was or was not capable of offering substantial resistance to the American plans. But notwithstanding the frequent reports forwarded to Washington by the military commanders to the effect that Aguinaldo was actually in control of practically the whole of the Islands, and that he had not only placed himself in a strong military position, but had established a civil government which was in fact administering the affairs of the Islands, there is no evidence in the material thus far made public that any attempt was made to negotiate with the insurgents or to discover whether an arrangement could not be arrived at which would yield to each party so large a proportion of its extreme objects as to afford a basis for common action.

It is known now, and might easily have been known at the time, that there was a conservative element amongst Aguinaldo's advisers sufficiently powerful to have counteracted the influence of the war party if the United States had given it any sort of encouragement prior to the outbreak of hostilities. Nothing of the kind was done, and the policy which was pursued was to disregard the obvious facts in regard to Aguinaldo's ability to offer a serious resistance to the American as-

sumption of the government, to take an entirely independent course of action, and to allow a similar privilege to the revolutionary government.

That the war in the Philippines could have been avoided by the exercise of the most ordinary prudence, that it could have been avoided if the advice of any British, French, or Dutch colonial governor in the Far East had been asked and acted upon, there can be no possible doubt; and it is not less certain that if the Philippine Commission which arrived in Manila shortly after the commencement of the war had been given the power to act, instead of only the power to talk, the war need not have lasted three months. Considerations of space prevent me from dealing with the conduct of the war; and I must dismiss the subject by saying that if in its political aspects it was little but a long succession of errors, in its practical operations it disclosed a devotion and heroism on the part of the American officers and troops which place the campaign on a level with the most striking achievements of the white races in tropical warfare.

### III

The American government in the Philippine Islands was wholly military until September 1, 1900, when the military Governor was relieved of the legislative power, which was transferred to the Philippine Commission of which the Hon. William H. Taft was president. On September 1, 1901, the civil executive power was also transferred to the Commission, and that body was enlarged by the addition to it of three Filipino members.

As it is obviously impossible in the present article to go over the whole field of the administrative policy of the Philippine Commission, I select for treatment two of the more important questions which have arisen in regard to the control and development of the Islands,—the structure and working of the government, and the economic condition of the Islands.

But before passing to a consideration of these questions I wish to make clear a point which is of some importance in relation to any adverse criticism of the American Philippine administration.

During the time I was in the Islands in the early part of this year I met a great number of American officials, and in my intercourse with them, an intercourse which was marked throughout by the greatest courtesy and frankness on their part, I was constantly brought face to face with two facts, — one, that with very few exceptions the members of the civil service were animated by an honest and sincere desire to do the best thing for the general welfare of the Islands; the other, that side by side with this excellent intention there existed an ignorance of the broad established facts in relation to tropical administration, and an absence of information as to the work of the European nations in the neighboring colonies, which could scarcely fail to impair most seriously the usefulness of the most conscientious and hard-working official.

The effect of this mental condition of practically a whole government has been twofold. On the one hand it has involved a groping about for satisfactory solutions of the most elementary problems of administration, which have finally been solved, after great waste of time and energy, along lines already laid down by other nations; and on the other hand, and this is a far more serious matter, it has deprived the government of any standard of comparison for its work. To give a single example: I was shown in the Philippines some of the most wretched roads I have seen in fifteen years of colonial travel, and was asked with pride whether the English had ever done anything like that for the benefit of their colonial subjects; and when I replied that you could travel a thousand miles in an automobile in the Federated Malay States on roads as good as the Massachusetts state roads, my statement was met, if not with absolute incredulity, at least with the last degree of surprise. It was the same thing in a hundred

matters. Had any nation except the United States ever given the natives of a colony any voice in their own government, or given them an honest judiciary, or a good water-supply, or an efficient police force, or ever governed a colony with any other object than deriving revenue from it? And so on through the whole range of colonial administration! It is obvious that if a body of men, from lack of comparative knowledge, honestly believe that the work they are doing is better than that of all others in the same field, the prospect of improvement originating within the administrative hierarchy is reduced to a minimum.

The evil is one which could easily be removed in the case of men as intelligent and quick-witted as the average American in the Philippines. If, instead of going straight from San Francisco to Manila, the higher officials were ordered to go out by way of Suez, taking a trip through Egypt, Ceylon, and the Malay Peninsula on the way, they would arrive in the Philippines better equipped for useful work than they now are even after some years of residence in the Islands. The experience would not only help toward that breadth of view which is so essential in approaching questions of administration in the tropics, but would give them a sufficient knowledge of the conditions of other colonies to serve as a standard of comparison for their own work. Nearly all the faults of administration in the Philippines are due to one of two causes, — either the pernicious influence of American home politics on Philippine legislation, or the narrow vision of the local officials. It is perhaps too much to hope that the former can be removed, but with the elimination of the latter element the evil effects of the former would be greatly lessened.

#### IV

The present structure of the Philippine government differs in some material respects from that of any other tropical dependency of either of the great Powers.

Although at first sight it appears to afford a larger measure of participation to the people of the Islands than can be found elsewhere, the local conditions under which the government operates, which are inflexible to a degree that can scarcely be appreciated by any one who has not visited the Islands, give the practical working of the administration a fairly close resemblance to that of a British crown colony government shorn of some of its most important advantages.

The Philippines belong to a clearly defined type of tropical countries. They have a high mean annual temperature and a low social and economic development; their internal trade is insignificant; they depend for their economic welfare on an export trade resting on agricultural industries; nearly all the manufactured articles used in the Islands are imported; the native labor is entirely inadequate for the development of the natural resources of the country; the great majority of the people are of the usual lazy, indolent, and thriftless character which distinguishes the native of the tropics; there is a small educated class, but ninety per cent of the population can neither read nor write.

As the industry of a people bears a very close relation to their political condition — effective political institutions of an advanced type being found only in countries of advanced industrial development: a low economic condition being invariably accompanied by a low political status — the following figures supply a rough standard by which to measure directly the economic position and indirectly the present political capacity of the Philippines in relation to countries possessing a climate, commerce, and population sufficiently similar in a general way to afford a fair basis for comparison.

It must be borne in mind that in tropical countries, where the internal trade is always insignificant, the value of exports gives a very accurate index to the industry of the people. Basing my calculations on the latest available statistics, the following figures are approximately cor-

rect: Value of exports per annum per capita of population in the Philippines \$5, in Ceylon \$8.50, in Porto Rico \$12, in Sierra Leone \$19, in the British West Indies \$20, in Mauritius \$24, in Java \$25, in British Guiana \$30, in the Federated Malay States \$44.

It is seen from the above figures, which disclose the economic efficiency of nine tropical areas dependent on one or another of the great Powers, that the Philippines are in a very low stage of economic development. The inference might naturally be drawn that the Philippine people are less able to direct their political and administrative affairs than are the inhabitants of any of the colonies included in the comparison; and such an inference would, in fact, be correct. But this view has not commended itself to the United States; and in a country which is poorer, chiefly from lack of industry in the people, than almost any other tropical country not under purely native rule, inhabited by people certainly not more intelligent than those of the other tropical dependencies referred to above, there has been established a government more expensive than any other colonial government in the tropics, and much more dependent for its efficiency on the coöperation of the natives.

Broadly speaking, the American policy in regard to the control and development of the Philippines is the exact opposite of that adopted by every other nation, in that political development has been taken as the standard of attainment instead of industrial development, in opposition to the universal experience of mankind, that the latter has always preceded the former.

It may be true that it has been advisable from the standpoint of American home politics to place the cart before the horse in this manner, but the consequences will be disastrous to the welfare of the Islands. Lord Curzon, in a recent speech on Indian affairs, has put the matter in a nutshell: "I do not think," he said, "that the salvation of India is to be sought on the field of politics at the pre-

sent stage of her development; and it is not my conception of statesmanship to earn a cheap applause by offering so-called boons for which the country is not ready, and for which my successors, and not I, would have to pay the price."

I propose now to compare the structure of the Philippine government with that of some of the British colonies and dependencies in the Far East. The government of the Philippine Islands rests with the following bodies,—the Municipal Councils, the Provincial Governments, the Philippine Commission, and the Congress of the United States. The Philippine Municipality corresponds to the New England township, and there are in the Islands 623 municipalities, and in connection with them about 3600 presidents, secretaries, treasurers, and clerks, and about 8000 councilors. All the municipal officials are elected by the people; and any male person of twenty-three years or over, having six months' residence in the municipality, may vote, provided he held prior to August 13, 1898, any one of certain offices under the Spaniards, or owns five hundred pesos' worth of real estate, or pays thirty pesos or more in taxes, or speaks, reads, and writes English or Spanish.

The Philippine Municipality is simply an advanced type of the village government in Burma, Indo-China, and other Eastern countries, and represents an adjustment to the new conditions of the old Spanish municipal organization. These municipalities would be admirably suited to the needs of the country if the people possessed any political capacity, for, in theory, they raise and disburse money locally for local purposes connected with the daily life of the natives. But the account given of their work in the Philippine Commission's Report for 1903 is most discouraging. The Hon. William H. Taft, writing as Civil Governor, says: "By law the council of a municipality is obliged to devote a certain part of the income of the towns to schools, but in too many instances it has developed that, in

the anxiety to secure his own salary, the president has induced the council and the municipal treasurer to appropriate from what are properly school funds to pay the salaries of municipal officials. The truth is that the municipal governments have not been as satisfactory in their operations as could be wished. By the misuse of the school funds, already referred to, the native school teachers have been compelled to go without their salaries. The municipal police have also gone unpaid, and in many instances had not been made efficient because they were used as the personal servants of the municipal presidents."

It is when we turn to the provincial governments in the Philippines that we find the first radical and important difference between American methods and those of other countries. Under the Provincial Government Act provision is made for the formation of provincial boards consisting of a provincial governor, elected for a two years' term by the municipal councilors of the province in joint convention, and the provincial supervisor, and the provincial treasurer, appointed by the Philippine Commission. At the present time there are forty provincial governments in the Islands. The principal duties of these governments are to levy taxes within certain limitations, to collect all taxes due in the province, whether on account of municipal, provincial, or insular levy, to direct the provincial public works, and to supervise the municipal administration.

It is clear that the provincial government affords no real representation of the people, since two out of the three members of the provincial board are appointed by the Commission; and in this respect the provincial government embodies the central principle of crown colony government, namely, that the control of affairs rests with appointed, and not with elected officials. But while the system, owing to its non-representative character, does nothing toward educating the people in self-government, it sacrifices the

two great advantages of crown colony government, for the element of personal influence is lost where a biennial election regulates the office of governor, and the administrative authority is weakened when it resides in an official trinity instead of in the person of one man. There is thus change where permanence is most needed, and division of power where efficiency is best promoted by its concentration.

The existence of the provincial governments cannot be defended on political grounds, for they possess no political attributes; and in so far as they are administrative machines they perform functions which could be more efficiently and more economically discharged by a single government official with powers similar to those of a deputy-commissioner in Burma. The difference between the duties performed by that official and those of the provincial boards in the Philippines lies in two points only. The deputy-commissioner is vested with judicial and magisterial powers, neither of which pertain to the provincial boards; and in regard to public works, he is relieved by the Public Works Department of the general government of such duties as fall in that matter to the provincial boards. In each respect the advantage lies with the Burmese system.

In a country in a stage of development as low as that of the Philippines or Burma, where the political and administrative capacity of the people, if it can ever reach a useful proportion, must take many generations to develop, the addition of magisterial and judicial powers to the authority of the administrator facilitates the work of government by simplifying the settlement of small civil disputes and the punishment of lesser crime, and serves a most useful purpose by bringing the chief official in charge of each district into close touch with the daily affairs of the people. As all the judicial and magisterial acts of the deputy-commissioner are subject to the review of his administrative superiors, and may be made the subject of appeal to

the higher courts, there is little danger of an abuse of power. In the matter of public works it is obvious that the central government, from its wider knowledge of the general plans for the opening up of the country and from the greater resources at its command, is better able than a provincial board to control and direct public works in conformity with some scheme of development laid down by a body of experts which the provincial governments could not afford to employ.

But it is in the higher branches of the administration that the structure of the Philippine Government exhibits its greatest weakness and its sharpest contrast to other dependent tropical governments. It is a universally recognized trait of tropical peoples that they yield their truest loyalty and their best aid in governmental matters when there is at the head of affairs one man in supreme power, whether he be King, Sultan, or Governor. This characteristic, so far from being due to the growth of white domination, is the product of uncounted centuries of native development, before white men ever came into contact with the native governments; and in attempting to build a tropical government on the theory that so-called "popular" institutions can ever recommend themselves as an ideal to the natives of a tropical country, the fact is overlooked or ignored that, in the thousands of years during which the natives of the tropics were left to themselves, to develop whatever political institutions appeared best suited to them, there was never established a single government which was not purely autocratic in character.

When we attempt to force democratic institutions or corporate government upon tropical peoples we simply assume, without any warrant whatever, that we know better than they do what form of government is best for them. Now not only does the government of the Philippines by a Commission violate the very first principle of successful administration in the tropics by dividing into seven



parts the prestige and authority which the natives expect and desire to find in one man; but, owing to the dependence of the Commission upon a Legislature thousands of miles away, already overburdened with its own affairs, and composed of men who, however able they may be, have neither the time nor the opportunity of gaining any first-hand information in regard to problems of tropical administration, that confidence which should exist between a people and their government is noticeably lacking in the Philippines, where it is perfectly well understood by all intelligent people that the Commission governs the Islands only in so far as it is allowed to do so by Congress.

Shorn of any real authority to determine independently the measures best suited to the needs of the Islands, compelled to legislate with one eye on the American public and the other on Congress, driven to adopt an apologetic tone in regard to all measures which are likely to arouse public sentiment in the States, the Philippine Commission can neither command the respect of the people nor carry on its own work according to the plain needs of the situation. It has been stated very frequently that as a matter of fact Congress has sanctioned every Act submitted to it by the Philippine Commission. This is perfectly true; but it is not due to Congress adjusting its mind to Philippine legislation, but to the Philippine Commission adjusting its legislation to the mind of Congress.

It is not easy to discern the motives which led to the adoption of a Commission as the governing power in the Philippines. In Cuba General Leonard Wood, as a one-man government, had achieved one of the most brilliant administrative feats of which the history of white rule in the tropics bears record. It was a piece of work which can only be appreciated at its true value by those who are familiar with the extraordinary difficulties with which General Wood was confronted — difficulties immeasurably greater than

those which have been encountered in the Philippines — and with the statesman-like manner in which they were met and overcome.

With this striking success before it, it is difficult to understand why the Government of the United States should have afflicted the Philippine Islands with a government which, in its structure, violates every principle that led to such excellent results in Cuba.

The Reports of the Philippine Commission show very clearly the evil effects which result from the Congressional control over Philippine affairs. I select two typical instances, — one affecting the relations between the Islands and the United States, the other referring to a question of local internal policy. In the Commission's Report for 1901 occurs the following passage: "If Congress reduce by fifty per cent the United States duty on tobacco, hemp, and sugar . . . such generosity would much strengthen the bonds between the Filipino and American people, and it is earnestly recommended." In their Report dated November 20, 1902, the Commissioners say: "We respectfully urge the reduction of at least seventy-five per cent of the Dingley rate of duties upon goods imported into the United States from the Philippine Islands." Finally, on December 23, 1903, the Commission recommends that Congress enact "legislation which shall reduce the tariff on sugar and tobacco imported from the Philippine Islands to not more than twenty-five per cent of the present Dingley rates on tobacco and sugar imported from foreign countries." Notwithstanding these repeated appeals on a matter of the most vital importance to the Islands, Congress has neglected to relieve Philippine commerce of its most oppressive burden.

One of the most serious obstacles to the development of the Philippine Islands is the law passed by Congress in 1902 limiting the area of public land which may be sold to a corporation to 2500 acres. With a limit of this kind it is impossible to



attract capital for investment in agricultural enterprises, for, with the disadvantages of the country in the matter of transportation facilities and labor supply, it is only by operating on a large scale that any one can hope to secure a fair interest on his investment. The Commission has clearly recognized the necessity of greatly increasing the area of land that may be sold to corporations; and in their Report of November, 1902, and again in their Report of 1903, the Commissioners urge that the maximum be raised to 25,000 acres. This has not been done, and the facts represent a pernicious interference in a matter which is of purely local interest, which should be left to the discretion of those on the spot who are familiar with the local conditions.

The question of the authority of Congress to control the affairs of the Philippine Islands, and the use to which that authority is put, bring me to the last point I am able to discuss in this article in regard to the structure of the Philippine Government. The reference of every Act of the Commission back to Congress is in itself a serious defect in the Philippine Government, for it hampers the Commission in its legislative work by introducing considerations other than those which relate to the simple need or efficacy of any particular measure; but the fact that Congress directs legislation affecting many of the internal affairs of the Islands is a much greater evil.

The practice of other nations is radically different in this respect from that of the United States. I may take a British tropical colony as a typical instance. In the Straits Settlements, for example, all measures for the government and administration of the Colony are passed by the Governor and his Council, and become law when approved by the Crown. This approval of the Crown is, in fact, a reference to the Colonial Office in London, the Crown always acting on the advice of its Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies. It is evident that the reference of Colonial laws to a Colonial Office rests

on a principle exactly opposite to that on which they are referred to Congress, for the Colonial Office staff is made up of men who are specialists in matters of Colonial administration, and the law is thus passed upon, not by men who have no knowledge of or interest in Colonial affairs, but by men who have devoted themselves for years to the study of the very questions with which Colonial legislation is concerned. Not only does this system insure a consideration of the law from the standpoint of Colonial interests alone, but it enables the Governor to frame his laws in full security that they will be passed upon without any reference to home politics in the sovereign State.

v

An examination of the present economic condition of the Philippines discloses a number of facts of the highest importance in relation to the general questions of government and development of the Islands.

The value of merchandise exported from the Islands in the calendar year 1903 was \$32,000,000, gold, as compared with an average during the five-year period 1892-96 of \$22,000,000. These figures represent a substantial increase, and, if allowed to stand without analysis, they constitute a very effective reply to the widespread complaints that the Islands are in a deplorable state of commercial depression.

If, however, these figures are subjected to a close scrutiny their significance is entirely changed. With an export trade of \$32,000,000 the Philippine Islands are called upon to pay \$12,500,000 for the expenses of the insular government: in other words, for every \$100 worth of produce exported from the Islands the general government costs \$39. If to this we add \$2,500,000 collected in the Islands for municipal and provincial government, the ratio of expenditure on government account to value of exports is raised to forty-six per cent.

That a country should have to pay forty-six per cent of the value of its total industrial product for the privilege of being governed is obviously absurd; and although a dependent tropical government is always expensive, from the fact that the administration is very much better than could arise naturally as a product of native activity, that of the Philippines is much more expensive than it should be.

Comparing the cost of government, on the basis adopted above, with that of five British dependencies in various parts of the tropics — Ceylon, Barbados, British Guiana, Trinidad, and the Federated Malay States — the average is twenty-seven per cent as against forty-six per cent in the Philippines.

But this does not close the comparison. In the British dependencies every charge connected with the government, whether of a civil or a military nature, is paid by the local government; in the Philippines all military expenses are paid by the United States; and the Islands do not even pay for their own police, for the 5000 scouts who do police work, as a body supplementary to the Philippine Constabulary, are on the Army pay roll. The fact is that if we add together the sums paid by the people of the Philippines and by the people of the United States in connection with the control and administration of the Philippine Islands, the total reaches a sum greater than that of the whole value of the export trade of the Islands.

The \$32,000,000 worth of exports from the Philippine Islands in 1903 was made up of \$22,000,000 worth of hemp, \$4,000,000 worth of copra, \$3,000,000 worth of sugar, and \$2,000,000 worth of tobacco and cigars, leaving only \$1,000,000 to cover the value of all other exports. Hemp and copra show a great increase during the past few years; tobacco and sugar a decrease, the exports of the latter having fallen from an average of 493,000,000 pounds for the five-year period 1891-95 to 188,000,000 pounds for 1903.

Hemp and copra are crude products which do not require high cultivation or steady labor for their production, while sugar and tobacco need constant attention during their cultivation and the most careful treatment during their manufacture.

The growth of the Philippine export trade during the past few years is thus seen to have rested entirely on those products which are least dependent on labor conditions, and it is clear that the falling off in sugar and tobacco production, though due to some extent to other causes, is attributable chiefly to the unsatisfactory state of native labor.

The whole future of the Islands lies in the solution of the labor problem; and the outlook is not encouraging. A great deal has been written about the Filipino as a laborer, and the widest divergence of views exists as to whether he is a tolerably good workman, as tropical labor goes, or is an utterly unreliable and worthless creature as far as any development of the Islands is to rest on his efforts.

An examination of these conflicting opinions shows that, with very few exceptions, all favorable comments on Philippine labor come from the towns, the unfavorable ones from the country; and the fact is of great importance, for it lies at the root of the whole labor question in the Islands. In the towns, Philippine labor is chiefly employed by the Government, the Army, and transportation concerns, that is to say, by persons who are not engaged in producing anything for sale; and in the country districts the employment is agricultural. It is clear that the former class of employers is placed in an entirely different relation to Philippine labor from the latter class. The Government and the Army can afford to pay an absurdly high rate of wages because the money wherewith to pay the laborers is the product of taxation and not of the labor itself; the transportation concerns, like the Manila-Dagupen Railway and the transfer companies, can pay very high wages because

they can adjust their rates to meet their expenses.

But the agriculturalist is in a very different position. He is producing something for sale in the European or American market in competition with other producers of similar commodities; and any considerable rise in the rate of wages makes it impossible for him to conduct his business at a profit, for the price obtained for his product is not regulated by the labor rates of the Philippines, but by the general rate of wages in all countries producing the same class of commodities. It is clearly impossible for a sugar or tobacco grower in the Philippines, who must pay from thirty to fifty cents as daily wages for his laborer, to compete successfully with the planter of Java or Sumatra, who pays from fifteen to twenty-five cents a day. The effect of the high wages paid by the non-producing employers in the Philippines has not only raised the rate for agricultural labor to an impossible figure, but it has absolutely drained the country districts of their best labor, for in the Philippines, as elsewhere, the average laborer would rather work in or near a town than in the country for the same rate of pay.

The present labor position is this, that of the total population of the Islands there may be found, perhaps, five per cent who are fairly good laborers; but these laborers have been drawn into the service of the non-producing employers by the attraction of high wages and town life, leaving in the country districts only a very small number of very poor laborers who demand a higher rate of wages than could have been obtained a few years ago by the best labor in the Islands.

The suggestion that unskilled Chinese labor should be introduced into the Islands has met with violent opposition in the United States; and native opinion in the Philippines is divided on the question. It is quite useless in this place to go into the subject on its merits, for there is no evidence in any of the documents issued by those people in the States who are op-

posed to the measure, that any knowledge of Chinese labor or of the Philippine Islands is considered an essential to the formulation and expression of very decided opinions on the subject.

Although the Philippine Commission officially declares against the importation of unskilled Chinese labor, two native members of the Commission and one American member assured me that they were convinced that Chinese immigration was the only hope for any development of the Islands; that they were in favor of it; but that the utter futility of expressing an official view in an opposite sense was so well appreciated that they made no stand in the matter.

That the natural resources of the Philippine Islands can never be made accessible for the use of mankind without the aid of imported labor is a simple fact which rests on the universal experience of centuries of work in the tropics; the contrary view, in so far as it rests on anything that has any bearing whatever on the welfare of the Philippine Islands, is based on a fantastic estimate of what a Filipino could do if he were something which he is not, but which, it is hoped without a shred of reason, he may some day become, — a steady - working, industrious citizen.

The probable effects of the introduction of unskilled Chinese labor are concisely presented in Professor Jenks's admirable Report to the Secretary of War, dated 1902: "It is believed that such a measure would result, with here and there an individual exception, not at all to the disadvantage of the Filipino, but in the long run decidedly to his benefit through improved business conditions in the Islands, which would furnish to him not merely a better market for his produce, but also a better opportunity for engaging in the kind of work for which he is best fitted and which most closely accords with his tastes."

In regard to the admission of skilled Chinese labor, the Philippine Commission has placed itself on record as being in

favor of its admission under proper restrictions. It is perhaps needless to add that Congress has not given the Commission the authority which it asked for in this matter.

I may illustrate the effect of Chinese exclusion in the Philippines by relating an occurrence which was described to me by one of the Philippine Commissioners. A capitalist came some time ago to Manila and approached the Commission under the following circumstances: he wished to establish at Manila a great shipbuilding and repairing industry. He wanted to build a dry dock capable of taking the largest ship afloat, and to erect an extensive plant for all kinds of marine engineering. As there are very few skilled workmen in the Philippines capable of doing the work which this man required, he asked permission to bring in several thousand Chinamen, giving a bond that he would take them out of the country after a certain time. He promised to employ a Filipino to work with each Chinaman, and to dismiss the latter and take him out of the country as soon as the Filipino was able to do the Chinaman's work.

He pointed out that at the end of a few years a great industry would have been established and some thousands of Filipinos trained as skilled mechanics.

He was informed that the law would not allow him to bring in his Chinamen; and he accordingly betook himself and his capital elsewhere.

Incredible as this appears to be, if one is asked to believe that the United States has the welfare of the Philippines at heart, it is only in keeping with the whole attitude of the Government in regard to the development of the Islands.

Since the American occupation many hundreds of people have been to the Philippines, anxious to invest capital there in mining, timber, or other industries. Today there are not half-a-dozen such persons to be found in the Islands. They have been driven away either by the existence of laws which, to use the expression of the Philippine Commission itself,

are "practically prohibitory upon such enterprises," or else by the cry that in seeking to invest capital in the Islands and give employment to such Filipinos as care to work they are trying to exploit the Islands.

The question is a very much wider one than the mere development of the Islands. It amounts practically to this, that unless foreign capital is encouraged to come to the country to build up industries, one of two things must happen: either the whole scale of government expenditure must be cut down until the cost of administration is somewhere near the capacity of the natives in their present state of industry to pay, or else a considerable proportion of the cost of government must be borne by the United States, for it is impossible for the country to continue to bear the rate of taxation which it is now called on to support unless a great increase takes place in the industrial output of the Islands.

One may argue round and round a situation of this kind and predict all manner of evil from the introduction of a thrifty and hard-working population, and all manner of good from the imminent translation of the Filipino, through education, into a sturdy, industrious person, but nothing can obscure the fact that if the Filipino is to be given good government some one must pay for it, and that there are no indications whatever that under the present policy the Islands can find the money under any system of taxation which stops short of extortion.

From the standpoint of an investigator who desires to inform himself accurately of the condition of the Philippines and of their government the Reports of the Philippine Commission, on which he must depend for much of his information, are in some respects most unsatisfactory. The Report for 1903 covers about 3000 pages. It does not contain any general itemized statement of the whole cost of the government, showing the amounts spent on Public Works, and other important items of expenditure. There is,

indeed, a "Recapitulation of Disbursements," but even after one has reduced its various items to a common currency (some being given in United States currency, some in Mexican), and added together the disbursements on account of the fiscal year 1903 and those on account of previous fiscal years (which are given separately), very little is disclosed as to the real nature of the expenditure.

If one refers back to the original tables on which the Recapitulation is based, it is only to be confronted with a four-column statement in two currencies, and to find that an unexplained item, "Contingent Expenses," conceals everything which the student is most anxious to discover. For instance, under the heading "U. S. Philippine Commission" (Report for 1903, part 3, page 431), it is seen that \$21,067 United States currency and \$189,924 Mexican currency were disbursed in 1903 on account of the fiscal year 1903, and \$26,184 United States currency and \$156 Mexican currency on account of prior fiscal years, or a total of \$47,251 United States currency and \$190,080 Mexican currency. But of these sums no less than \$24,096 United States currency and \$60,022 Mexican currency are lumped under the heading "Contingent Expenses."

On the following page of the Report, under the heading "Bureau of the Insular Treasurer," the total expenditure appears as \$26,338 United States currency and \$229,795 Mexican currency, and of these sums \$25,253 United States currency and \$103,623 Mexican currency have no other explanation than "Contingent Expenses." This continues through the whole of the financial statement, and reduces the Report in this matter to a mere burlesque of an account of the government expenditures.

I cannot go into the character of the Reports at greater length at present; suffice it to say that in a long familiarity with the Reports of many governments I have never seen one which says so much and tells so little as that of the Auditor of the Philippine Islands.

## VI

Before passing to the concluding section of this article I wish to say a word about the excellent work which is being done in the Philippines by the scientific departments of the administration.

No colonial government of which I have any knowledge is better served than that of the Philippine Islands in the matter of the public health; and the greatest credit is due to Major E. C. Carter, the Commissioner of Public Health, and to his subordinates, for the admirable work they have carried out in the face of the almost incredible difficulties placed in their way by the ingrained objection of the natives to all sanitary measures.

It is true that much remains to be done before the Islands can be considered as even moderately equipped in the matter of hospitals, water-supply, and a staff of district medical officers; and it seems a pity that some of the lavish expenditure on education should not have been diverted to those most essential needs of a tropical country; but with the means at its disposal the Public Health Department has done excellent work.

The same may be said of the Bureaus of Mining, Forestry, Agriculture, Government Laboratories, and of the Ethnological Survey, which are performing excellent service in their several spheres of activity.

The only criticism which can be made of these Bureaus is that their efforts can be of little practical use to the Islands unless the policy of the Government in regard to the development of the Islands is radically changed, and an industrial activity arises which will be fostered and aided by their work.

Although the departmental heads on the Commission are grossly overburdened with work, owing to the faulty structure of the Government, the office of the Executive Secretary is perhaps more deplorably rushed than that of any other official of the administration, and I cannot withhold the expression of my appreciation of



the abilities of the Executive Secretary, Mr. A. W. Fergusson, without whose extraordinary energy and complete mastery of the Spanish language it is difficult to see how the administration could have carried on its work during the early stages of its existence.

## VII

If a disinterested critic of political and administrative measures confines himself to a destructive analysis of his material, he lays himself open to the charge of having accomplished an easy, useless, and offensive task; if, on the other hand, he proceeds to a constructive review of his facts he may scarcely hope to avoid the appearance of assuming an unwarrantable authority in affairs which concern him only as an observer.

It appears to me that it is the duty of the critic to accept the latter alternative; for, although no purely destructive criticism, however well founded, however well expressed, can serve any useful purpose, constructive criticism possesses this pleasing characteristic, that, even in its most mediocre form, it may contain the germ of improvement.

Whilst claiming no greater authority for my opinion than is commonly accorded to any one who has spent a number of years in the close study of any subject, I venture to add the following paragraphs as a proper sequel to what has gone before.

With the destruction of the Spanish authority in the Philippine Islands the responsibility for the protection of the Islands and for the establishment of a stable internal government devolved upon the United States.

That neither of these responsibilities could have been discharged by handing over the Islands to Aguinaldo and his masters is perfectly clear to almost everybody who has the most ordinary familiarity with Far Eastern affairs in general, and with the conditions of the Philippines in particular.

The only kind of government which

Aguinaldo could have established would have been a military despotism masquerading under the guise of a republic; and for a large proportion of the population it would have been as much a foreign domination as the government of the Islands by the United States. That such a government would have been corrupt and inefficient, notwithstanding the presence of a small number of brilliant and well-educated men, can scarcely be doubted in view of what is now known of the political capacity of the Philippine people.

The significance of this lies not in the disorder and suffering which would have followed the establishment of a purely native government, but in the fact that the certain failure to protect foreign interests in the Islands would have involved the Government in disputes with the great Powers, which would have made it impossible to maintain the territorial integrity of the republic.

It has been suggested that this danger could have been overcome by the assumption by the United States of a protectorate over the Islands. But if the protectorate was to mean anything beyond an impossible guarantee of irresponsibility for the acts of the republic, whether or not they involved serious breaches of international law, it would have to mean that the United States should enjoy, in return for its own assumption of the responsibility, so large a measure of control as would assure the avoidance of international complications; but this would raise the protectorate as a mere guarantee of territorial integrity into a protectorate of internal control, and the object of giving the Filipinos the effective management of their own affairs would be defeated.

The demand which has been made in some quarters in the United States for immediate Philippine independence is based upon several serious misconceptions, easily accounted for in the case of persons who are prepared to decide the fate of a country without any first-hand knowledge of it or of its inhabitants.

It has been assumed that the people of the Philippine Islands, as a whole, desired independence at the time of Aguinaldo's insurrection, and that they still desire it. This is not the case. Ninety-five per cent of the people of the Islands have never had the smallest wish for independence, and the fact that they fought under leaders who used "Independence" for their battle cry simply means that the small body of men who engineered the revolution exercised over the mass of the people that control which in the circumstances led to the creation of an army, and would have led in the event of success to the establishment of a despotic rule based upon the immemorial habit of the tropical native to do what he is told by his own native bosses.

The cry of "Independence" which was raised in the Islands after Aguinaldo landed in 1898 was largely of American manufacture, and it rests to-day on an American propaganda. I was unable to find that it had any hold whatever upon the people at large, and it appears to be confined to a small number of persons who are as representative of the Filipino people at large as the occasional man who would make the United States a monarchy, or the United Kingdom a republic, is representative of American and British sentiment.

In regard to the fitness of the Filipinos for self-government there appears to be an opinion in some quarters, if I may judge from the mass of material which has passed under my hand, that because the Islands have produced, entirely through foreign influence and education, a few men of high intellectual capacity, and because many of the native employees of the Insular Government show themselves capable of good work under American direction, the element thus known to exist could carry on a government if left to itself.

Nothing could be farther from a true interpretation of the facts. Efficient government does not rest upon intellect but upon character, and it is in the high quality

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ties of responsibility, unselfish devotion to the common interest, and executive ability that the Filipino is most lamentably deficient.

Writing without any reference to the attitude of political parties in the United States, the measures which appear to me to be immediately necessary to insure the welfare of the Philippines are these:—

1. The free entry of all Philippine products into the United States.

2. The importation into the Islands, under proper restrictions and safeguards, of such numbers of Chinese and Japanese skilled and unskilled laborers as may be desired by the Government or by responsible private parties.

3. The opening up of the country by means of good roads.

4. The encouragement of American capital by granting liberal terms to miners, planters, and others willing to invest their money in industrial enterprises.

5. The abolition of the Philippine Commission and the Provincial Governments, and the substitution in their place of a Governor-General, who, with the aid of an appointed council composed of Americans and Filipinos, should be empowered to legislate for all the internal affairs of the Islands, subject to the veto of some authority in the United States.

6. The creation of an Insular Office in Washington, which should be run on non-political lines similar to those of the Army and Navy Departments.

7. The transference of the control of all public works, except such as fall to the municipalities, to the Insular Government.

Nature has done all she can to make the Philippine Islands one of the most fertile spots in the world, one full of the richest possibilities. Until their natural resources are developed, until a healthy activity takes the place of the prevailing lethargy of their people, the Islands can never hope to have any political growth.

It is impossible to confer independence on a people as one would present them

with a public library or a drinking fountain. If the ground is not prepared, if the people are not fit for self-government, the gift of independence simply means the handing over of the country to the despotic rule of a small coterie of picked men, who, from their foreign education and training and their race identity with the natives, would find it easy to establish

an ascendancy over the masses, which would keep them in a state of political and economic slavery.

Whatever the future may hold for the Filipinos, it is certain that to-day they have scarcely taken the first step on that long road of industry and self-discipline which alone leads to a sane and wholesome national life.

## COUNTRY LIFE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

"COUNTRY LIFE" was the opening lecture of a course given by Mr. Emerson at the Freeman Place Chapel in Boston, in March, 1858. It was followed by "Works and Days" (printed in *Society and Solitude*), "Powers of the Mind," "Natural Method of Mental Philosophy," "Memory" (the matter of these three mostly now found in *Natural History of Intellect*), and "Self-Possession." "Concord Walks," which will be printed in connection with "Country Life" in the last volume of the Centenary Edition of Mr. Emerson's works, was originally a part of the lecture, as given by him to his neighbors in the village Lyceum. — EDWARD W. EMERSON.

The Teutonic race have been marked in all ages by a trait which has received the name of Earth-hunger, a love of possessing land. It is not less visible in that branch of the family which inhabits America. Nor is it confined to farmers, speculators, and filibusters, or conquerors. The land, the care of land, seems to be the calling of the people of this new country, of those, at least, who have not some decided bias, driving them to a particular craft, as a born sailor or machinist. The capable and generous, let them spend their talent on the land. Plant it, adorn it, study it, — it will de-

velop in the cultivator the talent it requires.

The avarice of real estate, native to us all, covers instincts of great generosity, namely, all that is called the love of nature, comprising the largest use and the whole beauty of a farm or landed estate. Travel and walking have this apology, that nature has impressed on savage men periodical or secular impulses to emigrate, as upon lemmings, rats and birds. The Indians go in summer to the coast for fishing; in winter, to the woods. The nomads wander over vast territory, to find their pasture. Other impulses hold us to other habits. As the increasing population finds new values in the ground, the nomad life is given up for settled homes. But the necessity of exercise and the nomadic instinct are always stirring the wish to travel, and in the spring and summer it commonly gets the victory. Chaucer notes of the month of April,

Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,  
And palmers for to seken straunge strondes,  
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes.

And, in the country, nature is always inviting to the compromise of walking as soon as we are released from severe labor. Linnæus, early in life, read a discourse at the University of Upsala *On the necessity of travelling in one's own country*, based on the conviction that nature was inexhaust-

ibly rich, and that in every district were swamps, or beaches, or rocks, or mountains, which were now nuisances, but, if explored, and turned to account, were capable of yielding immense benefit. At Upsala, therefore, he instituted what were called *herborizations*: he summoned his class to go with him on excursions on foot into the country, to collect plants, and insects, birds, and eggs. These parties started at seven in the morning, and stayed out till nine in the evening; the Professor was generally attended by two hundred students, and, when they returned, they marched through the streets of Upsala in a festive procession, with flowers in their hats, to the music of drums and trumpets, and with loads of natural productions collected on the way.

Let me remind you what this walker found in his walks. He went into Oland, and found that the farms on the shore were perpetually encroached on by the sea, and ruined by blowing sand. He discovered that the *arundo arenaris*, or beach grass, had long firm roots, and he taught them to plant it for the protection of their shores. In Tornea, he found the people suffering every spring from the loss of their cattle, which died by some frightful distemper, to the number of fifty or a hundred in a year. Linnæus walked out to examine the meadow into which they were first turned out to grass, and found it a bog, where the water-hemlock grew in abundance, and had evidently been cropped plentifully by the animals in feeding. He found the plant also dried in their cut hay. He showed them that the whole evil might be prevented by employing a woman for a month to eradicate the noxious plants. When the shipyards were infested with rot, Linnæus was sent to provide some remedy. He studied the insects that infested the timber, and found that they laid their eggs in the logs within certain days in April, and he directed that during ten days, at that time of the year, the logs should be immersed under the water, which being done, the timber was found to be uninjured.

He found that the gout, to which he was subject, was cured by wood-strawberries. He had other remedies. When Kalm returned from America, Linnæus was laid up with severe gout. But the joy in his return, and the curiosity to see his plants, restored him instantly, and he found an old friend as good as the treatment by wood-strawberries. He learned the secret of making pearls in the river-pearl mussel. He found out that a terrible distemper which sometimes proves fatal in the North of Europe, was occasioned by an animalcule, which he called *Furia infernalis*, which falls from the air on the face, or hand, or other uncovered part, burrows into it, multiplies, and kills the sufferer. By timely attention, it is easily extracted.

He examined eight thousand plants; and examined fishes, insects, birds, quadrupeds; and distributed the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. And if, instead of running about in the hotels and theatres of Europe, we would manlike see what grows, or might grow, in Massachusetts, stock its gardens, drain its bogs, plant its miles and miles of barren waste with oak and pine; and following what is usually the natural suggestion of these pursuits, ponder the moral secrets which, in her solitudes, Nature has to whisper to us, we were better patriots and happier men.

We have the finest climate in the world, for this purpose, in Massachusetts. If we have coarse days, and dogdays, and white days, and days that are like ice-blinks, we have also yellow days, and crystal days, — days which are neither hot nor cold, but the perfection of temperature. New England has a good climate, — yet, in choosing a farm, we like a Southern exposure, whilst Massachusetts, it must be owned, is on the Northern slope, towards the Arctic circle, and the Pole. Our climate is a series of surprises, and among our many prognostics of the weather, the only trustworthy one that I know is, that, when it is warm, it is a sign that it is going to be cold. The climate needs, therefore, to be corrected by

a little anthracite coal, — a little coal indoors, during much of the year, and thick coats and shoes must be recommended to walkers. I own I prefer the solar to the polar climates. "I have no enthusiasm for nature," said a French writer, "which the slightest chill will not instantly destroy."

But we cannot overpraise the comfort and the beauty of the climate in the best days of the year. In summer, we have for weeks a sky of Calcutta, yielding the richest growth, maturing plants which require strongest sunshine, and scores of days when the heat is so rich, and yet so tempered, that it is delicious to live.

The importance to the intellect of exposing the body and brain to the fine mineral and imponderable agents of the air makes the chief interest in the subject. "So exquisite is the structure of the cortical glands," said the old physiologist Malpighi, "that when the atmosphere is ever so slightly vitiated or altered, the brain is the first part to sympathize and to undergo a change of state." We are very sensible of this, when, in midsummer, we go to the seashore, or to mountains, or when, after much confinement to the house, we go abroad into the landscape, with any leisure to attend to its soothing and expanding influences. The power of the air was the first explanation offered by the early philosophers of the mutual understanding that men have. "The air," said Anaximenes, "is the soul, and the essence of life. By breathing it, we become intelligent, and, because we breathe the same air, understand one another." Plutarch thought it contained the knowledge of the future. "If it be true, that souls are naturally endowed with the faculty of prediction, and that the chief cause that excites that faculty is a certain temperature of air and winds," etc. Even Lord Bacon said, "The Stars inject their imagination or influence into the air."

The air that we breathe is an exhalation of all the solid material of the globe. . . . It is the last finish of the work of the Creator. We might say, the Rock of Ages

dissolves himself into the mineral air to build up their mystic constitution of man's mind and body.

Walking has the best value as gymnastics for the mind. "You shall never break down in a speech," said Sydney Smith, "on the day on which you have walked twelve miles." In the English universities, the reading men are daily performing their punctual training in the boat-clubs, or a long gallop of many miles in the saddle, or taking their famed "constitutional," walks of eight and ten miles. "Walking," said Rousseau, "has something which animates and vivifies my ideas." And Plato said of exercise, that, "it would almost cure a guilty conscience." "For the living out of doors, and simple fare, and gymnastic exercises, and the morals of companions, produce the greatest effect on the way of virtue and of vice."

Few men know how to take a walk. The qualifications of a professor are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence, and nothing too much. If a man tells me that he has an intense love of nature, I know, of course, that he has none. Good observers have the manners of trees and animals, their patient good sense, and if they add words, 't is only when words are better than silence. But a loud singer, or a story-teller, or a vain talker profanes the river and the forest, and is nothing like so good company as a dog.

There is also an effect on beauty. . . . De Quincey said, "I have seen Wordsworth's eyes sometimes affected powerfully in this respect. His eyes are not under any circumstances bright, lustrous, or piercing, but, after a long day's toil in walking, I have seen them assume an appearance the most solemn and spiritual that it is possible for the human eye to wear. The light which resides in them is at no time a superficial light, but, under favorable accidents, it is a light which seems to come from depths below all depths; in fact, it is more truly entitled to



be held 'the light that never was on land or sea,' a light radiating from some far spiritual world, than any that can be named." But De Quincey prefixes to this description of Wordsworth a little piece of advice, which I wonder has not attracted more attention. "The depth and subtlety of the eyes varies exceedingly with the state of the stomach, and, if young ladies were aware of the magical transformations which can be wrought in the depth and sweetness of the eye, by a few weeks' exercise, I fancy we should see their habits in this point altered greatly for the better."

For walking, you must have a broken country. In Illinois, everybody rides. There is no good walk in that State. The reason is, a square yard of it is as good as a hundred miles. You can distinguish from the cows a horse feeding, at the distance of five miles, with the naked eye. Hence, you have the monotony of Holland, and when you step out of the door, can see all that you will have seen when you come home. In Massachusetts, our land is agreeably broken, and is permeable like a park, and not like some towns in the more broken country of New Hampshire, built on three or four hills having each one side at forty-five degrees, and the other side perpendicular: so that if you go a mile, you have only the choice whether you will climb the hill on your way out, or on your way back. The more reason we have to be content with the felicity of our slopes in Massachusetts, undulating, rocky, broken and surprising, but without this alpine inconveniency. Twenty years ago in Northern Wisconsin the pinery was composed of trees so big, and so many of them, that it was impossible to walk in the country, and the traveller had nothing for it, but to wade in the streams. One more inconveniency, I remember, they showed me in Illinois, that, in the bottom lands, the grass was fourteen feet high. We may well enumerate what compensating advantages we have over that country, for 't is a commonplace, which I have frequently heard

spoken in Illinois, that it was a manifest leading of the Divine Providence, that the New England States should have been first settled before the western country was known, or they would never have been settled at all.

The privilege of the countryman is the culture of the land, the laying out of grounds and gardens, the orchard, and the forest. The Rosaceous tribe in botany, including the apple, pear, peach and cherry, are coeval with man. The apple is our national fruit. In October, the country is covered with its ornamental harvests. The American sun paints itself in these glowing balls amid the green leaves,—the social fruit, in which Nature has deposited every possible flavor; whole zones and climates she has concentrated into apples. I am afraid you do not understand values. Look over the fence at the farmer who stands there. He makes every cloud in the sky, and every beam of the sun, serve him. His trees are full of brandy. He saves every drop of sap, as if it were wine. A few years ago, those trees were whipsticks. Now, every one of them is worth a hundred dollars. Observe their form; not a branch nor a twig is to spare. They look as if they were arms and fingers, holding out to you balls of fire and gold. One tree yields the rent of an acre of land. Yonder pear has every property which should belong to a tree. It is hardy, and almost immortal. It accepts every species of nourishment, and yet could live, like an Arab, on air and water. It grows like the ash Ygdrasil. It seems to me much that I have brought a skilful chemist into my ground, and keep him there overnight, all day, all summer, for an art he has, out of all kinds of refuse rubbish, to manufacture Virgaliens, Bergamots, and Seckels, in a manner which no confectioner can approach; and his method of working is no less beautiful than the result.

In old towns, there are always certain paradises known to the pedestrian, old and deserted farms, where the neglected orchard has been left to itself, and whilst

some of its trees decay, the hardier have held their own. I know a whole district, Estabrook Farm, made up of wide straggling orchards, where the apple-trees strive with and hold their ground against the native forest trees: the apple growing with profusion that mocks the pains taken by careful cockneys, who come out into the country, plant young trees, and watch them dwindling. Here, no hedges are wanted; the wide distance from any population is fence enough: the fence is a mile wide. Here are varieties of apple not found in Downing or Loudon. The "Tartaric" variety, and "Cow apple," and the "Bite me if you dare," the "Beware of this." Apples of a kind which I remember in boyhood, each containing a barrel of wind and half a barrel of cider. But there was a contest between the old orchard and the invading forest trees, for the possession of the ground, of the whites against the Pequots, and if the handsome savages win, we shall not be losers.<sup>1</sup> . . .

According to the common estimate of farmers, the woodlot yields its gentle rent of six per cent, without any care or thought, when the owner sleeps or travels, and it is subject to no enemy but fire. Evelyn quotes Lord Caernavon's saying, "Wood is an excrescence of the earth provided by God for the payment of debts." Lord Abercorn, when some one praised the rapid growth of his trees, replied, "Sir, they have nothing else to do."

When Nero advertised for a new luxury, a walk in the woods should have been offered. 'T is one of the secrets for dodging old age. For Nature makes a like impression on age as on youth. Then I recommend it to people who are growing old against their will. A man in that predicament, if he stands before a mirror, or among young people, is made quite too sensible of the fact; but the forest awakes in him the same feeling it did when he was a boy, and he may draw a moral from

the fact that 't is the old trees that have all the beauty and grandeur. I admire the taste which makes the avenue to a house, were the house never so small, through a wood; besides the beauty, it has a positive effect on manners, as it disposes the mind of the inhabitant and of his guests to the deference due to each. Some English reformers<sup>2</sup> thought the cattle made all this wide space necessary between house and house, and that, if there were no cows to pasture, less land would suffice. But a cow does not need so much land as the owner's eyes require between him and his neighbor.

Our Aryan progenitors in Asia celebrated the winds as the conveying Maruts, "traversers of places difficult of access. Stable is their birthplace in the sky, but they are agitators of heaven and earth, who shake all around like the top of a tree. Because they drive the clouds, they have harnessed the spotted deer to their chariot; they are coming with weapons, war-cries, and decorations. I hear the cracking of the whips in their hands. I praise their sportive resistless strength. They are the generators of speech. They drive before them in their course the long, vast, uninjurable, rain-retaining cloud. Wherever they pass, they fill the way with clamor. Every one hears their noise. The lightning roars like a parent cow that bellows for its calf, and the rain is set free by the Maruts. Maruts, as you have vigor, invigorate mankind! Aswins (Waters), long-armed, good-looking Aswins! bearers of wealth, guides of men, harness your car! Ambrosia is in you, in you are medicinal herbs." The Hindoos called fire Agni, born in the woods, bearer of oblations, smoke-bannered and light-shedding, lord of red coursers; the guest of

<sup>1</sup> Here followed the passage about trees which appears in "The Address at the Consecration of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery" printed in the *Miscellanies* (Centenary Edition).

<sup>2</sup> These were Mr. Lane and Mr. Wright, the companions of Mr. Alcott in the unsuccessful Fruitlands Community at Harvard, Mass. Oxen and cows were dispensed with there, on the ground that it was wrong to enslave these animals, rob the calf of his food and the creatures of their lives; also the defiling of the ground with manure seemed offensive.

man; protector of people in villages; the sacrificer visible to all, thousand-eyed, all-beholding, of graceful form, and whose countenance is turned on all sides.

What uses that we know belong to the forest, and what countless uses that we know not! How an Indian helps himself with fibre of milkweed, or withe-bush, or wild hemp, or root of spruce, black or white, for strings; making his bow of hickory, birch, or even a fir-bough, at a pinch; hemlock bark for his roof, hair-moss or fern for his bed. He goes to a white birch-tree, and can fit his leg with a seamless boot, or a hat for his head. He can draw sugar from the maple, food and antidotes from a hundred plants. He knows his way in a straight line from watercourse to watercourse, and you cannot lose him in the woods. He consults by way of natural compass, when he travels: (1) large pine-trees, which bear more numerous branches on their southern side; (2) ant-hills, which have grass on their south and whortle-berries on the north; (3) aspens, whose bark is rough on the north, and smooth on the south side. All his knowledge is for use, and it only appears in use, whilst white men have theirs also for talking purposes.

I am a very indifferent botanist, but I admire that perennial four-petalled flower, which has one grey petal, one green, one red, and one white. I think sometimes how many days could Methuselah go out and find something new. In January the new snow has changed the woods so that he does not know them; has built sudden cathedrals in a night. In the familiar forest he finds Norway and Russia in the masses of overloading snow which break all that they cannot bend. In March, the thaw, and the sounding of the south wind, and the splendor of the icicles. On the pond there is a cannonade of a hundred guns, but it is not in honor of election of any President. He went forth again after the rain; in the cold swamp, the buds were swollen, the *ictodes* prepares its flower, and the mallows and mouse-ear. The mallows the Greeks held sacred

as giving the first sign of the sympathy of the earth with the celestial influences. The next day the hylas were piping in every pool, and a new activity among the hardy birds, the premature arrival of the bluebird, and the first northward flight of the geese, who cannot keep their joy to themselves, and fly low over the farms. In May, the bursting of the leaf, — the oak and maple are red with the same colors on the new leaf which they will resume in Autumn when it is ripe. In June the miracle works faster,<sup>1</sup> —

“Painting with white and red the moors  
To draw the nations out of doors.”

Man feels the blood of thousands in his body, and pumps the sap of all this forest through his arteries, the loquacity of all birds in the morning; and the immensity of life seems to make the world deep and wide. In August when the corn is grown to be a resort and protection to wood-cocks and small birds, and when the leaves whisper to each other in the wind, we observe already that the leaf is sere, that a change has passed on the landscape. The world has nothing to offer more rich or entertaining than the days which October always brings us, when, after the first frosts, a steady shower of gold falls in the strong southwind from the chestnuts, maples and hickories: all the trees are windharps, filling the air with music; and all men become poets, and walk to the measure of rhymes they make or remember. The dullest churl begins to quaver. The forest in its coat of many colors reflects its varied splendor through the softest haze. The witch-hazel blooms to mark the last hour arrived, and that nature has played out her summer score. The dry leaves rustle so loud, as we go rummaging through them, that we can hear nothing else. The leaf in our dry climate gets fully ripe, and, like the fruit when fully ripe, acquires fine color, whilst, in Europe, the damper climate decomposes it too soon.

<sup>1</sup> These descriptions of the advance from Winter to Spring recall the first part of the poem *May-Day*.

But the pleasures of garden, orchard and wood must be alternated. We know the healing effect on the sick of change of air, — the action of new scenery on the mind is not less fruitful. We must remember that man is a natural nomad, and his old propensities will stir at mid-summer, and send him, like an Indian, to the sea. The influence of the ocean on the love of liberty I have mentioned elsewhere. Its power on the mind in sharpening the perceptions has made the sea the famous educator of our race. The history of the world, — what is it, but the doings about the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and the Atlantic? . . .

What freedom of grace has the sea with all this might! . . . The freedom makes the observer feel as a slave. Our expression is so thin and cramped! Can we not learn here a generous eloquence? This was the lesson our starving poverty wanted. . . . At Niagara, I have noticed, that, as quick as I got out of the wetting of the Fall, all the grandeur changed into beauty. You cannot keep it grand, 't is so quickly beautiful; and the sea gave me the same experience. 'T is great and formidable, when you lie down in it, among the rocks. But, on the shore, at one rod's distance, 't is changed into a beauty as of gems and clouds. Shores in sight of each other in a warm climate, make boat-builders; and whenever we find a coast broken up into bays and harbors, we find an instant effect on the intellect and industry of the people.<sup>1</sup>

On the seashore the play of the Atlantic with the coast! What wealth is here! Every wave is a fortune, one thinks of Etzlers and great projectors who will yet turn all this waste strength to account: what strength and fecundity, from the sea-monsters, hugest of animals, to the primary forms of which it is the immense cradle, and the phosphorescent infuso-

ries; — it is one vast rolling bed of life, and every sparkle is a fish. What freedom and grace with all this might! The seeing so excellent a spectacle is a certificate to the mind that all imaginable good shall yet be realized. The sea is the chemist that dissolves the mountain and the rock; pulverises old continents, and builds new, — forever redistributing the solid matter of the globe; and performs an analogous office in perpetual new transplanting of the races of men over the surface, the Exodus of nations. We may well yield us for a time to its lessons. But the nomad instinct, as I said, persists to drive us to fresh fields and pastures new. Indeed the variety of our moods has an answering variety in the face of the world, and the sea drives us back to the hills.

Dr. Johnson said of the Scotch mountains, "The appearance is that of matter incapable of form or usefulness, dismissed by nature from her care." The poor blear-eyed doctor was no poet. Like Charles Lamb, he loved the sweet security of streets. It was said of him that "he preferred the Strand to the Garden of the Hesperides." But this is not the experience of imaginative men, nor of men with good eyes, and susceptible organizations. "For my own part," says Linnaeus, "I have enjoyed good health, except a slight languor, — but as soon as I got upon the Norway Alps, I seemed to have acquired a new existence. I felt as if relieved from a heavy burden. Then, spending a few days in the low country of Norway, though without committing the least excess, my languor or heaviness returned. When I again ascended the Alps, I revived as before." And he celebrates the health and performance of the Laps as the best walkers of Europe. "Not without admiration, I have watched my two Lap companions, in my journey to Finmark, one my conductor, the other my interpreter. For after having climbed the Alps, whilst I, a youth of twenty-five years, was spent and tired, like one dead, and lay down as if to die in those ends of the world, these two old men, one fifty, one

<sup>1</sup> Here followed the description of the sea written by Mr. Emerson as he sat on the rocks of Pigeon Cove, which he found so metrical that it needed but a few verbal changes to become the poem *Sea-Shore*.

seventy years, running and playing like boys, felt none of the inconveniences of the road, although they were both loaded heavily enough with my baggage. I saw men more than seventy years old put their heel on their own neck, without any exertion. O holy simplicity of diet, past all praise!"<sup>1</sup>

But beside their sanitary and gymnastic benefit, mountains are silent poets, and a view from a cliff over a wide country undoes a good deal of prose, and re-instates us wronged men in our rights. The imagination is touched. There is some pinch and narrowness to us, and we are glad to see the world, and what amplitudes it has, of meadow, stream, upland, forest and sea, which yet are lanes and crevices to the great space in which the world shines like a cockboat in the sea.

Of the finer influences, I shall say, that they are not less positive, if they are indescribable. If you wish to know the shortcomings of poetry and language, try to reproduce the October picture to a city company, — and see what you make of it. There is somewhat finer in the sky than we have senses to appreciate. It escapes us, and yet is only just beyond our reach. Is all this beauty to perish? Where is he who is to save the perfect moment, and cause that this beauty shall not be lost? Where is he who has senses fine enough to catch the inspiration of the landscape? The mountains in the horizon acquaint us with finer relations to our friends than any we sustain.

I think 't is the best of humanity that goes out to walk. In happy hours, I think all affairs may be wisely postponed for this walking. Can you hear what the morning says to you, and believe *that*? Can you bring home the summits of Wachusett, Greylock, and the New Hampshire hills? the savin groves of Middlesex? the sedgy ripples of the old Colony ponds? the sunny shores of your own bay, and the low Indian hills of Rhode

<sup>1</sup> From *Flora Laplandica*, translated by Pultenay.

Island? the savageness of pine-woods? Can you bottle the efflux of a June noon, and bring home the tops of Uncanoonuc? The landscape is vast, complete, alive. We step about, dabble, and dot, and attempt in poor linear ways to hobble after those angelic radiations. The gulf between our seeing and our doing is a symbol of that between faith and experience. . . .

Our schools and colleges strangely neglect the general education of the eye. Every acquisition we make in the science of beauty is so sweet, that I think it is cheaply paid for by what accompanies it, of course, the prating and affectation of connoisseurship. The facts disclosed by Winkelman, Goethe, Bell, Greenough, Ruskin, Garbett, Penrose, are joyful possessions, which we cannot spare, and which we rank close beside the disclosures of natural history. There are probably many in this audience who have tried the experiment on a hill-top, and many who have not, of bending the head so as to look at the landscape with your eyes upside down. What new softness in the picture! It changes the landscape from November into June. My companion and I remarked from the hill-top the prevailing sobriety of color, and agreed that russet was the hue of Massachusetts, but on trying this experiment of inverting the view he said, "There is the Campagna! and Italy is Massachusetts upside down." The effect is remarkable, and perhaps is not explained. An ingenious friend of mine suggested that it was because the upper part of the eye is little used, and therefore retains more susceptibility than the lower, and returns more delicate impressions.

Dr. Johnson said, "Few men know how to take a walk," and it is certain that Dr. Johnson was not one of the few. It is a fine art, requiring rare gifts and much experience. No man is suddenly a good walker. Many men begin with good resolution, but they do not hold out, and I have sometimes thought it would be well to publish an *Art of Walking, with Easy*



*Lessons for Beginners.* These we call apprentices. Those who persist from year to year, and obtain at last an intimacy with the country, and know all the good points within ten miles, with the seasons for visiting each, know the lakes, the hills, where grapes, berries and nuts, where the rare plants are; where the best botanic ground; and where the noblest landscapes are seen, and are learning all the time; — these we call professors. . . .

Nature kills egotism and conceit; deals strictly with us; and gives sanity; so that it was the practice of the Orientals, especially of the Persians, to let insane persons wander at their own will out of the towns, *into the desert, and, if they liked, to associate with wild animals.* In their belief, wild beasts, especially gazelles, collect around an insane person, and live with him on a friendly footing. The patient found something curative in that intercourse, by which he was quieted, and sometimes restored. But there are more insane persons than are called so, or are under treatment in hospitals. The crowd in the cities, at the hotels, theatres, card-tables, the speculators who rush for investment, at ten per cent, twenty per cent, cent per cent, are all more or less mad, — I need not say it now in the crash of bankruptcy, — these point the moral, and persuade us to seek in the fields the health of the mind.

I hold all these opinions on the power of the air to be substantially true. The poet affirms them; the religious man, going abroad, affirms them; the patriot on his mountains or his prairie affirms them; the contemplative man affirms them.

Nature tells everything once. Our microscopes are not necessary. She shows every fact in large bodies somewhere. On the seashore, she reveals to the eye, by the sea-line, the true curve of the globe. It does not need a barometer to find the height of mountains. The line of snow is surer than the barometer: and the zones of plants, the savin, the pine, vernal gentian, plum, linnæa and the various lichens and grapes are all thermometers which

cannot be deceived, and will not lie. They are instruments by the best maker. The earthquake is the first chemist, goldsmith and brazier: he wrought to purpose in craters, and we borrowed the hint in crucibles. When I look at natural structures, as at a tree, or the teeth of a shark, or the anatomy of an elephant, I know that I am seeing an architecture and carpentry which has no sham, is solid and conscientious, which perfectly answers its end, and has nothing to spare. But in all works of human art there is deduction to be made for blunder and falsehood. Therefore Goethe, whose whole life was a study of the theory of art, said, *No man should be admitted to his Republic, who was not versed in Natural History.*

The college is not so wise as the mechanic's shop, nor the quarter-deck as the fore-castle. Witness the insatiable interest of the white man about the Indian, the trapper, the hunter and sailor. In a water-party in which many scholars joined, I noted that the skipper of the boat was much the best companion. The scholars made puns. The skipper saw instructive facts on every side, and there was no trifle to him. How startling are the hints of wit we detect in the horse and dog, and in the wild animals! By what compass the geese steer, and the herring migrate, we would so gladly know. What the dog knows, and how he knows it, piques us more than all we heard from the chair of metaphysics.

Is it not an eminent convenience to have in your town a person who knows where arnica grows, or sassafras, or pennyroyal, and the mints, or the scented goldenrod, or punk for slow match; or the slippery-elm, or wild cherries, or wild pears? Where are the best hazel-nuts, chestnuts and shagbarks? Where the white grapes? Where are the choice apple-trees? And what are the poisons? Where is the Norway pine, where the beech, where the epigæa, the linnæa, or sanguinaria, or orchis pulcherrima, or sundew, or laurus benzoin, or pink huckleberry? Where trout, woodcocks, wild

bees, pigeons; where the bittern (stake driver) can be seen and heard; where the Wilson's plover can be seen and heard?

The true naturalist can go wherever woods or waters go; almost where a squirrel or a bee can go, he can; and no man is asked for leave. Sometimes the farmer withstands him in crossing his lots, but 't is to no purpose; the farmer could as well hope to prevent the sparrows or tortoises. It was their land, before it was his, and their title was precedent. My naturalist knew what was on his land, and the farmer did not, and sometimes he brought them ostentatiously gifts of flowers, fruits, or rare shrubs they would gladly have paid a price for, and did not tell them that he gathered them in their own woods. Moreover the very time at which he used their land and water (for his boat glided like a trout everywhere unseen), was in hours when they were sound asleep. Before the sun was up he went up and down to survey his possessions, and passed onward, and left them, before the second owners, as he called them, were awake.<sup>1</sup>

If we should now say a few words on the advantages that belong to the conversation with Nature, I might set them so high as to make it a religious duty. 'T is the greatest use and the greatest beauty. 'T is the lesson we were put hither to learn. What truth and what elegance belong to every fact of Nature we know. And the study of them awakens the like truth and elegance in the student. One thing, the lover of nature cannot tell the best thing he knows. . . .

What alone possesses interest for us is the *naturel* of each man. This is that which is the saliency, or principle of levity, the antagonist of matter and gravitation, and as good as they. 'This is forever a surprise, and engaging, and lovely. We can't be satiated with knowing it, and about it. It is related to the purest of the

world, to gravity, the growth of grass, and the angles of crystals. Nature speaks to the imagination; first, through her grand style, — the hint of immense force and unity which her works convey; second, because her visible productions and changes are the nouns of language, and our only means of uttering the invisible thought. Every new perception of the method and beauty of nature gives a new shock of surprise and pleasure; and always for this double reason: first because they are so excellent in their primary fact, as frost, or cloud, or fire, or animal; and, secondly, because we have an instinct that they express a grander law.

'T is not easy to say again what Nature says to us. But it is the best part of poetry, merely to name natural objects well. A farmer's boy finds delight in reading the verses under the Zodiacal vignettes in the Almanac. What is the merit of Thomson's *Seasons* but copying a few of the pictures out of this vast book into words, without a hint of what they signify, and the best passages of great poets, old and new, are often simple enumerations of some features of landscape. And, as man is the object of nature, what we study in nature is man. 'T is true, that man only interests us. We are not to be imposed upon by the apparatus and the nomenclature of the physiologist. Agassiz studies year after year fishes and fossil anatomy of saurian, and lizard, and pterodactyl. But whatever he says, we know very well what he means. He pretends to be only busy with the foldings of the yolk of a turtle's egg. I can see very well what he is driving at; he means men and women. He talks about lizard, shell-fish and squid; he means John and Mary, Thomas and Ann. For nature is only a mirror in which man is reflected colossally. Swedenborg or Behmen or Plato tried to decipher this hieroglyphic, and explain what rock, what sand, what wood, what fire signified in regard to man.

They may have been right or wrong in any particulars of their interpretation, but it is only our ineradicable belief that

<sup>1</sup> As Thoreau was still living, Mr. Emerson did not name in these paragraphs his invaluable guide and friend.

the world answers to man, and part to part, that gives any interest in the subject. If we believed that nature was foreign and unrelated, — some rock on which souls wandering in the Universe were shipwrecked, we should think all exploration of it frivolous waste of time. No, it is bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, made of us, as we of it. External nature is only a half. The geology, the astronomy, the anatomy, are all good, but 't is all a half, and — enlarge it by astronomy never so far — remains a half. It requires a will as perfectly organized, — requires man. Astronomy is a cold, desert science, with all its pompous figures, — depends a little too much on the glass-grinder, too little on the mind. 'T is of no use to show us more planets and systems. We know already what matter is, and more or less of it does not signify. He can dispose in his thought of more worlds, just as readily as of few, or one. It is his relation to one, to the first, that imports. Nay, I will say, of the two facts, the world and man, man is by much the largest half.

I know that the imagination . . . is a

coy, capricious power, and does not impart its secret to inquisitive persons. Sometimes a parlor in which fine persons are found, with beauty, culture, and sensibility, answers our purpose still better, striking the electric chain with which we are darkly bound, — but that again is nature, and there we have again the charm which landscape gives us, in a finer form; but the persons must have had the influence of nature, must know her simple, cheap pleasures, must know what Pindar means when he says that "water is the best of things," and have manners that speak of reality and great elements, or we shall know no Olympus.

Matter, how immensely soever enlarged by the telescope, remains the lesser half. The very science by which it is shown to you argues the force of man. Nature is vast and strong, but as soon as man knows himself as its interpreter, knows that nature and he are from one source, and that he, when humble and obedient, is nearer to the source, then all things fly into place, then is there a rider to the horse, an organized will, then nature has a lord.

## JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

NOT far from Paris, in fair Fontainebleau,  
A lovely memory-haunted hamlet lies,  
Whose tender spell makes captive, and defies  
Forgetfulness. The peasants come and go —  
Their backs too used to stoop, and patient sow  
The harvest which a narrow want supplies, —  
Even as when, Earth's pathos in his eyes,  
Millet dwelt here, companion of their woe.

Ah, Barbizon! With thorns, not laurels, crowned,  
He looked thy sorrows in the face, and found —  
Vital as seed warm nestled in the sod —  
The hidden sweetness at the heart of pain;  
Trusting thy sun and dew, thy wind and rain, —  
At home with Nature, and at one with God!

ISIDRO<sup>1</sup>

BY MARY AUSTIN

## XI

## THE QUEST OF JUAN RUIZ

IN the orchard closes of San Carlos Isidro had been smitten with a sense of the sufficiency of the Mission Fathers as men. Now he was to have a revelation of the men as priests. The Brothers of St. Francis, who admitted no material hindrance, who dug, hewed, and planted, unbound all considerations of want and toil, were themselves in bondage. Men who made themselves masters of a raw land and unkempt thousands of its people were overmastered by their own vows. If they loosed others, themselves they could not loose.

Vicente Saavedra was a man of parts, great in dignities, honored in place, but before all a priest in orders and a servant of God. His great work as Father President of Missions was not set before his greater service in the cure of souls. Within his province he could plot to use the Escobar connection to the advantage of the Missions, and be commended for the contrivance by the measure of its success; but he could not, to further that design, abrogate his position as spiritual father to a filthy shepherd with a stain of murder on his soul. Except by the greatness of his determination, in the present trouble he was no greater than the meanest of his priests. He had the whole tale of suspicion from the shepherd Ramon, the whole business of Noé and Reina Maria from Escobar, and the confession of Juan Ruiz to make all straight. As for the robbery, he took no account of it, not being able to lay it to either party. What he knew to be truth was that Mariana, not Ruiz, lay out in the unblest grave on the Mesa Buena Vista, and Ruiz, not

Isidro, was the murderer, but knew it by such means as made his surety impotent. Not for any of the considerations entering here might the seal of the confessional be broken. What he must do was to find Ruiz, and by the sword of the Spirit bring him to open confession; and now that prompting of the Spirit that had secured from the penitent the right to seek him out in the interest of one unjustly accused in his stead, assumed in the Padre's devout mind the proportions of Divine Intervention. Saavedra might not declare Isidro's innocence, but Juan Ruiz was pledged to it could he be found. Forthwith the good father set about it. He visited Isidro in the calabozo at Monterey and comforted him. "God," he said, "permits his people to be vexed for no light purpose. Do you, therefore, my son, set yourself to discover the meaning of God behind this visitation of humiliation, and so nourish yourself in the wisdom of the Spirit. Meanwhile, I go to bring that which will serve you this turn." So having made the best disposition that he might of present affairs, Saavedra set off with an Indian tracker, and very light of baggage, upon the trail of Juan Ruiz.

It was, after all, though tedious, an affair of no great magnitude to follow and find the vanished shepherd of Mariana. There were not at that time above two thousand souls in Alta California not of the native races, — *gentes de razon* they were called, and of these was Juan Ruiz. His mother was a Mexican; his father might have been Mariana as well as any other. He was well known to hunters and trappers and the riffraff of population that floats into new lands; within a fortnight he had been heard of at Santa Cruz hearing mass at the Church of the Holy Cross.

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This business of the mass had stripped him of all his poor earnings, and left him bare to the purpose that lay all this while at the back of his mind like a stone in a pool,—not revealed because of the troubling of the waters. Rid of the witnesses and the fear of dead men walking on his trail, the thoughts of Ruiz began to turn toward the strong box at the head of Mariana's bed in the hut at the place called The Reed. It was not for that he had killed Mariana, but the Portuguese being dead, and Ruiz impoverished for the good of his soul, it was fitting that Mariana should pay. By now the sweat of fear began to leave him, and Ruiz recovered the low cunning which was the habit of his mind. So, on the day that Isidro and El Zarzo rode into Santa Cruz, Ruiz went out, telling no man, with no baggage but his shepherd's staff and a parcel of bread and meat, bound for the place of The Reed.

He went south all day by piney wood and open slope, meeting no one, walked on into the night as long as the moon lasted, and slept under an oak. He supped next night at an Indian rancheria, where they shared with him what fare they had, and asked no questions. The third day brought him early to the place of The Reed, having made good time; for ever as he trudged there grew in him the lust of gold,—the touch and sight of it, the clink of bright pieces falling together. He ate very little, feeding on the pleasures he would buy with Mariana's coin, the bustle and change, fine clothes, the lusting, the feasting, the drink—Ah, well, not so much of that, perhaps; the Padre had forbidden it; but there must be money enough in that strong box to buy indulgence for such small transgressions without curtailing them. Oh, the golden coins, the golden days! Then from glowing hot he grew cold to think of his treasure—*his!* It had come to that with him now,—lying there in the tenantless hut for any wandering thief to take. Who knew if Mariana had made fast the door, seeing, when

he went out of it last, he had no notion of being so long away? Suppose Nicolas and Ramon had been there before him, scurvy rogues both. So he hurried his going, ready to do killing again for the sake of the slain man's treasure, until he came to the place of The Reed, where he was brought up again by the fear of Mariana.

The hut looked low and menacing in the evening light, shut and barred, weathered and soiled and mean. The pool, reflecting all the light waning from the concave heaven, glimmered palely at him like an eye. He heard the reeds whispering above it all night long. Ruiz had not dared to come into the hut in the dark, but lay out near it, watching, watching, lest any come out of it to surprise him where he lay in long pauses of strained wakefulness and snatches of haunted sleep. But when earth and sky had cleared to a cool gray, and rabbits began to stir in the long grass, he was up and had broken the lock with a stone. He found the box at the bed's head, as he had known it, but bound with iron, studded with nails, double-locked, a weary piece of work. He tried the lock with his stone, tried the wood with his knife, fumbling and hurried; bethought himself at last to stumble about the dark and filthy corners of the room for a mattock. The clank and thud of it upon the chest rolled out and scared the rabbits from the pool; it jarred Ruiz to a fury of haste and fear. So between pounding and running to the door to see if any one spied upon him, he wrestled with the chest in the darkling hut until the gold poured out of the riven wood, and he knew himself shepherd no longer, but his own man, and rich. He was quieter after that, looked about him, found a bag for his coin, found food, and remembering that Mariana would have wine—he felt the want of it by now—looked for it until he found it in a kind of crypt under the bed, and carried away as much as he could handle. Then, being laden and wearied, he turned south slowly to fetch up with the place



where he had left Mariana. Father Saavedra, you will remember, had bidden him bury the man, and, in fact, Ruiz would hardly have any peace until he had seen the sod upon him.

On this business, chiefly because of great fatigue, he was three days more, meeting no one but Indians, and reached the Mesa Buena Vista shortly after Mascado had visited it. Here he fell into a new terror, greater than all, for he found the fresh dug grave sunken to the shape under it. Here was discovery hot upon his track; Mariana's death known, himself, no doubt, guessed as the murderer. Sick, shaken, he went back to where he had covered his gold, for he would not come into the presence of Mariana with it, and drew together his wit which had gone all abroad with fancying himself cunning and rich and altogether a fine fellow. But because his wit was slow, he went on a day and a half in his old course before he was able to shape a new one. First, his plan had been to work down to Santa Barbara to take ship there and away; to live well, and to take pains never to confess to the theft of the money until after he had spent it. Now he thought best that he should turn north, skirt the vast, dim valley of the San Joaquin, cross the river, and so make the Russian colony out of the bounds of Alta California. So he planned, and, returning by the end of the Mesa Buena Vista, was in time to see Nicolas and Ramon, with Noé and Reina Maria, digging up what remained of Mariana. By this time he was clean daft with terror, and lay out in the scrub for a day, drinking Mariana's wine. He took to the trail again while the drink was still in him, and so had a fall in a stony place, wrenching his foot. Then he began to want food, being afraid now even of Indians. In a day or so the need sobered him even of the drunkenness of fear; the habit of his shepherd life began to assert itself. He began to study the land, to lay the shortest course, to find roots and fruits, contriving that he should fall in with the bands of renegade In-

dians who, under Urbano, laired like beasts in the Tulares. But Urbano at that time had other affairs in hand. Ruiz kept to the border of the hill country; eastward lay the lineless valley, full of a brooding mist, formless and blue; dark and low on the horizon lay the Tulares and the river in the midst of them maun-dering down to the bay.

Meantime, Father Saavedra, with Saco the tracker questing like a hound, followed the shepherd's trail. Learning at what time he had left Santa Cruz, and guessing his errand in part, they had turned directly toward the Mesa Buena Vista, since it seemed likely Ruiz had not heard that any one had been before him with the burial. They pushed the way very shrewdly, and before long had trace of him. Among the Indians whom Ruiz met was a woman to whom he had given a gold piece, thinking himself a man of means and able to requite favors handsomely. The woman made a hole in the coin and strung it about her neck, having, in fact, no other use for it. This Saco spied, questioned, and reported. So the robbery was accounted for, and Father Saavedra went with his head sunken on his breast for the space of several hours. He could not escape the conclusion that Ruiz must have gone fresh from the confessional and the sacrament to this new transgression. Approaching Buena Vista, Saco found the place where Ruiz had hidden his treasure while he went to look his last on Mariana, and found the newer trail going from it; later they found an empty bottle where he had cast it from him, and a coin in the grass where the shepherd had dropped it in his drunken walk. Finally, they struck into his very path and the print of his limping foot.

Riding out from the Mission the Father President had sat his horse cheerfully, resting the issue of the affair, as his habit was, on God. He had in him that spirit of delighted service which informed the labors of Junip'ero Serra, craving whatever circumstance of labor or sorrow that brought him into touch with the

Divine Will. Come what might of this business of Juan Ruiz, Padre Vicente had no doubts; he was still able to interrogate every anguish, What lesson hast Thou? A little as a lover rides into the garden of his mistress, expecting sight or reminder of her at every turn, so rode the Padre upon his errand to surprise the purposes of God. Thus at first, but the long journey wearied him. The evidence of the shepherd's fresh crime, following closely on the sacrament, gave him heart-sickness. The lust of man-hunting, which glowed in Saco as he pricked forward on the freshening trail, oppressed his soul. Lastly, he began to be troubled for the physical distress of the fugitive himself; the dragging foot, the rag of torn clothing by the brook where he had bound it up, the holes where he had dug feverishly for the roots of wild hyacinths, the wavering of the course which betokened unease of mind, gave the good father concern. In the beginning, he had ridden this quest for the sake of justice and Isidro; at the end, he pushed it hard for the sake of mercy and Juan Ruiz.

## XII

### THE PLACE OF WOLVES

Between the hills and the Tulares is a treeless space, rolling, shrubby, — herding-place of deer what time they run together. Transversely across it frothy winter floods gouge out furrows, sharp and deep near the cañon mouths, running out shallowly valleywards at the limit of waters. Here run turbid streams in wet weather, two or three months of the year; for the rest, they lie void, bone-dry water-scars, and wild beasts dig their lairs in the banks of them. Hereabouts is the Place of Wolves, *El Poso de los Lobos*. Here are stinking holes where the lean-flanked mothers with heavy dugs go in and out to the whimpering cubs; here are foxes' covers and stale old lairs of the dogs of the wilderness, sunken caves, weathered

niches all a-litter of old bones; earthy hollows where a hunted man might safely lie. It was a place known to trappers, guides, wanderers for any profit of the hills or for no profit at all, and to Juan Ruiz.

The reminder of the lair is strong in a stricken man, — to draw to cover, lie close, keep dark; to have the sense and nearness of the earth. Juan Ruiz, knowing the place of old, lame, a-hungered, feverish, hugging his gold, crooning over it to comfort himself for his pains, steered his course for the broken lairs of the *Poso de los Lobos*. In his mind he designed to shelter there and recover from the sickness of terror and fatigue, but the shuddering soul of him purposed more than that. Un-awares, it drove him with the last instinct of the burrowing beast, the while he thought himself following a clever plan. A man who commits a crime without first taking his own measure is likely to find himself in such a case as this. He must be brute enough to have it lie wholly without his sensibilities, or his determination must be greater than all these; otherwise the thin wall of reason cracks. In the fifth night of his flight from Mesa Buena Vista Ruiz slept under a thicket of buckthorn on a forward sloping hill. The night was soft dark, warm and sweet; no coyote howled nor bird awoke; the tormented soul departed into the borderland between death and sleep and found an interval of rest. About the mid-hour he started up, warned by the wolf sense of pursuit. It seemed such a sense watched in him while he slept. Often keeping the flock of Mariana he had roused at night before the unease of the dogs made him aware of danger; now he trusted that sense as he had been wont to do, and, in fact, the warning was true. Father Saavedra and Saco camped on his trail not a day behind him. Ruiz got up and shook off the stiffness of his limbs; huddling as the air began to chill toward morning, stooping as the weight of his treasure told on his shaken frame, dragging his swollen foot, he worked his way down the hill front. He followed a dry wash as long

as it served him, then struck across a clear space of knee-high, shrubby herbs and grass. He had no light but star shine and the candle at the back of his brain, that burned brighter as his vital force waned in him. So he forged northward, and the day widened and shut him in like the hollow of a bell. Back on his trail followed Padre Vicente, pitiful and prayerful, and Saco, the hair of his neck pricking like a dog's as the trail freshened.

By mid-morning Ruiz was out on the plain beyond the limit of small waters. Rain had fallen scantily on the eastern slopes that year, and few streams ran beyond the foothills. So, as the day advanced, he began to add to the fever of his flight the fever of thirst, the more severe because of his oblivion of delirium. It would come over him while he rested in the short shade of the scrub, and ease him of his pains and terrors until the brute warning of pursuit urged him forward. He made as straight a course as the land and his fuddled wit permitted for the *Poso de los Lobos*, to hide his gold and himself. Saco and Saavedra had sighted him, a moving speck in the haze, about the second hour of afternoon, and though they lost him again in the rolling land, expected confidently to come up with him before night.

By this time Ruiz had forgotten about the priest and Mariana. He was hardly conscious of much beside the bag of gold which he huddled in his bosom; in his disorder he conceived that some one followed on his trail for the sake of it. Therefore, as he neared the *Poso de los Lobos* he began to go very cunningly, trod as much as possible upon the stones to leave no trail, and went back and forth upon his tracks. Stooping from the top of the bank, he fixed upon a bobcat's lair, high up above the possible reach of waters. Leaning above it he kissed his treasure, half in tears to put it from him, half laughing with the pleasure of his cunning, made a long arm, and dropped it out of sight. Then, wallowing in the loose soil of the bank to leave no trace of hands or

feet, he contrived to push down a quantity of gravel and loose stones until he had blotted out the mouth of the lair. That was the last flicker of the cunning mind. He had hidden Mariana's money from those walking on his trail, and hidden it so securely that come another day he would not be able to find it himself.

There was a niche in the north bank of the wash that must have been left there first by the falling away of a great boulder the size of a wine cask; behind it the earth was a little damp from some blind water source that in a rainy country might have been a spring, and the coyotes had scented it in a dry season, pawing deeply into the bank. Now and then in hot weather they returned, drawn by the water smell to dig for it and cool their hairy flanks in the cool dampness. The opening had thus grown larger than any lair, and smelled of beasts. The displaced boulder lay not far from the mouth of it, and loose soil from above had piled about it, making a barrier that screened it from the unaccustomed eye. Here Juan Ruiz hid himself, clean gone out of his natural mind, lacking food and drink, but glad of the darkness and the cool damp of the clay, to which he bared his aching foot, and in his gladness of relief and the sense of the solid earth about him, babbled foolishly as a child. Here, when the sun was not quite down, Saco found him singing in a feeble, merry voice the old nursery rhyme which begins

"Señora Santa Ana,  
Why does the baby cry?"

Saco, starting out from San Carlos knew nothing whatever of the Ruiz affair except that he was a man the Padre wished to find, and his trail was to be picked up somewhere about the Mesa Buena Vista. There, having found and followed it to this conclusion, although he was as pleased with his skill as a hound that has brought the fox to earth, his Indian breeding forbade him any expression of it. He squatted on his haunches by the lair, rolled a cigarette, and appeared to dismiss the whole matter from

his mind. He looked now for Padre Saavedra to take up the turn, and the Padre had forgotten for the moment that he followed Ruiz for any other purpose than the man's own relief. If he had remembered it at this juncture it must have been a sharp jog to his faith to find Ruiz brought to a pass so little likely to serve his purpose.

The Padres had always the means by them for bodily relief as well as for spiritual remedy. They were never lacking simples nor the materials for the sacrament, christening, marriage, and burial. Saavedra sent the Indian up the wash with the horses for water, and himself turned nurse. By the light of a brushwood fire and a few hours of the moon he bound up the shepherd's foot and covered him from the night chill with his own blankets. As often as the Padre came near him to handle and relieve him, Ruiz remembered Mariana and the tortures of his soul; when they let him lie, his mind wandered off foolishly on the trail of the nursery song.

"Señora Santa Ana,  
Porque llora el niño?"

he sang as he lay stark on the earth, and then, as the Padre lifted him, "Ha, Hell litter, you will leave me, will you? Take that! and that!"—and then failed for weakness, and feeling the comfort of the blankets began again presently piping and thin,—

"Por una manzana?"

"Rest, rest, my son," said the Padre tenderly, and the raucous voice of the shepherd answered him with curses intolerably obscene. It fell off in obscure mutterings that clarified after an interval to the gentle air

"Que se le ha perdido  
Venga V. a me casa  
Yo le dare dos,  
Una par el niño y otro para vos."

So it went on mournful and sweet in the shadows until the clink of horses' feet on the boulders, as Saco returned with the water, roused him to present memories.

"Cursed be the wood of which it is made, thrice cursed the iron that binds it! Will it never come open?" cried Ruiz, rising up in his place. "Faugh, what a filthy house for a rich man to live in! Ah, the pretty pieces, ah, so round, so bright! all mine, *mine*, MINE!" His voice rose to a scream, the Padre's hand was on his breast pressing him back upon the blankets.

"Drink, my son," said Saavedra, holding water to his lips.

"Ay, drink, Mariana," said Ruiz. "Good wine, excellent wine, and a pretty price, eh? Another bottle;" then as the water cooled him he was minded to sing again,—

"Señora Santa Ana,  
Porque llora el niño?"

"In nomine Patris, — per Christum Dominum," breathed the Padre above him.

"Beast — Devil's spawn!" gurgled Ruiz from the Padre's bed.

So it wore on for the greater part of the night, but about the ebb of dark, when there was a smell of morning in the air, he woke out of his delirium tolerably sane. The presence of the Padre seemed not to surprise him; he was stricken with death, and knew it as the earth-born know, as the coyotes that dug this lair might have known before him.

He had come out of his stupor clear of the fear of men, knowing his end near; but the sight of Saavedra signing the cross above him put him in a greater terror of hell fire. He clutched a fold of the Padre's gown and fell to whimpering, but was too far spent for tears. This was the Padre's hour; tenderly and by all priestly contrivances, he lifted the poor soul through his agony, and for the ease of his conscience, to the point of open confession. The Padre wrote it out for him by the flare of the brushwood fire he had called Saco out of deep sleep to light, and held it carefully for the fidgeting hand to mark with a cross over the name he had written. Saavedra had signed it Juan Ruiz. The dying man gave back the quill,

speaking more at ease, as the troubled will after open confession.

"I'm not sure that it is right," he said; "Ruiz is not my name. It is the name of a man my mother married at the pueblo San José. I am not sure what my father's name might have been; my mother was not married to him. She died years ago; she was Maria Lopez."

"What," cried the Padre, "was she, indeed, Maria Lopez, daughter of Manuel Lopez of San José? And are you her son born out of wedlock? May God be merciful to you a sinner! Your father was Mariana the Portuguese."

That was a time when the consideration of the pangs of hell was potent to drive souls to salvation, and men were keen to pronounce judgment. What deeper pit was there than that reserved for the parricide? The groan which was forced out of the Padre at the sudden revelation, his starting back, the horror of his countenance, smote upon the poor shaking soul like the judgment of God. With a great broken cry Ruiz threw himself upon the Padre's breast, clawed him, clung to him, wrestled with him as a man might on the edge of the pit to win back out of it, with hoarse bestial breathings, a wide mouth of terror, and staring eyes. Saavedra, wrenched free, forced him back upon the bed, and trembling laid the blessed wafer between stretched lips from which the soul had departed.

They buried Juan Ruiz in the place where he lay, in a beast's lair, after the Father President had blessed the ground. Saco rolled stones across the mouth of it and made a little cross of withes. All his life after Saavedra had moments of self-accusing, in that he supposed he might, by the better control of his countenance in that crisis, have given the poor soul a larger assurance of the mercy of God.

They spent a day looking for the gold of Mariana, but got nothing for their pains; Juan Ruiz had not been very clear in his account of how he had hidden it. There, no doubt, it lies to this day, high

up in the bank of the wash in the bobcat's lair in the *Poso de los Lobos*.

Then, with the confession under his belt, the good Father President of Missions set back by the shortest route to the Presidio of Monterey. He had been gone just a week.

### XIII

#### DELFINA

There was a woman in Monterey of a mischievous and biting humor, but not wanting in generous impulses, curious above all, a great lover of gossip and affairs. This Delfina had wit and traces of beauty, and, along with great formality of outward behavior, considerable reputation for impropriety. She had come into the country ten years since with the family of the, at that time, governor of Alta California, as a sort of companion or upper servant, on a footing of friendly intimacy, which she maintained, by report, with the governor at the expense of the governor's lady. At any rate, she had found it convenient to break off that connection and establish herself in a little house just beyond the plaza in company with an elderly woman who was called by courtesy Tia Juana. The house had a high wall of adobe about it, and a heap of wild vines riding the rooftree and spreading down to the outer wall, affording, so she was accustomed to say, great sense of security to her solitary way of life.

It was not possible in so small a community as Monterey to quite overlook a lady of such conspicuous claims to consideration as Delfina, for that she possessed them there was no one heard to deny; and, indeed, she was not lacking friends willing to affirm that she was most infamously put upon, and possessed of as many virtues as accomplishments. She was the repository of all possible patterns and combinations for the drawn-thread work which occupied the leisure of that time; she was a competent seam-



stress; invaluable at weddings, christenings, and *bailes*, in the way of decorations and confections, and an industrious and impartial purveyor of news. Among the most judicious and surely the most disinterested of her supporters was Fray Demetrio Fages, who visited her frequently in the interest of her Christian salvation, as he was heard to affirm; and was made the vehicle of liberal donations to the Church, which she was accustomed to bestow out of an ostensibly slender income. Since he was so often at her house it is to be supposed that he found no company there not to his liking, and no behavior not suited to so godly a churchman; but even upon this there were those disposed to wink the eye.

In one way, however, the friendliness of Fray Demetrio gave Delfina better countenance among the matrons of the town, as it gave greater weight to any news of hers which related to the affairs of the Missions, since none so likely to know the facts as the Father President's secretary, and none more apt in the distribution than the secretary's friend. If Delfina had been kindly received before, judge how it was in the month which brought Valentin Delgado and the younger son of the Escobars to the Presidio of Monterey. Both these events in the bearing they had upon the Church gave a new fillip to the absorbing topic of the imminent secularization of the Missions, the probable distribution of the great wealth of herds and silver which they had, and the greater wealth with which report credited them, and the possible effect upon the settlements of removing from the authority of the Padres some thousands of Indians who required very little scratching to show the native savage under the mission gilding. Then there was the old story of Ysabel and Jesus Castro revived with new and fascinating particulars, for there were several people in Monterey who held a remembrance of the beautiful and unhappy woman. Along with this was the arrival of two pretty gentlemen of excellent manners and good

blood,—one from the capital in search of a wife and a fortune, the other from Las Plumas, ready to renounce all these in favor of the priesthood. You will perceive that Delgado had let some hints of his purpose be known, and, indeed, so obvious a conclusion as marrying the heiress when he had found her would have been tacked on to any account of his proceedings whether he had declared it or not. And to crown all this, when gossip was at its best, came the arrest of Isidro on a double charge of murder and robbery, and the departure of the Father President on some mysterious errand of justification or disapproval.

Delfina, who had seen Don Valentin and entertained him in her house behind the wall, had the most to say of the first affair; but of Isidro, who had not cared, or had been too much under the supervision of the Father President, to make her acquaintance,—Delfina herself inclined to the latter opinion,—she knew only what Fages could tell her, and that, beyond a shrewd guess or two and some malice, was very little. Both her vanity and curiosity, therefore, were set upon the trail of the mystery behind the bare fact of the arrest. She began to cast about for some plausible ground for invention or explanation, and this led her in the course of a week to the servant of Escobar, who was still in Carmelo in the house of Marta. From Fages Delfina had learned, almost by accident, that the boy had not accompanied Isidro from Las Plumas, but had been picked up by the way. This seemed a very pregnant piece of news; to point to an accomplice or at least an accessory after the fact. Delfina set herself to fall in with the lad and have it out of him by cajolery or whatever means. It happened that her instincts led her soon into the proper juxtaposition for that very business.

Since Isidro's arrest she had been in the habit of taking her evening walk in the neighborhood of the calabozo, as, indeed, how could any lady of sensibility help being drawn in that direction by the

pitiful case of this handsome youth cast into prison on so heinous a charge, which must, no doubt, prove unfounded, or at least justifiable. And being so employed she observed on more than one occasion the lad, called the Briar, lurking about with a great air of disconsolateness, and the assumption of having no particular business. It was her instant conclusion that he walked there for the purpose of some secret communication with his master, and it wanted but the right moment of quiet and the absence of other observers; and Delfina concluded she might bring about a conjunction which would serve her ends.

*In fact, the lad had no such purpose as the woman credited him with, having reached that point where he would have sold himself to the devil without parley to have quieted his hunger for a sight of Escobar, sound of him, print of his foot in the earth, or any indubitable sign of his living presence. And that he might have had if he had known enough to apply through Padre Salazar to the proper authorities. As the servant of Escobar he might have had free access to his person, but he was too little used to the ways of men to have known that, and, perhaps, too shy to have used it if he had known; so he hung frequently about the walls that inclosed Isidro, fevered with desire, but maintaining a tolerable appearance of having no interest there. This was that wild lad called the Briar who had come up to Monterey with Señor Escobar charged with a packet from Peter Lebecque, having instructions to deliver it and himself into the hands of the Father President. He had parted from the trapper with little compunction, for, though the old man stood in the place of a father to him, he showed little of fatherliness, accepted him as a member of his household, neither to be greatly considered nor denied. Since the death of the Indian woman Zarzito had called mother, the lad had known loneliness and the desire to mix with his own kind which stirs in the blood of the young, and had*

*ridden this adventure with Escobar by instinct as a bird of passage attempts its initial flight. For the first time he had tasted companionship, faring forth in the royal spring, young blood timing to young blood, and the world all singing and awake. But the lad was most a creature of the wood. He had, one might say, the wit and the will to be tame, but kept the native caution of wild things. Therefore, had no other reason arisen, he would have gone slowly about the business of resigning himself to the disposal of the grave President of Missions. But another obstacle had arisen: love, forsooth. The love of young lads for older, — the love of the companionable for gay companions, love of the dawn soul for the soul of morning, — love, in short, — but of this you shall presently be better instructed. It was no great wonder that the hill-grown lad should love Escobar, so wise and merry and cool, and of such adorable and exasperating gentleness that it irked him to see thieves whipped and wild eagles get their food. It seemed to Zarzito that he could devise no better way of life than to serve Escobar, and follow him even into the cloister, of which you may be sure he had no very clear idea. But in the meantime the packet troubled him, for Lebecque's instructions had been plain upon the point that it should be turned over to Saavedra, and his intimation that the Padre would thereupon put him in the way of good fortune. It appeared that El Zarzo desired no better fortune than following Escobar. But the real point of his difficulty was this, — he did not in the least know what the packet contained. The lad had not known much of priests or men, but he had learned rapidly, — from the Indian woman Marta, from walks and talks with Escobar, from mere seeing; he had sucked up information as the young sage of the mesa sucks up rain, filling out and erecting visibly. So he knew there was one fact hid from the Father President which, if it became known, would put an end to following his*

heart's desire. The question was, did the packet give notice of it?

On a day when Isidro had been about a week in prison, the day before the Father President returned from the quest of Juan Ruiz, El Zarzo sat a long time under an oak and considered the matter, turning the packet over and over. It was long and thin, wrapped in a black silk kerchief, wound about many times with thread, and sealed up with gum. It showed no sign nor superscription, — apparently nothing to connect it with Peter Lebecque's lad or the servant of Escobar. Zarzito concluded that if it could be placed in the Father President's hands without his agency he would be quit of his obligation at the least possible risk. Accordingly, in an unwatched moment he dropped it in the alms-box at the door of the church. It was part of his newly gained information that whatever went in at that opening found its way eventually to the priests.

It was close upon dark when El Zarzo came that evening with the light foot of his Indian training around the corner of the calabozo of Monterey. A bank of fog-built mountain hid the meeting of the sea and sky; a kind of whiteness, reflected from the near-by water and the level beaches, lightened the air. Across the plaza came the thrum of guitars, and the voice of singing mixed with children's laughter, and the cheerful bark of dogs.

On the side of the prison away from the town was a window high up in the wall; between the bars fanned out the pale yellow ray of a candle. The wall was all of adobe, plastered smoothly up, and whitewashed. Below the window two or three cracks, which could be widened out with a toe or the fingers, afforded slight and crumbling holds. Within the wall all was still; no sound or motion from the prisoner or the guard. The candle rayed out steadily toward the sea that broke whisperingly along the beaches. El Zarzo's heart beat loudly in his bosom, stirred by the nearness of the well-beloved. He reached up the wall for a

finger hold, put one toe in a crack and raised himself a foot or two nearer, clinging and climbing like a worm on an orchard wall. Delfina at that moment came mincingly around the corner on her errand of curiosity, and caught him there. The lady, who was as quick in execution as in design, made no outcry to have aroused the guard, but went and plucked him swiftly from behind, and dropped her arms about his as he came tumbling from the wall. The lad was but a slender armful for a person of her build, and though he writhed and wrung himself, he could neither get at her to do her hurt nor to set himself free.

"Be still," said the lady, "I want but a word with you;" but the lad struggled the more.

"Be still, you brat," she said again; "do you want to bring the guard upon us?" But though El Zarzo had his own reasons for not wishing it, he did not or would not understand, and while she struggled and fretted with him Delfina made a discovery.

"What, what!" she cried, and her note was changed to one of amazement and smothered laughter; "so the rabbit has jumped out of the bag! — What, what, my lady," she said again, continuing her investigations with chucklings of mischievous delight; "and he a priest! And you his body servant! Fie, oh, fie!" Her voice quavered with the burden of offensive mirth. "Be still, you little" — But the word will not bear repeating. El Zarzo grew sick to feel her hands fumbling about him, and limp and quiet more at the insult of her tones than at any word.

Behind them they heard the sudden stir of the guard.

"Come away," cried the Briar, panting and shaking. Delfina wished nothing so much as to get to the bottom of this affair uninterrupted. Holding fast by the lad's shoulder she ran her prisoner down the open road toward the bay, and out where their running left a wet trail on the sand. The tide was low and quiet.

Few lights showed on the seaward side of the town. Nothing moved in sight but the shape of a solitary horseman on the road above the beaches. It seemed a safe and silent hour for all confidences.

"Confess; you are a woman," said Delfina.

"I am a maid," said the other in a dry whisper.

"Oh, yes now, a maid," said the older woman, mischief beginning to stir in her; "no doubt a maid, and he a priest."

"I will hear nothing evil of him," flashed the Briar.

"Why, to be sure," bubbled Delfina; "and he, I dare say, will accredit you with all the virtues of Santa Cecilia. All priests are alike. I also could tell you" — But it was plain the girl did not hear; she had begun to twist and wring her hands, with a kind of breathy moan, as one in great distress and unaccustomed to the use of tears.

"You will never betray me, señora," she begged; "you will not?"

"Why, as to that," began Delfina, moved greatly by curiosity and a little by the girl's evident distress, "that remains to be determined. Let us hear your story."

But the girl continued to wring her hands and cry brokenly without tears.

"I will tell you," she said, "yes, I will tell you," but made no beginning. The horseman on the upper road had passed on behind them; they did not see him wheel his horse and return upon the sand.

"Oh, I meant no harm, señora, and no harm must come to Señor Escobar because of me, — ah, yes, I will tell you," began the girl again, moving her lips dryly. Delfina shook her to quiet her own impatience and the other's quaking sobs. At once there came a hiss and hurtling through the air, a wind of whirling flight, a tang of tightening cord. The girl gave a gasp and staggered, began to cry out chokingly, threw up her hands, shook and struggled as with an invisible wrestler, and at the same time began to move with extraordinary rapid stumbling toward

the horseman who had appeared opposite them on the sand. He drew toward the girl as she drew to him and showed dimly a naked Indian through the dusk.

Delfina saw him approach the girl, lift her to the horse in front of him, and choke out her cries and the beating of her hands upon his breast. Delfina, too much astounded to cry out, was running heavily up the sand toward him, but only rapidly enough to see the Indian riding at a gallop toward the mainland, reeling in his riata, as he rode, about the body of the girl, who seemed still to twist and struggle in his grasp without outcry. A very little such pursuit warned the older woman of its futility; she stood at last staring and panting as she watched the man and his burden ride away into the soft dark.

#### XIV

##### LAS CHIMINEAS

Nights of early summer along the coast of Monterey are damp and heavy with sea-dew. It hangs on the blossom tops in the wild pastures, and drips down the fine brown needles of the pines. Swift passage among the close thickets of the hillslopes shakes out the moisture with a sound of rain. If the moon rides in the seaward sky it will be dim and ghostly white with mist, or wholly quenched in a floating bank of fog. A night rider through the wood wakes querulous jays in the oaks and deer from the deep fern. He must pass by sea marsh and spongy meadow to stony ridges, and thin, dark clumps of pine, and in an earlier time of scant and ill-kept trails must have had great faith in his horse and his luck. So rode Mascado on a line that led directly inland from the peninsula. He drove hard and wildly, careless of the trail he left; keen whips of the underbrush slapped against his bare legs as he rode. He was all bent on holding fast what he had got, and making the shortest going. As he rode he felt what the woman Del-

finahad felt, — the young budding breasts crushed against his bosom, and thrilled to the passion of the primal man, double joy of the huntsman and lover.

He rode east, leaving the Mission to the right, labored through a stretch of rolling dunes, lifted his horse carefully from the bog of back sea water, passed the wild pastures, and struck on to rising ground. At every shift of the rider the girl struggled shrewdly, but neither wept nor cried out. Once he spoke to his horse and she grew instantly quiet. He trembled through all his naked body at the sudden loosening of the tension of hers. Had she recognized his voice? was this the quiescence of submission? They rode; he felt her breast heave and fill under his hand; the weight of her body was sweet upon his arm. The sea wind blew about his face; wet, pungent-smelling leaves brushed against his horse's sides. He had expected protest, had been led on and advised to this point by the effort of his spirit to match with hers. Now the cessation of struggle daunted him. His passion had reached that state where it was necessary for his ease to know how she stood toward it. Cautiously he loosened the blanket with which her head was covered and met the girl's level, unfluttered gaze.

"I wish to sit up," she said; there was hardly a shade of interest in her tone. Mechanically the man raised her until she rode more at ease. "Unbind the rope, it cuts me," she said again, with a terrible matter-of-factness that sent his passion receding from him like a wave from a rock. He fumbled at the rope a little, and got no thanks for it. The girl looked about her quietly by the dim watery moon. "Where do you go?" she said at last, but not at all as if she supposed she was going with him.

"Far enough from Monterey."

"But where?"

"Las Chimineas."

"And what will you do there?"

"Keep you." There was a sudden tightening of the arm about her slim

young form; it met with no answering movement of repulsion or complaisance. Mascado saw he had still to deal with Peter Lebecque's graceless boy. Many a time in the last year at the hut of the Grapevine he had tried to betray her into some consciousness of himself as a lover through her consciousness of herself as a maid, and had been beaten back by the incorrigible boyishness of her behavior. He had begun by allowing the child to brow-beat and revile him, and afterwards found himself in no case to deal with the woman, being swamped by the embarrassment of his own passion and Lebecque's contemptuous perception of its futility. His desire throve best in absence, and suffered a check in the moment of personal contact. He had hours of doubting whether he should ever be able to take her, not being able to put her on the defensive, and he was savage enough to need a hint of fleeing to whet the courage of pursuit. Vaguely, though he had resented the hand of Escobar upon her, he expected that experience to have made a short cut to his desire, for he had believed the most concerning that relation; Lebecque had seen to that out of a rascally humor to pay the mestizo for his presumption, and, believing the girl gone quite out of the range of the half-breed's life, had not spared innuendo. And Mascado without the old Frenchman's hint would have come to the same conclusion, seeing that the girl passed everywhere as a lad and the servant of Escobar, slept at his door, and companioned his solitary hours. Probably no other conjunction would have braved Mascado for the capture and the sally at dusk, for he had a servile taint of his mission upbringing, and the girl's spirit was imperious. But greatly as his passion had exalted her, the passion of Escobar, for so Mascado understood their relation, had brought her down. There was even an appeal to his savage sense in bearing off what had been the prize of another, and he suffered a check in her unconsciousness of the situation. She sat in-

differently under the pressure of his arm, drew even breaths, and looked about her. Half in response to her unconscious carriage Mascado relaxed his hold.

"The corporal of the guard looks for you in yonder hills," she said at last.

"He will look far and long without finding me," said Mascado.

"So you said once before, I remember," remarked the girl.

Mascado had no answer to that.

"At Carmelo they showed me many things," she went on; "among other things the whipping-post;" she laughed low and amusedly.

The mestizo felt his gorge rise. "And among other things," he said, "you saw also the prison, you and your fine gentleman. He will see a rope, doubtless, before all is done, with his killing of silly shepherds and stealing of sheep."

"That is a lie, Mascado," said the girl simply, but she also shivered. "It is cold," she said; "put the blanket about me."

Mascado drew it clumsily across her shoulders. They were traveling slowly now, stooping under trees and picking the way on stony ground. Once they forded a stream where the water came gurgling to the horse's thighs. The girl fidgeted and made fretful noises of fatigue. Presently Mascado felt her weight sag against his arm; by gentle constraint he forced her head back upon his shoulder and saw that she slept. Mother of Saints! here was a girl torn from one lover by another, who had come against her will from a delicate-mannered gentleman to be ravished by a renegade mestizo in the hills, and she slept; — by God and His Saints, she slept!

The moon had come free of the belt of fog that hangs about sea borders, and poured clear and light on the shut lids and drooping mouth. Mascado looked, and, though he had no words for these things and believed otherwise, suffered a remote perception of unassailable virginity. He passed on, wondering through the night. Two hours later the girl was roused by having a fold of the blanket

drawn tightly across her mouth. Mascado bent over her and threatened with his eyes. He held the rein with the hand that constrained her, and with the other pressed the point of his knife against her breast. A little way ahead she saw a glow ruddier than the moon on the scrub. They had nearly stumbled on a camp in the dark. An Indian had risen up at the disturbance, and thrown fresh fuel on a dying fire, — stood listening and intent. The girl could see by the dress that he was of the Mission. She thought for a moment that it might be the corporal and his men, but as Mascado, guiding chiefly by the pressure of his knees, backed his horse away, she saw by the glow the face of the Father President, as he lay sleeping, turned toward Carmelo. Slowly, almost noiselessly, they backed away and around the camp; she could see the Indian still watching as long as the camp fire served for a light. The glimpse of Saavedra set her thoughts back toward Monterey and Isidro; she slept no more that night. At moon-set Mascado drew up under an oak, and lifted her from the horse under the canopy of thick dark.

"What is it?" she said; "it is not Las Chimineas?"

"Here we rest," said Mascado; "there is no further going in the dark." Not the smallest star-beam showed through the close tent of the oak; the air under it was heavy and damp. Mascado heaped up leaves for her, and spread over them the folded pad of coarse woven stuff taken from his horse, all the saddle he used. She sat down, and he sat opposite her, holding the stake rope of his horse. So they sat for a space of two hours; the first gray dawning showed them watching each other with wide, regardful eyes.

Mascado took the trail again as soon as it was light enough to be moving, and by sunrise had come to the place of the Chimneys. Heading east among the highest peaks of the Monterey coast is a broad, shallow gorge, having in its middle a pleasant open glade, nearly treeless, walled in by a slaty formation weather-



ing in huge upright pillars and nodules, standing singly, or in files; or higher up tumbled and falling athwart one another, affording tunnels and draughty caves of shade. Among the standing boulders trickle clear, warmish springs to water the cañon floor. Here, from time to time, had harbored more than one distressed clan, the smoke of whose hearth fires had blackened the bases of Las Chimineas. It was clear morning when Mascado rode into the cañon; wet shadows lay on the grass between bars of yellow light. The mid-meadow was succulently green and white with flower and leaf of *yerba mansa*. Its rosy pointed buds floated in the tops of the grass, dipped and bobbled with the motion of it in a rippling wind. Cool gray shadow spread among the caves, and small water chuckled on the stones. It was such a place and weather as might have served for a bridal morn. Mascado and the girl brought no bridal mood to it. Mascado was sure of nothing except that the girl seemed to have no hint of his purpose, which he should have to convey to her, and had no notion how he should begin. It seemed that he still held Peter Lebecque's boy within the circle of his arm, riding as unconcernedly as she had ridden in a bygone spring, — before he had known her for a maid, — and presently she might insist upon climbing up on his shoulders, as she had once done, to look at a hawk's nest in a blasted pine. And, in fact, the girl was farther from him in spirit than the child had been, panoplied by her love for Escobar, — though she did not call it by that name, — wrapt in it above the sense of all offense, so that if he had accomplished his intent upon her person in that exalted mood he could have left no stain upon her mind. He had expected protest and tears; rather counted on it to spur his lagging desire, always a little confounded by her cool assumption, now increased as she measured him by Escobar, whom she judged as far removed from him as the order of archangels or other blessed personages.

She had, in fact, very little thought

to spare for Mascado at that moment, thinking that by now Father Saavedra would be moving toward Carmelo with the promised relief, and a few hours later, say by the time the shadow had gone up from the floor of Las Chimineas, he would be at Monterey. Comforted in that, though wearied of her bonds and hard riding, she was able to respond a little to the morning note of freshness and delight, and keep the ascendancy over Mascado as she had done in the hut of the Grapevine, flooding him with lover's delight at the nimbleness of her wit, with embarrassment at her jibes, and secret fuming that he made no better way with her.

"Your mother at Carmelo prays for your soul," she said, as he went about to prepare a meal of food he had brought, "but I shall tell her to pray for your wits; you have burned all the cakes."

And again, "Mend your fire, Mascado; it smokes like a lazy mahala's." But when he brought a fagot on his shoulders for its plenishing, "Oh, spare your back, Mascado, you will need it when the corporal of the guard comes up with you."

"Where now, Mascado?" she said with the greatest cheerfulness when the meal was done, and she sat loosely bound against a broken tree.

"Here," said Mascado; "it is safe enough. Did you think your fine gallant would be looking for you?"

"Why should he?" said the girl coolly; "he has better things to do than looking for stray serving lads."

"For a serving lad, yes," said Mascado with a secret and insulting air. "But a wife" —

"What talk is this?" said she, yawning in his face; "here are no wives, unless you have a fancy yourself for turning mahala, as seems likely."

"But there will be one," he said, ignoring the taunt with deep insinuation.

"Big talk," she said; "but where there is no bride and no priest how will there be a wedding?"

"I have never heard that there was any lack of weddings among my people be-

fore the priests came," said Mascado, with something of a grin. "As for a bride" — He stopped full, and let his desire burn upon her from his eyes.

"Mascado, you are a fool, and Peter Lebecque will kill you," said the girl.

"I am a free man. What will Peter Lebecque know of my doings?"

"All that I can tell him," said she.

Mascado let his gaze wander pointedly along her bonds.

"And is it your purpose to keep me tied up forever and a day that you may cook and clean for me, like *el cojo viejo* in the Mission, scouring pots and tending a tame squirrel in a cage? For look you, do you so much as slip the knots of my rope and turn your back, and you have seen the last of me. Do you remember the time I sent you and Peter Lebecque seeking and crying through half the day and night while I lay in a crypt of the vines almost under your noses? Eh, you are a fool for your pains, Mascado."

The girl had him there: she had the tricks of an Indian for making her way in the hills; but she was no Indian, who, once the subjection of her body was accomplished, would bring her mind into accord, sit by the fire, and follow at the back of him who had made himself her man and the father of her young. Mascado's notions of the married state partook of the earth, but, such as he was, he wanted no prisoner, but a wife. There would be small satisfaction in keeping her bound, and no safety in letting her go free.

"Well," said the girl, much as if she had disposed of the whole matter, "if we travel not, I sleep, though the bed is none of the softest." Stolidly, to hide a certain shamefacedness, he brought her an armful of leaves and young boughs, which she took indifferently enough with her face turned away. Mascado staked his horse in the wet meadow, and set snares to catch quail and rabbits for their food. His mission training had lost him the familiar use of the bow, and he had no gun.

The girl spent most of the day upon

her bed of leaves, her head hidden in her arms to hide the quivering of her face. She felt herself in desperate need of succor, but knew not from what quarter it could come. Supposing the Father President to have brought Isidro his freedom, would he be of a mind to follow his errant lad? and who but the woman Delfina should tell him that El Zarzo had gone against his will? and if Delfina told him that would she not tell all? Ah, never all, never tell him all! Better Mascado should have his will of her at present, and trust to finding some better shift at the last. For she had no thought of marriage with Escobar, — was he not dedicated to God and His Church? All that she asked for herself was to stand at his door and serve.

Then seeing no better issue of her affairs she would fall a-trembling with nameless dread, and feeling safe for that day, resolve to sleep, the better to wake and watch against the terrors of the night. She could trust to holding Mascado in check for a time, but there must come an hour of weakness, of fatigue, a moment of darkness and surprise, — she grew sick to think of it. And then across it all would come the dream of ineffable sweetness, — the joyous road to Monterey, the strolls on the beaches, the sea music and the sea air, Escobar walking with his hand upon her shoulder, the vesper hour when, kneeling on the bare tile flooring, she had leave and liking to watch Escobar through the changes of the hour's devotion. Little looks, little ways, a trick of tossing back his hair, a gentle irony of laughter, the way his fine hand lay on the bridle rein — all these came back and pierced her with seductive pain. So the day wore on warm and still into the afternoon.

## XV

### THE RESCUE

Saavedra, working back toward Carmelo with the confession of Juan Ruiz in his wallet, had lost time on the last day's

travel by reason of over-full creeks and flooding fords from recent rains on the seaward slope of the hills, and camped for the night several hours out on the trail. Saco, who knew every foot of that region as a man knows his own dwelling, would have pushed on through the dark, but the Padre fancied the horses too much fagged, and managed to do with one more night away from his own bed.

He was up and stirring with the dove's first call to dawn, and got in to the Mission for the eight o'clock breakfast with Padres Gomez and Salazar. The table was set in the corridor looking toward the bay, and white drift from the pear trees blew in on the morning air. Leisurely, as concerned their several jurisdictions, the Brothers of St. Francis gave him news of flock and folk, of a death in Monterey, and a christening set for Wednesday of that week, of a sail sighted off the Point of Pines, and much small talk of the garden and field.

"And yesterday," concluded Padre Salazar, sipping his chocolate comfortably, "I found in the alms-box this packet, which, as it bore no name or superscription, I judged best left to your reverence's disposal."

Saavedra took the thin, oblong packet of black silk and turned it over absently. "Quite right, brother," he said, "quite right. I cannot at this moment conjecture what it may contain, but I will make the earliest occasion to examine its contents, when I have this affair of Escobar off my mind. As for the calves, Brother Pablo, I always say you know more of that matter than myself, and I will be pleased if you will continue to follow your own excellent judgment. I will look at the garden, Ignacio, on my return from Monterey, where I must be almost immediately in the interest of this young man whose affairs I trust presently to put in better shape."

It was a piece of the Father President's humility that he never rode on any affair of the Mission when he could walk, and in that he patterned after the sainted Serra;

but this morning toward the Presidio of Monterey he rode at a smart pace, with Fages cantering at his back, very keen to know, but not daring to ask, what the journey promised Escobar. It had occurred to him that the youth was too forward in the Father President's favor for his — Fray Demetrio's — good. He had experienced a pious glee in Isidro's arrest, which it now appeared was ill timed. The Padre was too cheerful and too much in haste not to be the bearer of good news.

They rode at once to the alcalde, whom they found at breakfast, very well disposed toward the Father President now that he conceived himself to have the upper hand, and toward the family of Escobar, which he esteemed discreetly. He had had his fill of puffing and importance in the week past, and answered expansively to the tactful courtesy which Saavedra, in any affair not directly impugning his authority, knew well how to display, and between them they made a very pleasant occasion. The alcalde was charmed, overjoyed in fact, to learn that the young man, of whom, except in his capacity as magistrate, he had never a suspicion, should have come so handsomely off. But an affair of the state, you understand, my dear Padre, — it could not be dropped, dismissed as one might say the word. There were formalities — the circumstance had been noised abroad — it was due to himself as the civil authority, — a mere servant of the Republic, my dear Padre, — and to the young man, to give the fullest publicity to his justification. But under the circumstances he saw no reason why the youth — truly a most admirable young man — should not go at large. He would see to it, — if the Padre Presidente would excuse him until he put on his street-going clothes? Yes, and in the meantime try a glass of wine which had come around the Horn?

The alcalde bustled himself into the house, the Padre sat in the gallery and sipped his wine, and having a quarter of an hour of undisposed leisure, took out

Padre Ignacio's packet from the bosom of his gown, and broke the confining threads. When the silk kerchief was unwrapped there fell out of it two folded papers, the merest glance at which gave the Padre as near to a shock as was possible to his well-ordered mind. They were the marriage certificate of Jesus and Ysabel Castro and the baptismal certificate of Jacintha Concepcion their child.

Saavedra stood up suddenly, betraying his years as he did in any sudden tide of excitement, and called to Fray Demetrio. The secretary came running and agog, hoping for news. "Do you, brother," said Saavedra, "do me the kindness to remain here and wait upon the alcalde — this packet — I have business with the Comandante. Neglect nothing which may be for the Señor Escobar's relief, and bid him wait for me presently. I will be with Castro." With that he gathered up the papers and the skirt of his cassock, and made hastily across the plaza, at that hour beginning to fill with children and dogs and a detachment of soldiery turned out to drill. The secretary managed the release of Isidro to the alcalde's satisfaction and his own, each swelling with authority and disposed to yield to the other's pretensions to save the more credit for his own; they were, in fact, a pair. Within another quarter of an hour Isidro had walked out into the morning, and shaken off both those worthies, who seemed disposed to bestow upon him their company. He walked seaward, and watched the fisher boats beat in across the bright, blue stillness of the bay. He wished that Saavedra might be speedily done with this business of the Comandante's. The week of incarceration made the strange town and strange folk seem more strange. He was hankering for the company of his horse, which he had raised from a colt, and the lad Zarzito, whom he had known quite four days longer than any one in Monterey. He wondered that the boy had not visited him in prison; now that he thought of it, it might have been arranged; but of course El Zarzo would

have been too shy to have put himself forward, — shy and, no doubt, lonely in his turn. Isidro walked down to the sea border, and strolled in the wet track of the retreating tide, which was the place Delfina had elected for her morning walk.

There is no doubt Delfina had a nose for affairs; she had scented something going forward at the alcalde's, and had come out with her shoe-laces untied, and a *manta* covering the inadequacies of her morning toilet, with all the mincing airs of a woman wishing to inaugurate an acquaintance with a young man to whom she has not been properly introduced. You can guess that Isidro, notwithstanding his vocation, made no great difficulty at this juncture.

"It is the Señor Escobar, is it not? Yes, — you must pardon my forwardness; it is impossible not to take an interest in one so estimably regarded and so grossly accused." To the natural insinuation of manner Delfina added the play of her fine eyes.

"There is no pardon — rather cause for gratitude," said Isidro, making her a bow and a compliment after the fashion of the time. "You add to my freedom the contemplation of beauty and the society of the graciously inclined." He fell into a certain familiarity of exaggerated deference with remarkable ease for a man who was to become a priest.

"But, no doubt," Delfina watched him sidewise through dropped lids, "there are others — one other — whom the Señor Escobar would have wished to see."

"On my soul, señora, not one."

"Oh, the men, the men!" fluttered Delfina; "oh, the faithless ones! and the poor girl in such straits, too!"

"If it pleases you to jest, señora" —

Delfina assumed a grave and monitory air. "It is no jest to her, I'll warrant, señor. Indeed, I am not one to cry down my own sex; she was most faithful, Don Isidro, visited the prison every day in hopes to have sight of you, and went not away except by force, and most unwillingly, — that I can testify."

"But she, señora, *she*," — cried Isidro; — "what the devil does the woman mean!"

"Ah, if the señor wishes to preserve the incognito," said Delfina, beginning to be mischievous and amused, — "but with *me*, señor? Well, then, the wild Briar that keeps its roses for secret plucking, the mestizo lad, — or is she Indian? — whom you brought out of the hills, — El Zarzo."

"El Zarzo, — what of him?"

"She is gone, señor," cried Delfina, with a sweeping air, — "seized, stolen, ravished, murdered and buried by now for all I know."

"But how? When?" cried Isidro.

"Last night, by an Indian, I think; at least he had no clothing. We were walking here on the beach, but up at the prison I had just discovered — I wished to know — she was about to tell me, and we heard the guard coming."

"But she, *she*!" cried Isidro.

Delfina looked at him in a momentary blankness. "Does the man mean to say that he does not know?" she said, and then dismissing it as wholly absurd, returned to her gurgle of secret amusement.

"Oh, the men, the men!" she said. "We were walking here, Don Isidro, where we now stand, and it was just the edge of dark; suddenly there came a hissing through the air, — a riata, I think, — and I saw a rider draw up to her and she drew to him, but she went unwillingly enough, — and in a moment he had her in front of him and was away."

"El Zarzo?"

"El Zarzo, so called."

If Isidro appeared cool at that moment it was because he was too much confounded. Delfina was too circumstantial to be greatly doubted. She put him through all the steps of the evening's performance; showed him the evidence of struggle, the galloping hoof prints that began where the shoe prints ended. The horse she judged to be a pinto pony, the man an Indian. Isidro quested forward

on the trail, Delfina panted beside him.

"Arnaldo," she said, "is the best tracker in Monterey."

"Send him to me," said Isidro curtly. He had all the woman could give and wished to be rid of her. Delfina took her dismissal cheerfully; she needed the rest of the morning to spread her news abroad. She had mixed herself with what might prove a most interesting scandal, and stumbled on a hint of a really untenable situation. "For suppose," she said to herself, "the man really did *not* know!" and she dwelt upon that point until she was back in her house behind the wall.

Arnaldo the tracker, a short, keen man, came on his horse; in those days, in that land, a man saddled and bridled to go the length of his own dooryard. Isidro sent a boy to bring his own horse from the pastures of Carmelo. Arnaldo made a detour of half an hour to fetch necessities for the day; together they worked on over the cold trail. There seemed a promise of mischief in the rider's haste, — in the broken bushes, deep hoof scars, flakes of black loam cast up by running.

"It might be Mascado," said the tracker; "he has been seen lately in this quarter. He has a pinto of about that stride, and he rides like the devil."

"On the devil's errand," said Isidro; but the name, which he remembered only as the name of a renegade wanted at Carmelo, carried no information. He was in great confusion of mind which found no relief except in haste, though he could scarcely have told to what end he hurried the tracker on the open trail. He would say that the lad El Zarzo was in peril. But why? Why? A lad by his own account half Indian carried off by another. But if he believed his own judgment the lad was no Indian, and if he believed the woman Delfina, no lad. Well, then, if a maid, peril enough and reason enough. He began to recount occasions and circumstances, — the lad's personal reticence, a certain avoidance of innuendo and embarrassing incident too constant, now that he recalled it, not to imply an

intention; and, on the other side, a certain fearless matter-of-factness, an impertinence, as it were, directed to no person but to events, to destiny, endearing in a boy, but hardly to be looked for in a girl. But the lad was a good lad, — well a girl, then, if it must be, — so no doubt a good girl. Here Delfina's amused insinuating gurgle recurred to him; it brought a hot flush and certain sickly prickings of shamefacedness.

"Sacred Name of a Name!" what was the woman doing now but spreading her news in Monterey, — excellent gossip about an Escobar who set out to be a priest. In his hurry he had neglected to stop her mouth, as he reflected he might have done with a compliment and silver.

Isidro was, first of all, a clean and honorable youth. If he regarded the priesthood as an opportunity rather than a renunciation, he was not single in his time, and though he purposed a discreet use of its prerogatives, he meant sincerely to keep within its restrictions. He had respect to its orders, and as a man and priest he wished to stand well with the Father President, and he had all the high and formal breeding which runs with pure Castilian blood; the finikin hospitality, and that exaggerated punctiliousness toward women which often consists with no very high estimate of the possibility of feminine virtue. If Delfina said truth, — and, though he rejected it, he found his mind working around toward conviction as fast as the tracker worked over the trail, — if it were true that the boy was no boy, then he had set a pretty snare for his reputation to fall into. Peace he might make with Saavedra through the confessional, but his father, the old Don, would be furious to have him so far forget the manners of an Escobar as to take a mistress, in the guise of a servant, under the Father President's roof, and having so conducted his journey to Monterey as to have himself accused of murder and suspected of theft, had no sooner come free of that taint than he was off hot-foot after the girl and her Indian lover. That

was the construction that would be put upon his behavior, and Isidro owned that he would probably have believed it in the case of any other. As for the girl, she was quite ruined in reputation, and any explanation of his would add a touch of ridicule to reproach. If these considerations had occurred to him earlier it is probable Isidro would have waited to take counsel with Saavedra before committing himself to the trail; but by the woman's account there was the lad, whom he loved for his endearing boyishness and clean, companionable talk, ahead of him on that road at the expense of who knew what indignity; and though the fact of El Zarzo's being a maid had not possessed his consciousness, it stirred in him an apprehension of unnamable disaster. As often as he thought of her it was of the nimble and teachable lad who had come through the wood with him in golden weather, or of the pleasant companion he had promised himself on a pilgrimage through Alta California, — but a maid — Oh, a pest on it! Escobar felt himself aggrieved that his servant had not stayed a boy.

The sun beat upon them, and the trail stretched out mile by mile. Arnaldo hung above it from his saddle, finding it too plain for dismounting. By noon they arrived where Mascado had stumbled on Saavedra's camp, and Arnaldo chuckled to see how nearly the mestizo's haste had been his undoing.

"If it were Mascado he would sooner see the devil than his reverence," said the tracker.

After that it seemed the rider had taken a craftier way among the hills, concealing his trail more, and pursuit lagged through a hot, breathless afternoon. Later they came to where Mascado had kept the dark watch under the oak. Here Isidro looked for some signs of a struggle, not assured but relieved to find none. Here El Zarzo had sat, and here Mascado; here the horse cropped at the end of the rope. Isidro by this time fumed with impatience and saddle weariness. He rode



after a week's inaction and his breakfast had been prison fare.

"Caramba! but I could eat," he said.

Arnaldo swung the food bag forward on the saddle.

"Eat," he said; "the trail freshens."

"And where," cried Isidro, "do you think we shall come up with him?"

"*Dios sabe*, but it leads toward Las Chimineas. That is the refuge of many a hunted one. We should be there in an hour," said the tracker.

"We must find him before night." Isidro bore forward in his saddle with eagerness; as if some impalpable thread of intelligence ran between him and the girl, his sense of urgency lengthened with the shadows. They had made good time, almost as good as Mascado, saving the dark hours. It appeared the mestizo had ridden without fear of pursuit, and ridden, moreover, in the night, while they had the day for following. It was four o'clock when Arnaldo pointed out from a knoll the tall, single stones of Las Chimineas.

"From here we go cautiously," he said.

Meanwhile Saavedra had finished his talk with the Commandante. They had taken a long time to it, beating through all the possibilities that the appearance of the two certificates at this juncture implied. Finding no thoroughfare they came back to such such comfort as they could from the mere fact of the papers spread out on the Commandante's desk. Castro was trembling, expectant, and confused; the Padre hopeful and confounded. The question was, from what source had the packet come? By all accounts no strangers or suspicious persons had come or gone about the Mission or Monterey that week past. Then could it have been dropped by any one resident in the capital or at Carmelo? At this suggestion, that one who had knowledge of Ysabel's child might walk within daily sight of him, Castro shook as with an ague. Padre Vicente sighed; he thought to have known the hearts of his people. Padres Pablo and Ignacio had been warned

if the matter came up in confession to use all permissible means to bring it to light. As yet from this source nothing had transpired. It had not been possible to keep the affair out of common talk, perhaps not advisable. It appeared the flood of gossip had floated this packet out of the backwater of an unconscienceable mind, — gossip, and not the searching sword of the Church. Therefore the good Padre sighed; therefore the Commandante fell sick. The word of each ran with power in their several provinces, but they could not compel a favorable issue of their own affairs. But why had the packet come to light and not the heiress? why the evidence and not the claimant? and why this concealment of the source? who held the information that would connect the papers with Ysabel's daughter? Ah, who, who? Was this flotsam all that was to come up out of the depth? Was it fear that kept the informant in the back-ground, or was it simply that the child was not? Here Saavedra came to the surface with a practical suggestion, — a paper pinned to the church door offering a reward for knowledge of Castro's heir. The pride of the Castros demurred. Well, then, for information concerning the packet found in the alms-box on such a date? This was better, and was so agreed. Then, for sheer unwillingness to leave the conference with so little accomplished, they fell to talking of other things. Of this affair of Escobar, which the Padre wished put in the best countenance; of the report, founded on nods and winks and suspicions, that Indians on the eastern border along the Sacramento and the Tulares, under Urbano, fomented disturbances. The Padres had never pushed their labors very far from the coast. Inland the unregenerate lived in native savagery, and gathering to themselves malcontents and deserters from among the neophytes, became a menace to the peaceful establishments of the Mission. From Solano and San José came news of cattle carried off, and mutterings, and restless-

Father Saavedra was as loath to report these matters as to believe them, but felt something due to the Commandante. Urbano was rumored to be massing his followers in the wooded regions to the east.

"Saw you any such intimations on your journey, Padre?" asked Castro.

"None," answered Saavedra. "Now I think of it I saw not a dozen Indians this week past, nor came upon more than one camp which was not at least three days cold. It is surprising, I think, considering the report."

"Not surprising, Padre, but ominous," replied the Commandante, "considering what we know of their habits. At this season they should be spread abroad by clans and families. That you saw none is proof positive that they are gathering together in some other place and for some purpose."

*(To be continued.)*

"I trust not of mischief," said Saavedra.

"I hope not, but I do not trust where an Indian is concerned," said the Commandante, smiling a little. "But the detachment which was sent out for your fellow Mascado should be in any hour; they were provisioned only for ten days, and they may be able to tell somewhat. In the meantime I advise, Padre, that you let none of the neophytes pass between the Missions on any errands whatever." The Father President acquiesced. He was not the man for affrays; besides, had Urbano descended upon San Carlos, he would have met him in the fashion of the martyred Luis Jayme, saying, "Love God, my children," and as likely have met the same end. By the time he had finished with the Commandante and come out into the plaza again Isidro had been gone an hour.

## A LETTER FROM JAPAN

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

Tōkyō, August 1, 1904.

HERE, in this quiet suburb, where the green peace is broken only by the voices of children at play and the shrilling of cicadæ, it is difficult to imagine that, a few hundred miles away, there is being carried on one of the most tremendous wars of modern times, between armies aggregating more than half a million of men, or that, on the intervening sea, a hundred ships of war have been battling. This contest, between the mightiest of Western powers and a people that began to study Western science only within the recollection of many persons still in vigorous life, is, on one side at least, a struggle for national existence. It was inevitable, this struggle, — might perhaps have been delayed, but certainly not averted. Japan

has boldly challenged an empire capable of threatening simultaneously the civilizations of the East and the West, — a mediæval power that, unless vigorously checked, seems destined to absorb Scandinavia and to dominate China. For all industrial civilization the contest is one of vast moment; — for Japan it is probably the supreme crisis in her national life. As to what her fleets and her armies have been doing, the world is fully informed; but as to what her people are doing at home, little has been written.

To inexperienced observation they would appear to be doing nothing unusual; and this strange calm is worthy of record. At the beginning of hostilities an Imperial mandate was issued, bidding all non-combatants to pursue their avoca-

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tions as usual, and to trouble themselves as little as possible about exterior events; — and this command has been obeyed to the letter. It would be natural to suppose that all the sacrifices, tragedies, and uncertainties of the contest had thrown their gloom over the life of the capital in especial; but there is really nothing whatever to indicate a condition of anxiety or depression. On the contrary, one is astonished by the joyous tone of public confidence, and the admirably restrained pride of the nation in its victories. Western tides have strewn the coast with Japanese corpses; regiments have been blown out of existence in the storming of positions defended by wire-entanglements; battleships have been lost: yet at no moment has there been the least public excitement. The people are following their daily occupations just as they did before the war; the cheery aspect of things is just the same; the theatres and flower displays are not less well patronized. The life of Tōkyō has been, to outward seeming, hardly more affected by the events of the war than the life of nature beyond it, where the flowers are blooming and the butterflies hovering as in other summers. Except after the news of some great victory, — celebrated with fireworks and lantern processions, — there are no signs of public emotion; and but for the frequent distribution of newspaper-extras, by runners ringing bells, you could almost persuade yourself that the whole story of the war is an evil dream.

Yet there has been, of necessity, a vast amount of suffering — viewless and voiceless suffering — repressed by that sense of social and patriotic duty which is Japanese religion. As a seventeen-syllable poem of the hour tells us, the news of every victory must bring pain as well as joy: —

Gōgwai no  
Tabi teki mikata  
Goké ga fué.

“Each time that an extra is circulated the widows of foes and friends have increased in multitude.”

The great quiet and the smiling tearlessness testify to the more than Spartan discipline of the race. Anciently the people were trained, not only to conceal their emotions, but to speak in a cheerful voice and to show a pleasant face under any stress of moral suffering; and they are obedient to that teaching to-day. It would still be thought a shame to betray personal sorrow for the loss of those who die for Emperor and fatherland. The public seem to view the events of the war as they would watch the scenes of a popular play. They are interested without being excited; and their extraordinary self-control is particularly shown in various manifestations of the “play-impulse.” Everywhere the theatres are producing war dramas (based upon actual fact); the newspapers and magazines are publishing war stories and novels; the cinematograph exhibits the monstrous methods of modern warfare; and numberless industries are turning out objects of art or utility designed to commemorate the Japanese triumphs.

But the present psychological condition, the cheerful and even playful tone of public feeling, can be indicated less by any general statement than by the mention of ordinary facts, — every-day matters recorded in the writer’s diary.

Never before were the photographers so busy: it is said that they have not been able to fulfill half of the demands made upon them. The hundreds of thousands of men sent to the war wished to leave photographs with their families, and also to take with them portraits of parents, children, and other beloved persons. The nation was being photographed during the past six months.

A fact of sociological interest is that photography has added something new to the poetry of the domestic faith. From the time of its first introduction, photography became popular in Japan; and none of those superstitions, which inspire fear of the camera among less civilized races, offered any obstacle to the rapid

development of a new industry. It is true that there exist some queer folk-beliefs about photographs, — ideas of mysterious relation between the sun-picture and the person imaged. For example: if, in the photograph of a group, one figure appear indistinct or blurred, that is thought to be an omen of sickness or death. But this superstition has its industrial value: it has compelled photographers to be careful about their work, — especially in these days of war, when everybody wants to have a good clear portrait, because the portrait might be needed for another purpose than preservation in an album.

During the last twenty years there has gradually come into existence the custom of placing the photograph of a dead parent, brother, husband, or child, beside the mortuary tablet kept in the Buddhist household shrine. For this reason, also, the departing soldier wishes to leave at home a good likeness of himself.

The rites of domestic affection, in old samurai families, are not confined to the cult of the dead. On certain occasions, the picture of the absent parent, husband, brother, or betrothed, is placed in the alcove of the guest-room, and a feast laid out before it. The photograph, in such cases, is fixed upon a little stand (*dai*); and the feast is served as if the person were present. This pretty custom of preparing a meal for the absent is probably more ancient than any art of portraiture; but the modern photograph adds to the human poetry of the rite. In feudal time it was the rule to set the repast facing the direction in which the absent person had gone — north, south, east, or west. After a brief interval the covers of the vessels containing the cooked food were lifted and examined. If the lacquered inner surface was thickly beaded with vapor, all was well; but if the surface was dry, that was an omen of death, a sign that the disembodied spirit had returned to absorb the essence of the offerings.

As might have been expected, in a country where the “play-impulse” is stronger,

perhaps, than in any other part of the world, the *Zeitgeist* found manifestation in the flower displays of the year. I visited those in my neighborhood, which is the Quarter of the Gardeners. This quarter is famous for its azaleas (*tsutsuji*); and every spring the azalea gardens attract thousands of visitors, — not only by the wonderful exhibition then made of shrubs which look like solid masses of blossom (ranging up from snowy white, through all shades of pink, to a flamboyant purple), but also by displays of effigies: groups of figures ingeniously formed with living leaves and flowers. These figures, life-size, usually represent famous incidents of history or drama. In many cases — though not in all — the bodies and the costumes are composed of foliage and flowers trained to grow about a framework; while the faces, feet, and hands are represented by some kind of flesh-colored composition.

This year, however, a majority of the displays represented scenes of the war, — such as an engagement between Japanese infantry and mounted Cossacks, a night attack by torpedo boats, the sinking of a battleship. In the last-mentioned display, Russian bluejackets appeared, swimming for their lives in a rough sea; — the pasteboard waves and the swimming figures being made to rise and fall by the pulling of a string; while the crackling of quick-firing guns was imitated by a mechanism contrived with sheets of zinc.

It is said that Admiral Tōgō sent to Tōkyō for some flowering-trees in pots, — inasmuch as his responsibilities allowed him no chance of seeing the cherry-flowers and the plum-blossoms in their season, — and that the gardeners responded even too generously.

Almost immediately after the beginning of hostilities, thousands of “war pictures” — mostly cheap lithographs — were published. The drawing and coloring were better than those of the prints issued at the time of the war with China;

but the details were to a great extent imaginary, — altogether imaginary as to the appearance of Russian troops. Pictures of the engagements with the Russian fleet were effective, despite some lurid exaggeration. The most startling things were pictures of Russian defeats in Korea, published before a single military engagement had taken place; — the artist had “flushed to anticipate the scene.” In these prints the Russians were depicted as fleeing in utter rout, leaving their officers — very fine-looking officers — dead upon the field; while the Japanese infantry, with dreadfully determined faces, were coming up at a double. The propriety and the wisdom of thus pictorially predicting victory, and easy victory to boot, may be questioned. But I am told that the custom of so doing is an old one; and it is thought that to realize the common hope thus imaginatively is lucky. At all events, there is no attempt at deception in these pictorial undertakings; — they help to keep up the public courage, and they ought to be pleasing to the gods.

Some of the earlier pictures have now been realized in grim fact. The victories in China had been similarly foreshadowed: they amply justified the faith of the artist. . . . To-day the war pictures continue to multiply; but they have changed character. The inexorable truth of the photograph, and the sketches of the war correspondent, now bring all the vividness and violence of fact to help the artist's imagination. There was something naïve and theatrical in the drawings of anticipation; but the pictures of the hour represent most tragic reality, — always becoming more terrible. At this writing, Japan has yet lost no single battle; but not a few of her victories have been dearly won.

To enumerate even a tenth of the various articles ornamented with designs inspired by the war — articles such as combs, clasps, fans, brooches, cardcases, purses — would require a volume. Even cakes and confectionery are stamped with

naval or military designs; and the glass or paper windows of shops — not to mention the signboards — have pictures of Japanese victories painted upon them. At night the shop lanterns proclaim the pride of the nation in its fleets and armies; and a whole chapter might easily be written about the new designs in transparencies and toy lanterns. A new revolving lantern — turned by the air-current which its own flame creates — has become very popular. It represents a charge of Japanese infantry upon Russian defenses; and holes pierced in the colored paper, so as to produce a continuous vivid flashing while the transparency revolves, suggest the exploding of shells and the volleying of machine guns.

Some displays of the art-impulse, as inspired by the war, have been made in directions entirely unfamiliar to Western experience, — in the manufacture, for example, of women's hair ornaments and dress materials. Dress goods decorated with war pictures have actually become a fashion, — especially crêpe silks for underwear, and figured silk linings for cloaks and sleeves. More remarkable than these are the new hairpins; — by hairpins I mean those long double-pronged ornaments of flexible metal which are called *kanzashi*, and are more or less ornamented according to the age of the wearer. (The *kanzashi* made for young girls are highly decorative; those worn by older folk are plain, or adorned only with a ball of coral or polished stone.) The new hairpins might be called commemorative: one, of which the decoration represents a British and a Japanese flag intercrossed, celebrates the Anglo-Japanese alliance; another represents an officer's cap and sword; and the best of all is surmounted by a tiny metal model of a battleship. The battleship-pin is not merely fantastic: it is actually pretty!

As might have been expected, military and naval subjects occupy a large place among the year's designs for towel-ing. The towel designs celebrating naval victories have been particularly success-

ful: they are mostly in white, on a blue ground; or in black, on a white ground. One of the best — blue and white — represented only a flock of gulls wheeling about the masthead of a sunken iron-clad, and, far away, the silhouettes of Japanese battleships passing to the horizon. . . . What especially struck me in this, and in several other designs, was the original manner in which the Japanese artist had seized upon the traits of the modern battleship, — the powerful and sinister lines of its shape, — just as he would have caught for us the typical character of a beetle or a lobster. The lines have been just enough exaggerated to convey, at one glance, the real impression made by the aspect of these iron monsters, — a vague impression of bulk and force and menace, very difficult to express by ordinary methods of drawing.

Besides towels decorated with artistic sketches of this sort, there have been placed upon the market many kinds of towels bearing comic war pictures, — caricatures or cartoons which are amusing without being malignant. It will be remembered that at the time of the first attack made upon the Port Arthur squadron, several of the Russian officers were in the Dalny theatre, — never dreaming that the Japanese would dare to strike the first blow. This incident has been made the subject of a towel design. At one end of the towel is a comic study of the faces of the Russians, delightedly watching the gyrations of a ballet dancer. At the other end is a study of the faces of the same commanders when they find, on returning to the port, only the masts of their battleships above water. Another towel shows a procession of fish in front of a surgeon's office — waiting their turns to be relieved of sundry bayonets, swords, revolvers, and rifles, which have stuck in their throats. A third towel picture represents a Russian diver examining, with a prodigious magnifying-glass, the holes made by torpedoes in the hull of a sunken cruiser. Comic verses or legends, in cursive text, are printed beside these pictures.

The great house of Mitsui, which placed the best of these designs on the market, also produced some beautiful souvenirs of the war, in the shape of *fukusa*. (A *fukusa* is an ornamental silk covering, or wrapper, put over presents sent to friends on certain occasions, and returned after the present has been received.) These are made of the heaviest and costliest silk, and inclosed within appropriately decorated covers. Upon one *fukusa* is a colored picture of the cruisers Nisshin and Kasuga, under full steam; and upon another has been printed, in beautiful Chinese characters, the full text of the Imperial Declaration of War.

But the strangest things that I have seen in this line of production were silk dresses for baby girls, — figured stuffs which, when looked at from a little distance, appeared incomparably pretty, owing to the masterly juxtaposition of tints and colors. On closer inspection the charming design proved to be composed entirely of war pictures, — or, rather, fragments of pictures, blended into one astonishing combination: naval battles; burning warships; submarine mines exploding; torpedo boats attacking; charges of Cossacks repulsed by Japanese infantry; artillery rushing into position; storming of forts; long lines of soldiery advancing through mist. Here were colors of blood and fire, tints of morning haze and evening glow, noon-blue and starred night-purple, sea-gray and field-green, — most wonderful thing! . . . I suppose that the child of a military or naval officer might, without impropriety, be clad in such a robe. But then — the unspeakable pity of things!

The war toys are innumerable: I can attempt to mention only a few of the more remarkable kinds.

Japanese children play many sorts of card games, some of which are old, others quite new. There are poetical card games, for example, played with a pack of which each card bears the text of a poem, or



part of a poem; and the player should be able to remember the name of the author of any quotation in the set. Then there are geographical card games, in which each of the cards used bears the name, and perhaps a little picture, of some famous site, town, or temple; and the player should be able to remember the district and province in which the mentioned place is situated. The latest novelty in this line is a pack of cards with pictures upon them of the Russian war vessels; and the player should be able to state what has become of every vessel named, — whether sunk, disabled, or confined in Port Arthur.

There is another card game in which the battleships, cruisers, and torpedo craft of both Japan and Russia are represented. The winner in this game destroys his "captures" by tearing the cards taken. But the shops keep packages of each class of warship cards in stock; and when all the destroyers or cruisers of one country have been put *hors de combat*, the defeated party can purchase new vessels abroad. One torpedo boat costs about one farthing; but five torpedo boats can be bought for a penny.

The toy-shops are crammed with models of battleships, — in wood, clay, porcelain, lead, and tin, — of many sizes and prices. Some of the larger ones, moved by clockwork, are named after Japanese battleships: Shikishima, Fuji, Mikasa. One mechanical toy represents the sinking of a Russian vessel by a Japanese torpedo boat.

Among cheaper things of this class is a box of colored sand, for the representation of naval engagements. Children arrange the sand so as to resemble waves; and with each box of sand are sold two fleets of tiny leaden vessels. The Japanese ships are white, and the Russian black; and explosions of torpedoes are to be figured by small cuttings of vermilion paper, planted in the sand.

The children of the poorest classes make their own war toys; and I have

been wondering whether those ancient feudal laws (translated by Professor Wigmore), which fixed the cost and quality of toys to be given to children, did not help to develop that ingenuity which the little folk display. Recently I saw a group of children in our neighborhood playing at the siege of Port Arthur, with fleets improvised out of scraps of wood and some rusty nails. A tub of water represented Port Arthur. Battleships were figured by bits of plank, into which chopsticks had been fixed to represent masts, and rolls of paper to represent funnels. Little flags, appropriately colored, were fastened to the masts with rice paste. Torpedo boats were imaged by splinters, into each of which a short thick nail had been planted to indicate a smokestack. Stationary submarine mines were represented by small squares of wood, each having one long nail driven into it; and these little things, when dropped into water with the nail-head downwards, would keep up a curious bobbing motion for a long time. Other squares of wood, having clusters of short nails driven into them, represented floating mines; and the mimic battleships were made to drag for these, with lines of thread. The pictures in the Japanese papers had doubtless helped the children to imagine the events of the war with tolerable accuracy.

Naval caps for children have become, of course, more in vogue than ever before. Some of the caps bear, in Chinese characters of burnished metal, the name of a battleship, or the words *Nippon Teikoku* (Empire of Japan), — disposed like the characters upon the cap of a blue-jacket. On some caps, however, the ship's name appears in English letters, — Yashima, Fuji, etc.

The play-impulse, I had almost forgotten to say, is shared by the soldiers themselves, — though most of those called to the front do not expect to return in the body. They ask only to be remembered at the Spirit-Invoking Shrine (*Shōkon-sha*), where the shades of all who die for

Emperor and country are believed to gather. The men of the regiments temporarily quartered in our suburb, on their way to the war, found time to play at mimic war with the small folk of the neighborhood. (At all times Japanese soldiers are very kind to children; and the children here march with them, join in their military songs, and correctly salute their officers, feeling sure that the gravest officer will return the salute of a little child.) When the last regiment went away, the men distributed toys among the children assembled at the station to give them a parting cheer, — hair-pins, with military symbols for ornament, to the girls; wooden infantry and tin cavalry to the boys. The oddest present was a small clay model of a Russian soldier's head, presented with the jocose promise: "If we come back, we shall bring you some real ones." In the top of the head there is a small wire loop, to which a rubber string can be attached. At the time of the war with China, little clay models of Chinese heads, with very long queues, were favorite toys.

The war has also suggested a variety of new designs for that charming object, the *toko-niwa*. Few of my readers know what a *toko-niwa*, or "alcove-garden," is. It is a miniature garden — perhaps less than two feet square — contrived within an ornamental shallow basin of porcelain or other material, and placed in the alcove of a guest-room by way of decoration. You may see there a tiny pond; a streamlet crossed by humped bridges of Chinese pattern; dwarf trees forming a grove, and shading the model of a Shintō temple; imitations in baked clay of stone lanterns, — perhaps even the appearance of a hamlet of thatched cottages. If the *toko-niwa* be not too small, you may see real fish swimming in the pond, or a pet tortoise crawling among the rockwork. Sometimes the miniature garden represents Hōrai, and the palace of the Dragon-King.

Two new varieties have come into fash-

ion. One is a model of Port Arthur, showing the harbor and the forts; and with the materials for the display there is sold a little map, showing how to place certain tiny battleships, representing the imprisoned and the investing fleets. The other *toko-niwa* represents a Korean or Chinese landscape, with hill ranges and rivers and woods; and the appearance of a battle is created by masses of toy soldiers — cavalry, infantry, and artillery — in all positions of attack and defense. Minute forts of baked clay, bristling with cannon about the size of small pins, occupy elevated positions. When properly arranged the effect is panoramic. The soldiers in the foreground are about an inch long; those a little farther away about half as long; and those upon the hills are no larger than flies.

But the most remarkable novelty of this sort yet produced is a kind of *toko-niwa* recently on display at a famous shop in Ginza. A label bearing the inscription, *Kai-tō no Ikken* (View of the Ocean-Bed) sufficiently explained the design. The *suibon*, or "water-tray," containing the display was half filled with rocks and sand so as to resemble a sea-bottom; and little fishes appeared swarming in the foreground. A little farther back, upon an elevation, stood Otohime, the Dragon-King's daughter, surrounded by her maiden attendants, and gazing, with just the shadow of a smile, at two men in naval uniform who were shaking hands, — dead heroes of the war: Admiral Makarov and Commander Hirose! . . . These had esteemed each other in life; and it was a happy thought to thus represent their friendly meeting in the world of Spirits.

Though his name is perhaps unfamiliar to English readers, Commander Takeo Hirose has become, deservedly, one of Japan's national heroes. On the 27th of March, during the second attempt made to block the entrance to Port Arthur, he was killed while endeavoring to help a comrade, — a comrade who had formerly

saved him from death. For five years Hirose had been a naval attaché at St. Petersburg, and had made many friends in Russian naval and military circles. From boyhood his life had been devoted to study and duty; and it was commonly said of him that he had no particle of selfishness in his nature. Unlike most of his brother officers he remained unmarried, — holding that no man who might be called on at any moment to lay down his life for his country had a moral right to marry. The only amusements in which he was ever known to indulge were physical exercises; and he was acknowledged one of the best *jūjutsu* (wrestlers) in the empire. The heroism of his death, at the age of thirty-six, had much less to do with the honors paid to his memory than the self-denying heroism of his life.

Now his picture is in thousands of homes, and his name is celebrated in every village. It is celebrated also by the manufacture of various souvenirs, which are sold by myriads. For example, there is a new fashion in sleeve-buttons, called *Kinen-botan*, or “Commemoration-buttons.” Each button bears a miniature portrait of the commander, with the inscription, *Shichi-shō hōkoku*, “Even in seven successive lives — for love of country.” It is recorded that Hirose often cited, to friends who criticised his ascetic devotion to duty, the famous utterance of Kusunoki Masashigé, who declared, ere laying down his life for the Emperor Go-Daigo, that he desired to die for his sovereignty in seven successive existences.

But the highest honor paid to the memory of Hirose is of a sort now possible only in the East, though once possible also in the West, when the Greek or Roman patriot-hero might be raised, by the common love of his people, to the place of the Immortals. . . . Wine-cups of porcelain have been made, decorated with his portrait; and beneath the portrait appears, in ideographs of gold, the inscription, *Gunshin Hirose Chūsa*. The character “*gun*” signifies war; the character

“*shin*,” a god, — either in the sense of *divus* or *deus*, according to circumstances; and the Chinese text, read in the Japanese way, is *Ikusa no Kami*. Whether that stern and valiant spirit is really invoked by the millions who believe that no brave soul is doomed to extinction, no well-spent life laid down in vain, no heroism cast away, I do not know. But, in any event, human affection and gratitude can go no farther than this; and it must be confessed that Old Japan is still able to confer honors worth dying for.

Boys and girls in all the children's schools are now singing the Song of Hirose Chūsa, — which is a marching song. The words and the music are published in a little booklet, with a portrait of the late commander upon the cover. Everywhere, and at all hours of the day, one hears this song being sung: —

*He whose every word and deed gave to men an example of what the war-folk of the Empire of Nippon should be, — Commander Hirose: is he really dead?*

*Though the body die, the spirit dies not. He who wished to be reborn seven times into this world, for the sake of serving his country, for the sake of requiting the Imperial favor, — Commander Hirose: has he really died?*

*“Since I am a son of the Country of the Gods, the fire of the evil-hearted Russians cannot touch me!” — The sturdy Takeo who spoke thus: can he really be dead? . . .*

*Nay! that glorious war-death meant undying fame; — beyond a thousand years the valiant heart shall live; — as to a god of war shall reverence be paid to him. . . .*

Observing the playful confidence of this wonderful people in their struggle for existence against the mightiest power of the West, — their perfect trust in the wisdom of their leaders and the valor of their armies, — the good humor of their irony when mocking the enemy's blunders, — their strange capacity to find, in the world-stirring events of the hour, the same amusement that they would find in watching a melodrama, — one is tempted to ask: “What would be the moral consequence of a national defeat?” . . . It would depend, I think, upon circum-

stances. Were Kuropatkin able to fulfill his rash threat of invading Japan, the nation would probably rise as one man. But otherwise the knowledge of any great disaster would be bravely borne. From time unknown Japan has been a land of cataclysms, — earthquakes that ruin cities in the space of a moment; tidal waves, two hundred miles long, sweeping whole coast populations out of existence; floods submerging hundreds of leagues of well-tilled

fields; eruptions burying provinces. Calamities like this have disciplined the race in resignation and in patience; and it has been well trained also to bear with courage all the misfortunes of war. Even by the foreign peoples that have been most closely in contact with her, the capacities of Japan remained unguessed. Perhaps her power to resist aggression is far surpassed by her power to endure.

## THE RENASCENCE OF SAPPHIRA

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

As Mrs. "Judge" Chouteau laid her handbag on the writing-shelf of the newspaper counting-room and went to work at her glove, going over her fingers successively many times with careful rubs and pulls, she glanced up and down the columns of the advertiser's copy of the paper, looking unconsciously for a department of Not Wanted.

In the Judge's stone front residence, on a street whose name could be spoken with distinction, was a melodeon of that description. Its extensible legs, in days gone by, had lengthened with her own, until one day she was a young lady come into the estate of a piano; and the melodeon needed to grow no more. It had followed her fortunes and been a pensioner of space for years whose number I will forbear to mention. It was allowed to stay in that second-story rear room which was the limbo of unornamental but possibly usable things, stepping aside frequently to make room for another bundle of legal literature. And now, whenever the Judge went there — being in a hurry to find an old record or perplexed with a nebulous remembrance of an article in a back number of the *Green Bag* — the melodeon would be sure to stand in front of the very place it was not wanted. And the Judge

would say, when he came downstairs for Sapphira, who always found things as if her arm were a divining-rod, "Sapphira, what are we going to do with that melodeon?"

"Was it in the road again, Cyrus?"

"It was. As an Obstructionist it seems to be sticking to your father's politics."

And that was the last time he had cause to speak of it. She said she would sell it, averring it with conclusiveness because she had often made the claim that it was worth money. And the Judge said "Humph," — which was a mere ditto mark to what he had said aforetime, — that there was nobody who would buy it.

As Mrs. Chouteau picked up the impotent public pen and paused to compose an "ad," she was really — had she but known it — trying to put herself in touch with a certain log residence on the summit of a rounding hill overlooking a sweet and sleepy valley town on the shore of the Missouri. In it there dwelt a family of the same complexion as the rosewood melodeon, and quite as soulful of melody. There were little Forrest and his "Pa" and his Mammy.

If it were permitted me to become edifying and useful on the subject of a melodeon, I would choose for the text some

words from a sermon which I one time heard delivered to a preponderance of ladies, — "Life is mostly a struggle with dirt." And I would expand it with a chemico-philosophical statement, — Dirt is only something out of place. In the Chouteau establishment the melodeon had certainly become dirt. Little Forrest's residence was the place where it would become the fertile soil of melody. Indeed, if Providence were to have a department of Economics its time could well be spent in merely shifting things about, making useful articles out of dirt without the least expenditure. But as this work of finding the affinities of things is left to chance and the newspapers, Mrs. Chouteau had to struggle with the selecting of words that were to be printed and to put forty cents in jeopardy.

While the melodeon had become unwelcome for reasons that are obvious, it belonged elsewhere for reasons esoteric and peculiar. Forrest's "Pa" was a steamboat hand, — a roustabout on a boat that ran from St. Louis. He was one of the trotting file who pour wheat-sacks aboard at landings, who "coon-jine" coal forward to the boilers between landings, and who sit, whenever there is an opportunity, with their feet hanging above the sliding yellow waters, humming melodies and enjoying the sunshine.

The Missouri roustabout, having raised his station from the agricultural class, preserves a tradition in common with the American farmer, not to mention the bee and the bear. He does not work in winter. He has just enough providence that, as winter closes down, when he cannot venture forth for firewood without gunny-sacking around his shoes, he can retire within with a barrel of flour, some sides of bacon, and a modicum of molasses. There he waits for navigation to open up again, having solved the entire American problem of worry and hurry. While the white man's happiness may be only negative, and can safely aspire to nothing more than the absence of evil (if we are to believe what Schopenhauer states and

Browning bothers about), the black man has, without doubt, a supply of the positive kind that he has stored up from the sunshine. But he cannot get at it by mere reflection as the bear sucks his paw; he must have pretext to give it voice and shake it out of his feet. A melodeon to pump the hours rhythmically away and instill happiness would cause a winter to lapse without even the effort of turning the back on boredom. Forrest's "Pa" had often thought this; he admitted it on the day that Forrest first yearned for an organ. And now that Forrest was become intellectually bright he should have a musical education. Forrest agreed with him.

One generously heated day, when the "coon-jiners" were sitting along the hogways with their laps turned toward the "largess of the sun," — which, not being in the poetic trade, they spoke of only as "fine wahm weathah," — Forrest's father was lying in the hold on a pile of wheat-sacks, being lulled to rest by the pulsing of the engines and ruminating on the forthcoming winter when there would be no such rhythm unless, perchance, he could get the organ. He reached out and drew toward him a copy of the *Globe-Democrat* which had fluttered from above. He looked at the typographic pictures of steamboats on the time-tables and the names of the packets printed in larger letters, which he recognized by having seen them on the boats themselves rather than by any ability to spell things out. When he had gone through all these pictures of names, with a flattering sense that he was somewhat of a reader, his eye fell upon a musical paragraph signalized by a little picture of a piano. He raised his head and looked about for Forrest.

"Fo'est, come heah. What do dis say?"

Forrest could read with a precocity peculiar to little darkies with bulbous foreheads and big eyes. It was because of this amusing ability to scan and sing off the most mysterious words from the almanac or the cookbook that the Captain overlooked his frequent trips on the boat. The

Captain, being himself an agriculturist, was disposed to regard his crew as members of the household; he made no objection to Forrest so long as he kept out of the way at landings and made his meals from the superfluity which his father heaped on his own tin plate. And at times he served for amusement.

"Read dis off chile — what it say 'bout de piano."

And Forrest, who had mastered all the circus posters in St. Louis, and was, therefore, not to be daunted by language, read:

"*For Sale* — A rosewood melodeon in excellent condition. Keys slightly discolored. Has extensible legs; suitable for child or grown person. Cheap."

The melodeon had been polished and brought downstairs into the hall and set so far forward on its way out that the street door would barely clear it as it swung open. It was on her way home from the newspaper office that Sapphira, pondering the fate of her moquette carpet at the feet of a troop of applicants, calculated this arrangement. And foreseeing that because of the door it would be necessary for such callers to come in one step in order to decide, she sorted over the storeroom in her mind, and saw that there was not a rug or other covering suitable for the invaders' pathway and still presentable to social callers. It was necessary for her to stop in at the draper's and order two yards of linen at forty cents the yard.

About a month afterward — it being a Tuesday morning — the Judge was sitting in the bow-window reading. The melodeon was still pausing at the threshold. The Judge suddenly straightened up in his chair and looked out over his glasses, dropping the *Green Bag* on the floor. When he had peered out for some time he called Sapphira.

"Sapphira, what do you suppose that little negro can be walking up and down in front of our house for? It is the third Tuesday I have noticed him. There he is again. He has been doing that for ten minutes."

Now any one who had taken a moment's notice of Forrest could not thenceforth be mistaken in his identity. He was one of the species in a general way, but differentiated, with eyes that were, if possible, more all-seeing, forehead more prominent, and legs a great deal more spindle-shanked. His stockingless legs were very thin and flat, and his calves were put on in a chunk; his underpinning seemed the purely mechanical contrivance of some ingenious designer of light and efficient machinery for working a large pair of shoes. And when his ankles worked back and forth in the yawning mouth of his man's pair of gaiters they seemed all the thinner and flatter and more purely mechanical.

He walked up and down with his eyeballs rolled in the direction of the house. At times he would sit down on the carriage block and jingle on it an iron ring which he took from his pocket as if to divert his mind from too constant vigil. Again he would stroll up and down, variegating his progress with an occasional fantastic step, periodically looking up at the big black door, and never going beyond the length of the iron fence. Sapphira drew the curtain aside and looked out.

"Why, that's the little ducky!" she exclaimed; "the one that came with his father to look at the melodeon."

As Forrest caught her eye he ventured a look of half recognition. Then, as if her countenance had brought him out of a state of irresolution, he idled his way up the flight of scoured stone steps. There was an interval of hesitation; then the bell rang, and Mrs. Chouteau went to the door.

"Good-morning," she said.

"How do," said Forrest. He regarded her furtively, and then gazed fixedly at the silver-plated bell-knob. Evidently he was at a loss for an explanation as to why he rang the bell.

"Was there anything you came to tell me?" asked Sapphira.

"Has somebody done bought yo' m'lo-



deon?" Forrest leaned sideways and tried to see past her into the hall.

"No. We still have it." She opened the door wide and pointed to it. "Has your father decided that he wants it?"

"Yes, mom. He done 'cided."

"And is he going to come and get it?"

"No, mom; he nevah gwine come and get it."

"But I thought you said he decided that he wanted it."

"Yes, mom; he done 'cided. But e'vy time he come neah gettin' de seben dollahs he gwine loss it shootin' craps, — tryin' fo' to get de res'. He done 'cided long 'go we wants it. I'se gwine fo' to take lessons on it."

Sapphira, seeing from this answer that she was not going to arrive immediately at the nature of his errand, got the door shut by telling him to come in. And the door being shut, Forrest's countenance became of one piece with the darkness, so that she could not see him. In order to converse satisfactorily she invited him into the parlor; and there she asked him to explain how he expected to take lessons on a melodeon that he was not going to get.

"No, mom; he ain't nevah gwine get de money. Ah's 'cided Ah's gwine fo' to get dat m'lodeon mase'f."

"Why, have *you* seven dollars!" exclaimed Sapphira.

"Yes, mom. Ah knows wha Ah k'n get seben dollahs. Ah's gwine fo' to get it wif dis ring."

Forrest produced the iron ring and held it forth by way of evidence. "Ah k'n tell yo' how Ah's gwine fo' to get it."

He awaited an invitation to tell, with the air of one who has ventured an important proposition, and possibly a presuming one. If, as he hoped, she should volunteer to listen, he would feel that she had committed herself to an interest in his affairs and become so far a party to the scheme. But the Judge, who had been taking a mere foreign interest after he found that he was being interrupted on behalf of the melodeon, now scented some-

thing in the way of a gambling enterprise; and he immediately became arbiter of the interview.

"How do you propose to get seven dollars with that?" he interrogated, suddenly inspirited with his official person, regarding Forrest over his spectacles with the judicial scrutiny.

"Ah's gwine get it pushin' de co'ncobs froo de ring."

"What for?" asked Sapphira.

"Ah's gwine sell 'em to make de co'n-cob pipes at de big factory. Dey gives away de rings to mos' anybody 'cause all de cobs what won't go froo, dey gives a cent fo' 'em. Ah went an' ast 'em fo' to give me one. Ah know wha da's lots o' co'ncobs. One time de boat went 'way up de ribba wha we nebba been befo'. An' Ah seed a pile o' co'ncobs bigga 'n a chicken-coop." At this Forrest's eyes opened wide, giving a vivid impression of size. "Ah ast de white boy how much he took fo' 'em. An' he say fo' bits. Ef Ah had de cobs Ah could get de money fo' de m'lodeon."

Forrest's eyes now took a moment of liberty to wander about the parlor, making a general survey of its grandeur. As they came and rested finally on the oil painting of the Judge above the square piano, he said, as if he were addressing the portrait and drawing the words out in the abstraction of one who is contemplating an ideal being, "But Ah ain't got no fo' bits."

"Why, Cyrus, can he get a cent for a corncob?" asked Sapphira, laying the case before him. And the Judge, who had relapsed into a domestic being again when he perceived it was a legitimate transaction, informed her that the statement was founded on fact.

"Yes, mom," said Forrest. "Ah seed 'em get hansfuls o' money. Ah k'n get 'leben o' fo'teen dollahs fo' 'em." After a spell of encouraging silence he ventured to say, "Ah doan s'pose yo' got fo' bits yo' could lemme take till Ah gets de money fo' de m'lodeon?"

"Do they, Cyrus?" asked Sapphira.

"I should regard it as a very fair proposition," replied the Judge, leaning back in the rôle of consulting attorney, with his finger-tips placed together. "A very plain proposition. He has struck a mine of corn-cobs. And Missouri bottom corn-cobs ought to assay quite well according to this monetary standard." He examined the ring and handed it back to Forrest.

"And will you bring back the fifty cents next Tuesday?" asked Sapphira, not so much concerned for the money as for her responsibility in his possible temptation and demoralization.

"Yes, mom."

"Very well." She opened the handbag and gave him a half dollar. She preceded him to the door and held it open.

But Forrest, seeing the melodeon in the full light of day, had to tarry and feast his eyes upon it. He even ventured to give the treadle a push with his foot. With a quick touch of his finger he filched just a taste of melody—a mere *soupeçon* of sound—from Sapphira's melodeon. Then he was satisfied.

But he paused on the threshold.

"An' will yo' sho' give me de m'lodeon fo' de money what Ah gets?"

"Yes, I will. And if you should not have quite enough I will let you have it. And if you get *more*, why, it will be *your* money."

Forrest turned and went down the stairs more nimbly than he had ascended them.

Sapphira waited "for her ship to come in,"—this being the way the Judge expressed it in a sub-jovial moment. On the two occasions when he reverted to the matter his remarks were interjected in such foreign and unrelated topics, that she began to mistrust that her little prospect of triumph in her contention that the melodeon was worth money had become the whole undercurrent of the Judge's concerns.

On the next Tuesday morning the Judge ensconced himself in the bow-window, and set himself to weighing and ruling on certain points in the case of *Black versus White*. At last the doorbell rang.

Sapphira, who was somewhere about, having really forgotten what day it was, went to the door. She escorted the little darky into the parlor again. Forrest stood with his hat in his hands and rolled his eyes about, this time more by way of evasion than observation.

"Did you put the corn-cobs through the ring?" asked Sapphira.

"Yes, mom."

"And did you bring them down on the boat and sell them?"

"Yes, mom."

Forrest buried half an arm in his pocket and rummaged about in the leg of his trousers. Presently he drew forth his closed fist and hesitatingly opened it.

"Ah spose de free cents b'longs to you," he said.

After a moment of suspense, in which his eyes became vividly fixed, he added, "De white boy was a *liah*. He tol' me de big ones done shook down to de bottom."

The Judge rustled over three or four pages and set himself to considering a point. Sapphira smiled.

"Yes, mom," continued Forrest, "Ah done push 'em froo. Dey was mo' 'n anybody kin count. I got off de boat at de place. Ah give de big white boy de fo' bits an' Ah sit down an' staht right away. De fust one I get was a big one what would n't go froo, an' Ah put it 'way off to one side fo' to staht a big pile. Ah wo'ked all day an' Ah got just de big one. An' at night, 'fo Ah went to sleep in de bahn, de big white boy fotch me some bread an' butta in hees pocket. He tell me, 'What's yo' gwine to do a-doin' dat way wif 'em?' An' Ah say to him, Ah say, 'Ah know what Ah's gwine fo' to do wif 'em.' Ah staht again when de daylight come, 'cause I had n't pushed mo' 'n half de pile froo, an' de boat was comin' down de ribba again at night. Ah got tiahed. But Ah pushed 'n' pushed till de sun was goin' down an' de boat comin' roun' de bend. An' when de boat was stahtin' 'way de big white boy holla how many did Ah get. Ah hel' de cobs up 'n' showed him. Den Ah heah him tellin'

how he done pushed 'em froo hese'f an' got nine dollahs fo' 'em. Ah only got free cents."

After a pause he added, "Ah could 'a' pushed one ob dem froo ef Ah pushed *hahd*."

Forrest stood rubbing his outspread fingers on his kinky poll, utterly non-plussed by the complicated state of affairs in which he had become involved. He looked at the Judge with the air of a culprit whose private disappointments have made him so incapable of further trouble that he is only interested in the perplexity of the court toward his case. The Judge had seen such. Forrest looked at the court as though he, too, were peering over a pair of spectacles, his countenance passive and his eyes wondering. Then, as if to help the verdict along, he said, "De white boy was a liah."

"A bargain's a bargain," said the Judge.

"Yes, suh," replied Forrest, admitting the point.

"Well, then, give her the three cents for the melodeon. She said she'd give it to you for the money you got for the cobs."

Forrest turned his gaze on Sapphira. Like Zacharias, who could not believe the angel who came to announce the very thing he had been praying for, Forrest was a hopeful unbeliever who must also have a sign to attest a miracle.

Sapphira gave the sign; she held out her hand. And as she drew it from the handbag, where she had deposited the three cents, she brought forth a half dollar which she placed in Forrest's palm.

"Is yo' gwine fo' to give me de m'lodeon?"

"No; I'm selling it to you for nine dollars, — the money the white boy cheated me out of. Now you run and get an expressman to take it to the boat for you."

Sapphira looked at the Judge with the sweet consciousness of one who has triumphed on a technicality. The question as to whether she *might* have sold the melodeon would henceforth be confronted by the fact that she lost it in specula-

tion. She again led the way through the hall and held the door open.

But Forrest could not go out straightway; the melodeon caused him to swerve and drew him toward it. Now that it was his melodeon he pumped the bellows carefully and listened to the doings of each of his separate fingers. He looked curiously at the bellows palpitating beneath; his countenance bloomed in full beatitude.

"Ah would jes' lak fo' to heah a tune on dat m'lodeon. Does yo' know how to play tunes?"

Sapphira was about to tell him to make haste, but she paused. Then she shut the door softly.

The Judge suddenly straightened up in his chair and listened.

From the twilight of the hall there came forth half-familiar chords, — experimental strains that gradually found themselves, formed one another's acquaintance, and then fell into company in swinging cadence.

Come all young men with tender hearts,  
Pray take advice from me;  
And never, never fall in love  
With every girl you see.

The Judge slowly arose. He tiptoed his way across the parlor and stood in the doorway.

For if you do you'll surely find  
That you have loved in vain;  
So never, never fall in love  
A Swingin' in the Lane.

He stepped softly across the hall and sat down on the staircase, his elbows on his knees. Athwart the gloom of the hall a belt of subdued light fell from the transom, touching into familiar outline Sapphira at the melodeon. The melody gathered rhythm and feeling; then it came forth in a way that was something more than mere playing, — it was as if the melodeon found voice and began to sing again the songs that Sapphira had taught it — long ago. As the final strain departed — as if it had marched away and been hushed by the distant years — Sapphira rose and disappeared. The door

opened and closed as the little darky was ushered out. The Judge saw her reach out her hand to close the case.

"Sapphira."

"What is it, Cyrus?"

"Let us hear you play the rest of that."

"The rest of it is the same as that."

"But there used to be more verses than that. Do you remember *D. C.* — what that used to mean?"

"Why, yes. *Da capo* — repeat."

Again she sat down. The Judge came and stood near her, with his hands behind his back. She could hear him at times humming the air, lagging behind with sweetness too prolonged.

"There," she said as she ended and again laid her hand on the case, "that was all there was to it."

"Ahem — A-h-h, Sapphira," said the Judge.

"Yes, Cyrus."

"Now, Sapphira, the — the — melodeon is in better *condition* than I supposed it to be. You'd better think it over, — maybe we ought n't to let it *go* like that. In fact, Sapphira, I — I — I" —

Ting-a-ling went the doorbell. The ring was followed by the thumping of an able fist on the panel. Sapphira opened the door. It was the expressman, red-shirted and bare-armed. He trod in assertively, smiling from a face plethoric with health. He gave his sleeve another turn above the elbow, and then, perceiving the melodeon, — which seemed to have dwindled in size in comparison with the physique that was to transport it, — he pointed down from the raised arm and inquired, "Is *that* it?"

"Yes, suh; dat's ma m'lodeon," replied Forrest promptly.

The expressman hoisted it to his shoulder. And Sapphira's melodeon took that one step necessary — out of the door and into the world. Sapphira stood out on the steps to take leave of Forrest. The Judge, in a moment of vacillation, went into the parlor again and took his seat in the bow-window. He picked up the papers and sat staring into the vacuous *Green Bag*.

After a time — how long he could not have borne witness — the voice of the melodeon struck his ear again. He rose and looked out of the side window. Forrest was standing up in the wagon trying the keys of the instrument as it clattered away and disappeared around the corner. He listened until the voice faded away in the distance.

The Judge stood in the window for some time, meditating.

"Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen" — he mused, counting up the years. Eighteen years since he supposed Sapphira had forgotten how to play. It was when daughter Edith was finishing her first lessons that Sapphira began to make excuse, saying that she had lost her practice. And now since Edith was gone — these four years — the piano had been closed. Eighteen years — And she could play like that!

Suddenly he went to the door and looked up and down the hall.

"Oh, Sapphira," he called.

"Here I am, Cyrus." She came from upstairs and entered the parlor.

"Sapphira," said he, "I thought you said you had forgotten your music." He said it as one who has discovered something that needs to be explained away.

"And so I have."

"Don't you call that playing? Sapphira, I would call that *playing*."

As she stood and took the compliment, Sapphira's heart sent out a tribute by way of her eyes; something that would have been coyness and a blush — thirty years ago. But now it was infinitely finer; too fine for any one to see but Cyrus. And into Sapphira's face, pallid almost as her hair and patrician in its mould, there arose from out the vanity of her girlhood that which all the world had lost its power to touch, excepting him.

"You did n't suppose that I had forgotten everything, Cyrus — everything I used to play so much? But really I thought my fingers had forgotten more of that piece until after I started."

"And you knew it all the time," mused the Judge.

"But you would n't have wanted me to sit up to the piano and play such tunes before company, would you? Why, it would be *perfectly ridiculous*. They would n't listen to them, nowadays."

"Well, you'd better play them when there *is n't* company, Sapphira. I'll listen. There used to be a tune that went something like — Let's see if I can remember it." The Judge pursed his lips and tried to recall it, half whistling and half blowing.

"Why, don't you remember that, Cyrus?"

She opened the piano and sat down. She felt softly for the chords here and there, finding her music in the yellow keys.

Presently the strains awoke and gathered together. And then, as if the time and rhythm had taken hold of her fingers, they glided with the melody.

It was the piano-playing Sapphira.

The Judge raised his hand and rested it upon her shoulder — as that tune had made him do to Sapphira Varden one evening thirty-five years ago. Sapphira raised her eyes to the painting; and as she played she looked into the eyes of the young attorney, whose hand was now resting fondly upon her. She could hear

him sing that evening as she played, — that evening before he marched away with Company H.

The simple air took form and color, and became a rhapsody. She went from tune to tune, — *O Susanna* — *Captain Jinks* — *Anna Lyle* — *Swinging in the Lane*. Every change took hold of the amazed Cyrus and gave his mind a new turn. They hurried him through things of birth and death, love-making, marching, and fighting. Now he was dreaming years in moments.

Wave willows, murmur waters,  
Golden sunbeams smile;  
All your music cannot waken  
Lovely Anna Lyle.

That was daughter Edith — to him. His eye moistened and his hand began to tremble. Now the music again merged into that other melody, — the one they sang that evening when its words were rife in North and South, — *Lorena*.

As a drowning man sees life in a vivid instant he had visions of it all. He lost his grasp on the present and sank — into a chair and into the past.

'T was flowery May  
When up the hilly slope we climbed,  
To watch the dying of the day  
And hear the distant church bells chimed.

The Judge sat with his fingers in his white hair — listening.

## THE AMERICAN COUP D'ETAT OF 1961

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

Now that a generation has passed since the disturbed time of which I write, and that most of the actors therein have died, it is possible to sketch the circumstances under which the present Imperial Dynasty mounted the throne of The Americas with an impartiality that would have been well - nigh impossible heretofore. Some men still regard the final acts of the drama as so many parricidal thrusts, whereas others heap praises on praises upon the great protagonist. My purpose is to give a brief account of the facts as accurately as I can, not extenuating, not exaggerating, not setting down anything with political bias.

In the ten years from 1950 to 1960 the social and political changes in the United States presaged great events. Scientific discovery was the apparent root of the good or evil. Mr. Phillips and Professor Czerny in their laboratory discovered the marvelous effects upon the chemical constituents of the soil produced by radio-electric discharges. Their most ingenious subsoil batteries in some method, not yet fully understood, affected the properties of sand and gravel to such a degree that they were converted into pseudo-vegetable mould, and with very slight expense land which had been a desert became productive to an extraordinary extent. The desert lands of Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah brought forth crops that the banks of the Nile could not rival. The application of these wonderful scientific discoveries was due entirely to the will and energy of the man who at that time was plain Robert Campbell.

Campbell was born in Ohio, of Scotch-Irish parentage. He was educated at the public schools, and when a lad of fourteen was employed by Mr. Phillips in his laboratory as an assistant. The boy learned far more quickly than his master

the value of the discoveries. He left the laboratory, returned at the end of three years with a few thousand dollars, bought the apparently valueless patents, and put them to use in some land in Arizona bought at fifty cents an acre. The history of the next ten years of his life is the story of the development of the arid region in the southwestern parts of the country. The desert bloomed like a rose. Immigrants swarmed from every country in Europe. The population of Arizona increased a million a year; men who had earned twenty cents a day found themselves rich. Wheat, corn, rice, and potatoes grew as if by magic in an abundance sufficient to feed the world. Citizenship was granted within a month after declaration of an intention to renounce the old allegiance, and a vast number of immigrants were admitted to citizenship without any knowledge of republican institutions or any interest in them. Mr. Campbell acquired fabulous wealth. Wherever land was barren, there he was besought to bring his healing touch, and in payment of fruitfulness he always took a mortgage upon the land. In seven states his political power was despotic; he controlled conventions; he selected members of Congress; he named the Senators. He was the idol of the small proprietors, their savior from the oppression of the great eastern capitalists; he had found them degenerate and on the way to becoming peasants; he raised them to the most compact and important class in the country.

It was about this time that our war with England broke out. President Schmidt hated the English, and did all in his power to provoke war; he persuaded Congress to make discrimination in the tariff to the injury of England and in favor of Germany; and with no color

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of excuse he closed the Panama Canal to all vessels flying the British flag; he violated the rules of neutrality in the revolt of South Africa, known as the second Boer war, and insulted the British Ambassador at a reception in the White House. It is supposed that Schmidt provoked the war for the aggrandizement of himself and his family. Our ships, it was officially said, excelled the British in every particular, and outnumbered them three to two; but the successful termination of the war was due, not to our naval victories, for by some mischance we were vanquished in the two engagements off Long Island, but to the fact that England was put on starving rations the day war was declared. This country, with its marvelous development under the Campbell-Czerny patents, had become England's butcher and greengrocer; and the moment supplies were stopped the prices of food there went up sixty-fold. The result of the war was that Great Britain ceded to us her Chinese provinces, while we, on our part, agreed once again not to discriminate against her either in tariff or in the Panama Canal. These Chinese provinces added to our own made an empire of four hundred millions of people, and as the President under decisions of the Supreme Court had, by virtue of the authority appertaining to him as *Parens Patriae*, complete control, he appointed Campbell, then believed to be in his interest, governor general. It seemed that China had always affected Campbell's imagination, and he wished very much to go there. From his memoirs, however, we know that he believed that China would be the battlefield in the great international struggle for the domination of the world, and therefore he wished to study the country himself. He went there in 1958, and remained nearly two years. As usual the country where he went bourgeoned and bloomed. His administration was admirable, efficiency was established, dishonesty stopped; he ruled despotically, but with absolute justice.

The Chinese revenues doubled in the first year; Campbell's personal popularity was immense, and rumor accused him of an ambition to become Emperor of China.

At this time, however, matters were going ill in America. At the end of ten years the wonderful richness imparted to the soil by the radio-electric treatment departed as mysteriously as it had begun. The great fabric of prosperity fell with its foundation. Half the farmers in the country, and all those in the so-called Campbell states, became bankrupt. Distress spread from the farmers to the manufacturing interests. Railroads fell off in their dividends, factories closed, failure succeeded failure. Of the great cities San Francisco suffered most, as it was the port of shipment for all the grain exported to Asia; but Chicago and New York shared in the losses. The trouble was increased by the fact that, after the war with England, all Europe succeeded in making treaties establishing a common tariff against the United States. The respective European governments at last understood that it was a struggle between continents, their mutual jealousies were laid aside, and a commercial compact was made between them.

The financial crisis in the United States was reached in October, 1960, shortly before the presidential election. There was division in the ranks of the Republican party, because while President Schmidt, who had served two terms, desired to serve a third term or else have his son, Hugo Schmidt, nominated, several powerful Senators had their own ambitions, and were vigorously opposed, as they declared, to permitting the President's office to become hereditary in the Schmidt family. The Democratic and Socialist parties, though small and broken into petty groups, having dwindled to almost nothing during the ten fat years, began to show their heads. New England had a party of its own, and hinted at secession. The House of Representatives, consisting of course solely of nominees of the Sena-

tors, divided in like manner as the Senate, but as the House had long ceased except in theory to be a coördinate branch of the legislature, its actions were of slight importance. The Republican Convention had been held in the beginning of October. In the last century it used to be held in June or July, but since the time when the election of the President became determined by the action of the Republican Convention, there had been no need for a long political campaign. There was a great struggle between the Schmidts and their adversaries; but the President had used his patronage lavishly, and Wall Street, fearing that a change in the government might add to the business difficulties, spent money with unexampled daring, and Hugo Schmidt was nominated by the convention.

The country had for some thirty years been governed by an oligarchy represented by the Senate. Almost every great combination of capital had its Senator; in fact, it had become the custom for a retiring president of a billionaire corporation to enter the Senate, and continue to watch over its interests. Had it not been for the singular concatenation of events that produced the great panic, the system might have lasted indefinitely. Property was gradually settling in strata; the capitalists coalesced into a natural aristocracy, the professions constituted an upper middle class, the trades - people a lower middle class, and as soon as the agricultural interests had been properly handled the actual farmers would gradually have developed into an American equivalent for a peasantry. But that was not to be. No sooner was Hugo Schmidt nominated than disaffection appeared. Senator Mason of Massachusetts refused to be bound by the action of the convention, and New England acted with him; Senators Brown of Washington, Petersen of Minnesota, and Elkinhorn of Alabama followed his example. The Campbell states held a convention by themselves and declared for Campbell. The Schmidts acted with their usual vigor, — they offered Campbell

the office either of Secretary of State or of Vice-Suzerain of South America; they took all possible measures to secure election officers favorable to their interest, throughout the United States; they issued a proclamation depriving Chili of all legal rights, as punishment for its late revolt, and offered its land as public property to all loyal citizens who should receive the proper certificates from Washington. The President sent a mandate to the members of the Supreme Court, then away for the summer recess, to convene in Washington, and ordered various regiments to the chief cities of his opponents. His adversaries were not idle. In New England members of the Republican Convention who had supported Schmidt were indicted for high treason on the charge of attempting to make the office of President hereditary, and bills were filed in the United States Courts to restrain election officers from printing the name of Schmidt's electors on the official ballots. Campbell sailed at once from Hong Kong, and arrived in San Francisco on October 9, after a voyage of four days. There he met his supporters and issued a proclamation to the effect that the action of the Republican Convention was illegal and void for bribery and corruption, that the convention which had nominated him was regular and valid, that he was the only legal candidate in the field, and that he would support and maintain the Constitution cost him what it might. Possession of the vast machinery of the government in all its parts, and the custom of the voters apathetically to vote the Republican ticket, were likely to give the Schmidts victory, but Campbell was fertile in resources. It so happened that on October 13 there was a panic in every stock exchange in the country, railroad bonds fell off twenty to forty points, industrial stocks went up and down like feathers in the wind, but the great blows fell upon government bonds. The issues for the extravagant undertakings of the administration in the years of prosperity, especially for the construction of auto-

mobile roads and for the maintenance of our garrisons in South America and in China, had been enormous. The country had played the prodigal, it was said that every tradesman had a country house, and every gentleman kept his yacht, and now the balloon had burst and everybody was bruised. Government bonds fell on October 13 from 130 to 110, on the 14th to 95, on the 15th to 60. People thought that the country was ruined forever; men lost their heads, and acted as if crazed. America, the envy of the world, seemed to fall like Lucifer. On the morning of the 16th, Robert Campbell entered the clubrooms of the New York Stock Exchange. He was dressed in his undress uniform as governor of the Chinese provinces, — loose white trousers with a purple sash, and a loose white silk shirt with a gold collar, and over it a light purple cloak with a border of peacock feathers. His rugged face, cold and calm, with bushy eyebrows, and deep wrinkles around the mouth, looked like bronze. It was one minute before eleven o'clock, the hour of opening the Exchange, and the brokers were all gathered together. Everybody was there, eleven Senators, and two hundred and forty Representatives, who were accustomed to make the New York Stock Exchange their headquarters when Congress was not in session, also many distinguished citizens. Campbell's entrance was the signal for great excitement; reporters crowded about, hindering the Senators in their attempts to greet him. "What will he do, what will he do?" buzzed through the hall. Campbell, who always had a touch of the theatrical in his temperament, motioned the reporters aside, and bowing somewhat coldly to the Senators, asked for his broker. Sonnenschein rushed up, and began to whisper. "There is no need for whispers, Mr. Sonnenschein," said Campbell in a voice loud enough to be heard through the hall, "Robert Campbell is ready to sacrifice his private fortune for his country. You will buy government bonds till

my last dollar shall be spent." A cheer went up; the reporters rushed off to telegraph the news over the world; the clock struck eleven, and Sonnenschein's firm bought government bonds as fast as they could buy. The price rose to 70, to 90, to 110; Campbell bought and bought for immediate delivery; the great bank, known as the "Senate's Own," honored his checks for millions of dollars. The news spread abroad; crowds besieged the Exchange; everybody tried to buy government bonds, and the whole market rallied and rose; bonds and stocks got up like sick men from their beds; the scene outdoes description; merchants who were ready for bankruptcy became rich men again; savings banks which had closed the day before, opened their doors, paying and receiving thousands of deposits. At the close of business hours the whole country smiled, like a withered land after a rain. How Campbell was able to pay for the vast amounts of bonds which he had purchased, whether he had used the Chinese funds, as his enemies said, whether he bought and then sold again to himself as the market rose, or whether he and his friends had managed to put their money together for this great political stroke, are questions that everybody asked and Campbell never publicly answered. However it was, the panic had ended, and Robert Campbell had won the reputation of being the ablest and most patriotic man in the land.

The next day the public learned that he was closeted with the district attorney for New York County and the governor. These men belonged to the Schmidt faction, but rumor said that Campbell had saved them both from beggary, for they were speculators. The day after, a special court of Oyer and Terminer was held, a special grand jury summoned, and that same night the two Senators of New York, the two of Pennsylvania, and one of Connecticut, together with the president and half the board of directors of the New York Stock Exchange (all of Schmidt's party), were indicted for conspiracy with

the intent fraudulently to injure and destroy certain railroad properties, largely affected by the late panic. Excitement was raised to fever point when the judge refused bail and the alleged conspirators were locked up in the city prison. The Schmidt partisans were very angry; they obtained a decree from the United States Circuit Court quashing the indictments, but the state courts refused to acknowledge its authority; then they applied to the governor, who answered that the law must take its course. The President instructed the United States Marshal to release the prisoners; the marshal took a posse, but the city police prevented them from approaching the jail; the marshal telegraphed to the President for soldiers, and the President ordered five regiments to the city. The governor called out the militia. There was every prospect of civil war; the country turned instinctively to Campbell. The next day news was radio-graphed from the Atlantic to the Pacific that Campbell had gone to the state court and offered himself as bail for the prisoners; his bail was accepted, and they were released.

Election day drew near, attended by excitement without parallel. Campbell went all over the country, showering money in gifts to persons whom he was pleased to call his "indigent fellow citizens," as a slight endeavor on his part to repair the great wrongs done to them and the country by the "New York conspirators." The election was at last held on November 6; there were riots in all the great cities; many voting machines were smashed, and thousands of voters deprived of their votes, but the automatic official count returned Schmidt first, Campbell second, and Elkinhorn of Alabama third. The newspapers resounded with cries of fraud, Elkinhorn mustered out the militia in the Gulf states to support his claim, but Campbell announced that, though he had been deprived of the high office by gross fraud, he would seek no redress, in the fear lest his country might suffer. To the general surprise

he returned to China. Those friends who were not in his inner counsels could not understand his action except on the ground of true patriotism, and his popularity with them became almost a passion. Campbell's course made Elkinhorn's movement ridiculous; the militia disbanded, Elkinhorn was arrested on the charge of high treason, but was soon released, as the country plainly showed its desire to avoid internal troubles and return to business, for industry everywhere felt the disastrous effects of the panic.

Affairs remained in this condition till the end of February, when preparations for the inauguration of Hugo Schmidt (Schmidt the Second, as his enemies called him) were being made. Campbell was invited to be present, and accepted; he landed in San Francisco on February 24, and proceeded to Washington. His friends hailed him as a hero returned from exile, and he spoke at every town on the road, briefly alleging that the first duty of an American was to obey the law, that only in this way would the country be enabled to fulfill its great duties toward God and civilization in the manner in which it had so gloriously done theretofore. On the morning of the 2d of March, a beautiful sunny day, everything seemed as placid as a village Sabbath. That morning the newspapers announced decrees by the United States Circuit Courts in the first, second, fifth, seventh, and thirteenth districts, according to the redistricting of 1952, annulling the presidential election on the grounds of bribery and fraud. There was further news of equal importance: indictments had been found in some forty courts all over the country, state and national, against thirty-three Senators and three hundred and forty-seven Representatives, all of the Schmidt faction. Besides this the so-called "New York conspirators" had been rearrested, as their bail suddenly declined further responsibility, and had been carried forcibly and secretly to New York. The commo-

tion was immense; the President tried to summon soldiers to the capital, but the railroad companies in most cases refused to let their cars be used, and ran their locomotives out of reach of seizure. On the next day it was announced that the United States Circuit Court in Arizona had tried and convicted Hugo Schmidt, President-elect, for a violation of the election laws. His notices of the charge and summons to attend his trial had come by radiograph at eight o'clock the night before, and of course he had not paid any heed to them. The Schmidts, on their side, hurried on preparations for the inauguration. They had provided for great ecclesiastical processions, as part of their strength lay in their religious pose, and they evidently relied on the presence of the clergy to help maintain order. Large forces of the President's guard, as the National Constabulary was called, were under arms day and night. On the morning of the 4th of March Washington was crowded; never had the city worn such a gala aspect. Blue and red, the Schmidt colors, floated under the stars and stripes from every flagpole, and the troops of constables and the uniformed bands of employees of the great trusts, all displayed blue and red. Among the ladies, however, green and white, the Campbell colors, were as frequent as the blue and red, and the contrast made a very gay and splendid sight as the carriages moved slowly down the new boulevard. It was remarked that several regiments from Arizona had secured positions near the Capitol, and that the uniformed bands of the Copper Syndicate, of the Great Central Railroad, of the Farmers' Union, of the Coal Trust, of the Compressed Air Trust, and of the Combined Radiograph Company, the most powerful corporations in the world, all largely owned by the capitalists of the Campbell faction, occupied the approaches to the Capitol; they, however, all showed the blue and red colors. Afterwards it was learned that they had taken their stations at midnight. By half-past eleven the President-

elect and his party came to the steps of the Capitol amid tumultuous cheering. Campbell and a group of Senators were close behind him, so that it was difficult to say whether the cheers were all meant for the President or not. The great bells of the New Belfry rang out; the vast crowd became wonderfully still, it seemed to have fallen asleep. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, in his robes, stepped out bare-headed into the vacant space at the top of the steps, and picking up a copy of the Constitution from the gold table, in a clear, ringing voice bade the President-elect step forward and take the official oath. Hugo Schmidt stepped forth, but one of the Campbell Senators pushed by, and, pressing to the Chief Justice, handed him a sealed document. The crowd was as still as death, the breaking of the seal was distinctly heard fifty yards away. The Chief Justice glanced at the document, read it over carefully, and then said deliberately in his most resonant tones: "The ceremony cannot proceed. I am enjoined by the Circuit Court of this district from administering the oath, on the ground that Hugo Schmidt, alleged President-elect, procured his alleged election by fraud and bribery." The elder Schmidt, turning to Campbell, cried out: "This is your dirty trick!" Then, facing the Chief Justice, he said: "As President of the United States I command you to administer the oath to my successor." The Chief Justice replied: "In this country not even the President is above the law. I am enjoined. I cannot administer the oath." A great cheer burst forth from every side, and green and white cockades suddenly replaced blue and red down all the lines of the uniformed bands and of the Arizona regiments. The elder Schmidt glanced over the multitude and whispered to his son: "If there is no election, the choice of President falls on Congress under the law of 1936." "Ay," answered Campbell, "Congress must elect." Cries of "Congress!" and "To the House! To the Senate Chamber!" rose on all sides. There was great confusion. Senators and



Representatives tried to force their way into the Capitol; slowly, one by one, pushing, shoving, shouting, and swearing, they reached the chambers, only to find them filled with armed men, who called themselves special constables, and would let no man enter without proof satisfactory to themselves that he was a duly authorized member of Congress. Outside the crowds knew nothing of what was going on; it was impossible to move, the crush was so dense; men talked and shouted and cheered; women chattered and giggled and fainted; the uniformed bands and the Arizona regiments stood firm under arms and let nobody pass except upon a countersign. Hours went by; the multitude became hungry; the crowding became more dangerous; many men were knocked down and injured by exploding automobiles; people flocked in from everywhere, lured by the extraordinary rumors. Accidents became frequent; the constables and soldiers tried to disperse the newcomers and relieve the pressure, but with no success. Five thousand and eighty people were killed or seriously injured. At four o'clock the great bells of the New Belfry rang out; under the stars and stripes on the Capitol a great green and white banner was displayed. The two Houses had chosen Campbell President. It appeared that there was a majority of the two Houses present, but owing to the previous arrests of some supporters of the administration, and the inability of others to prove their identity to the guardians of the two chambers, the Campbell men outnumbered their opponents more than two to one. The election was certified to the Chief Justice, who proceeded to administer the oath to Campbell. There was then a rush for the steps by the blue and red constabulary, but they were in a small minority, and after twenty minutes of a rough and tough fight, peace was sufficiently restored to allow the ceremony to proceed. The streets were then cleared by the Arizona regiments, the two Schmidts were arrested on the charge of levying war against their

country, and a proclamation issued that the proceedings had of necessity been somewhat unusual, if not, strictly speaking, irregular, but that every question would be submitted to the courts, and that the newly elected President would spare not even his life in the preservation of the Constitution.

The next few weeks were comparatively calm, except in New York, where the only acts of violence were committed. Nothing has astonished foreigners more than that these great political events took place, not only without civil war, but practically without any bloodshed. The truth is that Americans have always had an immense love of law and order, and are immensely proud of their Constitution, which has been a guide and stay in all troublous times, and yet has proved itself sufficiently elastic to suit the empire as well as the republic. This elasticity of the Constitution is mainly due, not to the forefathers who framed it, but to those greater interpreters of the last century who have realized that law is founded upon policy, and that policy must keep watchful eye upon the material prosperity of the citizens of this noble country, the freest, the most just, the most spiritual, the most beautiful fabric of civilization ever known.

In New York the governor was shot from a window as he was driving down the street; the lieutenant governor who succeeded him was a Schmidt man, and immediately reversed his predecessor's policy. He released the "New York conspirators," ordered out the militia, refused to acknowledge Campbell's election, attempted to draw Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania into a league for the recovery of state rights; but the country showed such plain signs of acquiescence in Campbell's election that the revolt smouldered and died out. Business revived, everybody believed in the Midas touch of that remarkable man; he immediately made friendly overtures to the European nations, dispatched special envoys to every South American



state, asking it to make known any grievances and promising immediate redress. He courted property owners by holding levees open to all whose incomes exceeded a million dollars a year; he offered state aid to multitudinous corporations; he repressed an extensive strike among the laborers of the Combined Radiograph Company on the ground that it interfered with the public utilities of transportation and light, and more and more strengthened the rights of property against the proletariat. He pardoned the Schmidts, who were found guilty of high treason, and rewarded his enemies as well as his friends with positions in high places; it was remarked afterwards that most of his enemies were not confirmed by the Senate, but the nominations helped to break down all immediate opposition.

The next steps were, — to reduce meetings of the House from a session every year to one every third year, then every fifth year, while the Senate sat permanently; to regulate the calendar of the Supreme Court in such a way that no causes should be heard except on permission received from the Secretary of the Interior; to limit by law the right of election to the Senate to persons who should produce a certificate signed by the Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Each of these measures was approved by a judgment of the Supreme Court. The last step was begun by the Attorney General, who filed a bill in the Supreme Court temporarily to enjoin the meeting of both Houses; the case was elaborately argued and the President invited all Bar

Associations throughout the country to file briefs on either side. The Court decided that the President's obligation "to preserve, support and defend the Constitution of the United States" was, in the intention of the contracting states, paramount to all other provisions, and that if in his judgment it became necessary to act alone in order to fulfill that duty laid upon him, then it became his duty to certify that fact to his Attorney General, who in his turn should file a bill setting forth that fact, and thereupon the Court had no choice but to enforce the Constitution and enjoin the Senate and House, not only from meeting, but from taking any action.

Since then, however, both Senate and House have met regularly. They have authorized stock transactions in each chamber, and the principal business of the country is now transacted there. The President has assumed the titles of Lord Suzerain of South America, High Protector of China, Chief Ruler of the Pacific Archipelago, and has established the Orders of George, of Abraham, of Ulysses, of William the Good, in honor of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and McKinley; the members are named by him after an examination and sworn inventory of their private fortunes. President Campbell was renominated and re-elected every four years, and since his death his son has succeeded to the party nomination. It is thus, as some great lawyer says, "the Constitution is like the skin of a great animal, that stretches, expands and grows with its growth."

## A CLIPPER SHIP AND HER COMMANDER

BY FRANK J. MATHER

THE years 1850-55 were the romantic period of the United States Commercial Marine. It was before the days of cables or of transcontinental railroads or of inter-ocean canals. Iron was but little used in marine constructions, and steam vessels were employed mainly in coast-wise service. The discovery of gold in California in 1849, and in Australia in 1851, created a demand for vessels of increased size and strength, and, especially, speed. There was a rapid evolution in shipbuilding to meet these requirements, resulting in the famous extreme clippers which greatly abridged the long passages around "the Capes,"—especially important for passengers and mails,—made our country renowned for nautical achievements, and created a general public interest and excitement similar to that shown over the present International yacht-racing. There are many living who can recall the enthusiasm with which were greeted the exploits of the Flying Cloud, the Hurricane, the Sea Serpent, the Sovereign of the Seas, the Nightingale, the Flying Fish, the Westward Ho, the Comet, the Lightning, the British Challenger, and others of similar class.

My purpose is to tell the story of a passage in the Nightingale. She was an extreme clipper, built at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1850, by a Swedish count, for exhibition at the World's Fair, in London, in 1851, and named the Nightingale in honor of his countrywoman, Jenny Lind, then in the zenith of her fame; and the figurehead was a finely carved bust of Jenny Lind, an admirable likeness.

In the construction of the Nightingale only the best materials were used,—live oak and locust and hard pine. In port she wore mahogany belaying pins in her rails, which were replaced at sea by stouter oak. Her rigging was capped

with brass, highly polished; her rail was finely carved and gilded; her cabin was finished in mahogany and satinwood; her rigging was a-taunto, and her decks were holystoned, as on a man-of-war. At sea she was equipped with all canvas possible to be carried; including skysails, staysails, outer jibs, and stun'sails in successive suits. In all waters, as she lay in port, she was the object of frequent inspection and admiration. She sat the water like a duck. I remember in London showing Dickie Green over her, clear to her keelson, with a lantern, and the comments he made on her speed. He owned three hundred ships afloat in all waters, and used to say every morning that he did not care which way the wind blew—it was fair for some of his boats.

Her first voyage was on the famous "tea and silk" course, between Shanghai and London, then employing the fastest ships afloat; and a race was arranged between her and the British clipper Challenger, from Shanghai to London, stakes of two thousand pounds being placed by their respective owners on the result. The Nightingale was defeated, and her commander, chagrined at the result, and being somewhat in years, resigned, leaving the ship in London Docks, in charge of the chief officer, and took a Cunarder home. The owners of the Nightingale, Messrs. Sampson and Tappan, Boston, made light of the pecuniary loss, but greatly deplored the lowering of the flag, and immediately arranged another race, for similar stakes, between the same vessels, over the same course. After consultation with Commodore R. B. Forbes and other leading shipowners, Captain Samuel W. Mather—trained and rapidly advanced by Commodore Forbes, who greatly appreciated him,—then about twenty-nine years of age, of

New England birth, and familiar with the China seas, was chosen to command her. Her passage out from London to Angier Point, Java, at the mouth of the China Sea, was by far the fastest ever made. On her return from Shanghai, over the contested course, she beat the Challenger to the English Channel by more than a week. The international maritime competition, now pursued in sport, was then conducted in sober earnest by the largest, fastest merchantmen, along business lines, for nautical supremacy for commercial advantages.

In the spring of 1853 the *Nightingale*, still commanded by Captain Mather, because of her speed and general record was chartered by the Australian Pioneer Line, R. W. Cameron and Co., to carry mails, passengers, and freights to Melbourne, with the understanding that she was to proceed from there to China ports, where she would load with tea and silk for London. The gold fever in Australia was reaching its height, and the *Nightingale's* accommodations were speedily taken.

Lieutenant Maury, then in charge of the Hydrographic Bureau, Washington, had projected his "great circle" theory for shortening the Australian passage. The Cape of Good Hope lies in latitude about  $35^{\circ}$  south, and for generations the China traders, in doubling the Cape, had done so between parallels  $37^{\circ}$  and  $40^{\circ}$ . Here the winds and currents are light and baffling, from the east, making the China passage to the eastward proverbially long. Melbourne lies in about  $37^{\circ}$  south, and it was natural for the Australian traders, in establishing their routes, to do so in the old China "lane," between  $37^{\circ}$  and  $40^{\circ}$ , meeting adverse winds and tides while doubling the Cape.

Before the *Nightingale's* passage, the shortest time made by any vessel under canvas, from any Atlantic port to Australia, was over ninety days, and steamers averaged over seventy. Lieutenant Maury said that that was all wrong; that the true way to reach Australia was to

keep clear of the African coast, avoid "the Cape," and make at once for high latitudes, — say, parallels  $55^{\circ}$  to  $60^{\circ}$  south; that there the mariner would find strong counter currents of both wind and water, the meridians of longitude short, and instead of delay from light and baffling easterly winds and currents, he would be borne swiftly along by strong, steady westerly winds and currents till he reached the meridians of Australia, and then could make his latitude to Hobson Bay. In short, "the longest way round was the shortest way there." It seems surprising now that, from the very scant materials then available, Lieutenant Maury should have so accurately and confidently laid out his "great circle" route and predicted its success. Only three vessels, I believe, had left any record of passage reaching above  $50^{\circ}$  south, prior to our time. Commander Wilkes's expedition had made one, and so, also, had one German and one Frenchman, but the materials furnished by them toward any solution of the problem were very slight. Lieutenant Maury and the Department were very solicitous to have the route tried, and they enlisted the *Nightingale* in the undertaking. Lieutenant Maury personally solicited Captain Mather to try his "great circle" route, and offered him all his works and maps, and the government nautical literature, to aid him in making the projected passage.

The *Nightingale* left New York harbor, May 19, 1853, with twenty first-class passengers besides myself, over one hundred second-class, mails, and freights of every commodity required by a pioneer civilization, provisions of all kinds, wheelbarrows, wagons, shovels, hoes, clothing, and nearly every kind of general merchandise. She was officered by as able, experienced men in their respective ranks as ever trod a deck. Her captain was considered, by shipowners at least, to have no superior in his profession. The chief officer, who had been in command formerly on other ships, was much older than the captain, had seen much service, and was a typical

"sea dog." The other officers were of similar ability and record. She carried a very full crew. We followed Lieutenant Maury's instructions literally, — avoided the African coast and "the Cape," — and made at once for high latitudes, till we reached parallel 57° south. We were seriously delayed by calms and baffling winds about "the line." After we crossed the 45th parallel south, there was a perceptibly stronger wind and current *from the west*, and after crossing the 50th these greatly increased in strength. At this point, with the temerity of the ship that carried the Ancient Mariner, we plunged into unknown seas, but his epithet "silent" could not be applied to them. On the contrary, to an imaginative mind, the billows, perilous and unexplored as those which menaced Vasco da Gama when he essayed to round southernmost Africa, well might seem to lift up a foreboding voice, and, like the Spirit of the Cape which rose between sea and sky to warn the Adventurer back, to call on us to return.

But, in our case, "unseen hands were pushing us behind," and after crossing the 55th parallel, and all the time we were above it, we had a gale of wind, and a current that alone, as we estimated, sent us ahead at the rate of six knots an hour. The 4th of July I wore a heavy watch-coat and boots; the snow fell on an average over one foot in depth; the air was filled with sleet and snow; the atmosphere was gray, the horizon close, the wind blowing a gale, but steady for days. We carried only the three "courses" and three topsails, the main topgallant sail, spanker, and inner jib. Our speed was terrific. By patent log and reckoning both, we made over sixteen knots — twenty statute miles — an hour, — a mile in three minutes, under short sail.

At an earlier stage of the passage the crew had generally surmised and said that the captain, so young, and looking even younger than he was, must have married the owner's daughter, or he would never have been given, at so early an age,

so fine and important a command; but the owners had been prudent enough to surround him with some old sea dogs, for safety.

In parallel 57°, in the dog-watch, four to six P. M., when the chief officer came on deck to relieve the second officer, he swiftly cast his eye toward the horizon in the direction of the wind, then at the struggling canvas, and particularly at the main topgallant sail, which threatened every minute to blow away. As nautical etiquette forbids the officer in charge to alter canvas when the captain is on deck, without his command or consent, the chief officer, after his hurried survey, said, "Captain Mather, that main topgallant sail is laboring very hard." "It is drawing well, — let it stand, Mr. Bartlett," was the reply. At six o'clock, when the second officer in turn relieved the first, he also gave a rapid glance about, and said, "Captain Mather, that main topgallant sail is struggling hard." "It holds a good full, let it stand, Mr. McFarland," was the reply. Even the old sea dogs among the crew begged the petty officers to send them up to take in sail, while it was held safe to do so. As the helmsman turned his wheel, every turn of a spoke would make the ship jump in the water like a frightened bird. Men were stationed at every belaying pin, holding halyards and clew lines by a single turn "under and over," ready to let go and clew up, at a signal. We were making a record passage, and sail was to be carried to the last minute, the utmost the ship could bear, while every exigence of storm was anticipated. Later in the evening the captain could not help asking if the crew still thought that he had married the owner's daughter. Captain Mather illustrated then, as always, a quality of mind usually exhibited by those who succeed in almost any direction, — an extreme daring and extreme caution running parallel.

The weird atmosphere of such a situation, especially at night, is difficult to be imagined or described. In July to be

clad as in the cold of midwinter; to look out on the steel-gray air, thick with sleet or blinding snow; to look up to a starless sky; to feel shut in by a closely circumscribed dome and horizon; to watch the huge racing waves furiously shaking out their foam and spray; to feel the steady on-bearing impact of the swift rushing current, hurrying unobstructedly like a resistless fate, wide round the globe; to be dinned by the incessant roar of the sustained gale; to see, but not hear, the night-watch, muffled against the rigor of the cold and storm, moving like ghosts; to hear the grinding roar of the cordage and the report like artillery of the bellying sail as it occasionally flapped; to feel the fierce, bodeful, almost human leap of the ship, as she answered to the shifting wheel; to realize that you are in unknown waters, on untried routes; that, in case of disaster, there is not the slightest chance for rescue, — these are sensations, once experienced, never to be forgotten.

On approaching Australian meridians of longitude we changed our course to north by easterly, heading for Cape Otway, which, on the south shore of Australia, a little west of Hobson Bay, corresponds to Melbourne harbor about as Fire Island does to New York harbor. As we emerged from the region of gloom and storm, we ran into longer days, clearer skies, and balmy air, — till we had been out about seventy-five days, — when, at nine o'clock one evening, the captain came down to his cabin, where I happened to be. He seemed in a brown study. Soon he blew his silver call for his boy, and told him to call Mr. McFarland, who was to have the second long watch, twelve to four o'clock, from midnight. When he came, the captain said to him, "Mr. McFarland, I wish to be called at twelve o'clock to - night, — I expect to make Cape Otway Light." It did not vary three minutes from twelve o'clock, chronometer time, when McFarland knocked at the captain's door, and said, "Captain Mather, revolving light two points on

port bow." We both rushed on deck, and there was Cape Otway Light, first light, then dark, — and our passage was virtually over.

We had not seen land since we left Sandy Hook, had sailed over twenty-five thousand "sailing miles," over unknown waters, and made our objective point within three minutes of the calculated time. This was only one of many routes pioneered and shortened by the *Nightingale*, and I have been told by most distinguished naval officers that the routes of the *Nightingale* are considered classic in the United States Navy, and are now generally adopted for sailing vessels.

From Cape Otway to Hobson Bay was a short run, and we were soon in Melbourne harbor. There were then no docks or wharves at which ocean vessels could land, and we anchored some four or five miles out, forming part of a large fleet of various nationalities swinging at anchor. Our unprecedented passage, over such an unusual route, created great excitement. There was hardly more in New York city on the first successful laying of the Atlantic Cable. The time for passengers and mails from the United States had been reduced from ninety-two days to seventy-five, and our captain was fêted by leading officials and merchants. Except for the delays at the Equator, our time would have been well below seventy days. We had hardly anchored when the entire crew, unable to get ashore as planned, refused duty, mutinied. They had shipped to get a free-paid passage to the gold fields, and their chagrin and anger were great on finding their plans baffled.

Our signal was swiftly raised for the captain of the harbor police, who at once came on board, and learning the situation, summoned the official police tugs, which steamed alongside, and removed the crew to the prison hulks in the harbor, — the only prisons or places of confinement, I believe, which the city then afforded. The ship was then put in the hands of stevedores. Our only means of communication with the shore was by

our own small boats. The captain's gig of the *Nightingale* soon became known as the fastest boat in the harbor. With six oars — steered by a coxswain — she fairly flew. As I was the youngest, — a boy in the teens, — and the lightest in weight, the tiller was usually given to me, and I remember few more exhilarating experiences than those "pulls" between the *Nightingale* and the Melbourne shores.

The rude piers were thronged by people of more different nationalities than I have elsewhere seen in any one locality, and the confusion of tongues would have done credit to Babel itself. Not only men from the various European countries were gathered there, but Turks, Greeks, Chinese, East Indians, Malaccese, in varied, picturesque costumes. Melbourne was then very quaint and primitive. I used frequently to go up to the city, passing through "Canvas City" — a city of tents only — on the way, and I recall that I used to pay a dollar and a quarter for a chop and a cup of coffee, very poor and poorly served. The city proper was built mainly in low brick constructions. I do not recall any building of more than two stories in height; nor any, unless two or three public buildings, that in our country would have cost ten thousand dollars. The air was fine, and dry even in the harbor. The activity and excitement generally were characteristic of mining enterprises.

After we were discharged and ballasted with stone, we ran up the signal again for the harbor police. The captain of the police came aboard, and when he learned that he was summoned to return our crew, he remonstrated kindly, but seriously, with the captain. He said, "I beg you, Captain Mather, not to persist in your demand. I have never seen men so angry, bitter, revengeful; — they say, and I believe, that they will never turn to; more than that, they threaten to kill you if compelled to sail." The only reply was, "I want my men; they shipped for the voyage to Australia, China, Europe, and return." To the further earnest protest

of the police captain, Captain Mather simply repeated, "I want my men; they are good sailors; I cannot replace them here except at exorbitant rates, and perhaps not at all. I want my men." To the renewed predictions of danger the answer was the same: "I want my men; I will take the risk of my life, and I will risk my ship, — you command the harbor police — I want my men." Seeing that more parley was useless, the police captain sent the men from "the hulks," under charge of the police. They came on board in irons; sullen, angry, bitter. The police captain said: "Here are your men, Captain Mather; what will you do now?" "Fly the signal for the tugs, Mr. Bartlett," was the only response. The tugs came up and took our hawsers. The anchor was raised, a few light kites were unfurled and set, and we were under way for the port of Hong Kong, through the Indian Pacific and the Bashee Channel — separating Luzon from Formosa.

It was a gloomy prospect, putting to sea with a crew in irons. I asked the captain, "Are you really determined to leave harbor, and put out to sea, in this condition?" "Yes," was the answer. "What will you do when we get outside?" "Wait till we get three leagues from land, outside British jurisdiction, and see." The tugs took us outside, and soon the headlands of Hobson Bay were disappearing from sight. Fortunately, a few of the men, finding themselves in open sea and in danger, turned to before getting actually out of sight of land, and in two or three days they were joined by a majority of the crew. In less than a week all but one had returned to duty. One man remained in irons, in confinement between decks, till we reached Hong Kong, where he was handed over to the authorities. After the men had reported for duty, I asked the captain what he would have done if the men had held out. He said, "It would have been mutiny, and probably I should not have had to shoot more than one or two; then the rest would have turned to."



As we reached the northeastern coast of Australia, the phosphorescent effects were wonderful, especially at night. I used to read without difficulty at twelve o'clock midnight, on deck, any ordinary type, unaided by artificial light. From nine to twelve at night we used to play checkers on deck, till sometimes it seemed as if I moved the men in my sleep. Our wake was a broad band of burnished gold, clear to the horizon. I would hang over the bow to watch the golden spangles as they were thrown up by the ship's bow, as she met and parted the waves; and every wave-cap, over all the broad plain of waters, was a diamond point.

After leaving the Australian coast we were in smooth seas and light steady breezes, carrying a cloud of sail — the three "courses," spanker, staysails and jibs, the three topsails, topgallant sails, royals and skysails and stun'sails — aloft and aloft. The *Nightingale* was more like a bird in the air than like a craft afloat. We had only one sharp squall on this passage, and I do not recall a finer sight than watching the captain as he stripped his ship, while he stood on the weather side of the quarter deck, holding with one hand to the mizzen rigging, sweeping with rapid glance the ship, each sail, the furious seas, and driving blasts. His commands were given in swift succession; the helm was shifted at his word; the sails seemed to furl as birds close their wings, while now and then he was blown out, off his feet, horizontally, like a ribbon, still holding by a firm grasp with a single hand to the rigging. With the exception of this squall, our entire passage of nearly forty days was over smooth seas and with steady light winds, making about six knots an hour; floating lazily by day under skies of ever deepening blue; at night, beneath moon and stars of dazzling brilliancy, over seas of burnished gold. We soon reached the Caroline group, and the captain, with characteristic initiative, determined to pioneer a new route between the islands, where, according to the charts, navigable channels ran.

During the day, as we neared the islands, we were surrounded by small boats with outriggers — smaller boats suspended from levers extending ten to twelve feet from the main boat, on each of which a man rode to balance the narrow craft. The boats were filled with natives of both sexes, clad only with a tight cloth about the waist. I do not believe that finer forms were ever seen, — such pictures of health, vigor, and alertness. They had fishing tackle, and a variety of fruits and vegetables and of works in coral. Their talk was a peculiar guttural, like the quack-quack of the Malays. They made signs to be taken on board and to trade, but we concluded to keep on and not to let them board us.

At eleven o'clock at night, while the captain and myself were engaged on deck in our usual game, the second officer, Mr. McFarland, came up excitedly, and said, "Captain Mather, there are breakers ahead." The islands had been visible for a day or so, and now were not far distant on either hand. We went to the bow, and looked and listened. The roar of the breakers was as audible as that of the surf on the south shore of Long Island. The night was clear, and the light of the moon and the stars was brilliant. The wind had almost died away, the canvas was full spread; the sails hanging idly, occasionally flapping. We soon found that a very strong current was setting us in rapidly toward the breakers, and that the wind wholly failed to help us counter it. We at once equipped two large boats with stun'sail halyards for tow lines, manned the boats with six oarsmen each, and lowered them from the davits. They instantly took hold of the ship, and the twelve oars were vigorously pulled. With the utmost exertion of the oarsmen for hours, the ship only swung round, head on to the current, and the men could barely hold the ship steady. With the aid of the glass we saw thousands of natives at points on the shores, evidently waiting for our approach, and expecting disaster. They were reputed to be cannibals, and

our chances were discussed with considerable interest. The captain, then in reduced flesh, assured the chief officer, unusually plump and fleshy, that he (the chief officer) would be roasted and carved first, and that he (the captain) would be kept a while at least till they could fatten him. We generously passed down good Jamaica rum to the oarsmen and encouraged every exertion. After several hours of toil and tension, a breeze — a blessed breeze, a favoring breeze — sprang up, filled our sails, and enabled us to claw off, and slowly round the southern islands of the group.

Some thirty days had passed before we sighted Luzon, the northernmost island of the Philippines, and the Bashee Islands, through which we sailed into the China Sea. We soon made the Limoon Channel, and sailing through it was gliding through fairyland. The bold, wooded, mountainous shores, opened up by the tortuous channel, afforded continuous surprises, and, as we came from open sea, a bewilderingly magnificent prospect. Our pilot was a Chinaman in full Chinese costume, wearing his pigtail; and to hear and see him give orders on such a craft, to such experienced seamen, was a novel experience. The port and city of Hong Kong are too widely known to justify detailed description. Its selection and seizure were characteristic of English sagacity and not excessive scrupulousness, when, as William Black says, "England was young and healthy. If she wanted anything she simply took it. Now she is getting old and nervous, and asking if this is right."

It was a far cry from Melbourne to Hong Kong in 1853-54, — somewhat like going in earlier days from Omaha or Denver to Boston. Hong Kong was the most highly developed of all British foreign ports. The fleet at anchor was unusually numerous, and represented the finest ships of the commercial marine of all civilized nations. It was the port of entry, and of distribution, which brought to it the "racers" of all nationalities, to

draw the prizes on the famous tea and silk routes. The army was well represented; so was the navy. Hong Kong's bishops were palatially housed; the Chinese service was silent, efficient, and automatic. The foreign captains, every day in fresh white linen suits, the brilliant uniforms of army and navy, the picturesque native costumes, all presented an animated spectacle.

Orders arrived at Hong Kong, after several weeks' delay, for the *Nightingale* to proceed to Whampoa and take a cargo of Chinese merchandise from there to Shanghai; and accordingly we sailed for that port. Whampoa is about thirty miles below Canton, and is really the port of entry for the latter city, — the nearest approach that commercial vessels can make to Canton. Our comprador kept us supplied with choice fruits, fine vegetables, and rare flowers. There I first learned the great difference in quality and flavor between tropical fruits served in northern climates and those served in the climate where such fruits are raised and ripened. We were always surrounded by acres of "sampans," — small square-bowed boats, with bamboo-arched coverings that telescoped into one another, expanding or contracting the roof as desired. On these large boats families lived the year round. I soon observed that among the multitude of children playing on and about the boat practically one half wore gourds upon their backs between the shoulders and secured by bands. I asked one of the laundresses, who came on board frequently, why the distinction was made. She answered that those who did not wear gourds were girls; those who did were boys; thus the latter could be rescued when they fell overboard. The girls were not considered worth the trouble.

One early morning I joined a party of American captains, who were invited to make the trip to Canton on a small United States steamer, the *Tiger*, in command of Lieutenant Perry, a son of Commodore Perry, as I remember. We sailed

between miles of boats, lining the banks, occupied by whole families, often from birth to death, who seldom went ashore, and then only to exchange fish for tea and dungaree. On landing at about eight A.M. we went to the factory of Nye Brothers and Co., and found Mr. Gideon Nye, Jr., in his counting-room, which was fitted up like a room in a palace. There were eighteen of us, and we had hardly entered before a Chinese servant appeared, silently ran his eye over the company, apparently counting us, and disappeared. In about thirty minutes he returned and announced that breakfast was ready, and led the party to one of the most elegantly furnished rooms and one of the best appointed tables that it has been my lot to see. No inquiry had been made whether we had had breakfast, and no invitation to one had been extended. On the whole, among all the men I have met in many lands and in various stations in life, Mr. Gideon Nye, Jr., remains in my memory as one of the most finished, yet natural, native gentlemen I have ever known. He was a counting-room king.

We loaded at Whampoa with a miscellaneous cargo, largely of raw sugar, for Shanghai, and took a number of native Chinese merchants as passengers. It seemed strange to see Chinamen wearing the heaviest, costliest furs, and attended by a retinue of servants, one in each retinue kept constantly employed in preparing opium for his master, and manipulating a small piece for hours.

Our experience at Shanghai rectified our ideas as to the climate of China. I had supposed it was generally warm all through China, but I never suffered more from cold than at Shanghai. Our first point of approach was Woosung, corresponding to Shanghai much as Whampoa does to Canton. At Shanghai, after discharging, we loaded with tea and silk for London. We made a fast passage through the China Sea to Angier Point, then the western extremity of the island of Java, which extremity was afterward submerged by submarine seismic action. Angier

Point was the last place we touched at,—the last port made either going from China or sailing to it. There mails were left, supplies of fresh provisions taken, and reports entered by each ship,—its name, commander, destination, where from, and date of entry. Angier Point was the most luxuriously tropical land in verdure and in display of fruits, flowers, and bird life I have ever seen. There was no road, not even a beaten path; the rank growth of grass defeating the attempt to make one. The grass reached nearly to the shoulders, and to thrud it was like walking through a field of high grain. The orange trees were at once in blossom and ripened fruit; the bananas hung in huge clusters; the tall cocoa palms bore large cocoanuts, which the monkeys threw about. On the branches of the trees were perched cockatoos, Java sparrows, and birds of the most brilliant plumage in countless numbers, and the monkeys jabbered and gambled, but the climate was deadly. The Dutch maintained a large fort there, but it was garrisoned only by native troops gathered from Sumatra, China, and on the island. Two or three Dutch officers were kept there, and they were relieved every few months. I saw one of the officers, but he looked more coffee-colored than even the natives.

We doubled the Cape of Good Hope on our return, between latitudes 37° and 40°, to catch the light but favoring easterly current and breeze. Off Lagullas Banks, southeast of the Cape, we were caught in a tremendous gale, and were hove to for nearly twenty-four hours. The sea pounded us mercilessly, the shallow waters there affording a leverage for seas of unusual height and severity. In writing up the log, the captain held himself firmly to the cabin table with his left hand, while he wrote with his right. I gripped the table opposite him with my left hand, while I held the inkstand in my right, shifting its level to suit the motion of the ship; otherwise the ink would have been thrown out and spilled over the cabin. I suppose my face must have

expressed some annoyance, which the captain noticed, as he said: "A great deal better than a calm, Mr. Frank, a great deal better than a calm."

It is more of a science than is commonly supposed to conquer currents and storms. Many a ship is never heard from simply because she was hove to on the wrong tack, — against, instead of with, the cyclonic wind currents. It is the nautical genius utilizing nautical science that differentiates the thoroughbred from the ordinary commander, who lumbers along and occasionally loses his ship. Captain Mather had an unusually full library of nautical literature, of which Reid's *Law of Storms* was most frequently consulted. He was well read in all of Maury's very extensive nautical literature. Maury's works greatly interested me, and I am firmly of the opinion that no other man has ever so subtly explored, and so accurately, sympathetically, and interestingly reported, the mystery of the sea.

The sight of St. Mary's Island, the most southeasterly of the Azores, with its mountain shapes rich with verdure, — the red-tiled roofs, — the indented shores, — broke with a charm upon eyes long fasting for a sight of land. It is a unique experience sighting islands at sea from a sailing vessel, particularly in or near tropical latitudes. First, the loom of the land, — the appearance of land, projected by refraction into the sky, — then the land itself, gradually enlarging in area, and continuously disclosing fresh allurements. First "sighting a sail" is an occasion of great interest, the bare tip of the mainmast, less in height than the length of a walking-stick, slowly rising, showing one sail after another, till finally the whole hull is raised.

Soon we were in London, among the clipper queens. But I must not spin this yarn longer. A ship has a history, and many a history that would make a thrilling story. The *Nightingale* was sold to Nye Brothers and Co., Canton, under whose ownership Captain Mather continued in command. During one of her pas-

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sages to New York from Shanghai the firm became embarrassed. The daily papers, brought on board by the pilot, published the fact. The captain anchored off Staten Island, in the waters of Richmond County. The ship was hardly anchored before the officers of the law had libeled her and her cargo for one million of dollars. Unfortunately for the first comers, the processes had been made out for the County of New York. The late comers, observing this, had libeled the ship as in Richmond County; the first were last, the last first. After lying two or three days at anchor, the impatient officers who had domiciled themselves on board, and the more impatient counsel whom they represented, inquired of the captain why he delayed and when he proposed to weigh anchor. The captain replied: "The laws secure every man, except the master, the payment of his just dues. I am not secured, but I am very comfortable here, and expect to remain quite a while." "Well, then, captain, we shall have to try to make you take the ship up," they rejoined. "That is just what I would like to see tried," was the captain's reply. "My voyage is not up; not only marshals and judges are powerless, but if the President of the United States were to presume to come on board and give orders, he would be passed swiftly over the ship's side." As interest, costs, and expenses were running rapidly, the captain was invited to make out his account, and was paid in gold. The voyage was resumed, and in a few hours the *Nightingale* was alongside her pier in New York city.

The *Nightingale*, so famous for speed, was purchased by parties who engaged in the slave trade. When the civil war broke out, she was taken by the navy for government use. I wonder where she is now, if still afloat, and what she is doing.

The career of her commander was renowned. When the civil war broke out in '61, the Union Defense Committee, consisting of the leading merchants, capitalists, and other eminent citizens in New

York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and organized as auxiliary to the navy in its then helpless condition, concerned themselves with selecting and suggesting to the government the ablest men as commanders, and the most desirable craft available. The first name sent up by the committee was that of Captain Mather, then in his thirty-sixth year, and he was the first man commissioned by the Department. The first vessel, the steamship *Quaker City*, noted for speed and strength, was taken from the Havana line, and included in Commodore Stringham's squadron blockading Chesapeake Bay. Captain Mather was placed in command of her, and in spite of much jealousy, retained it for about one year, in which time the number of captures of the *Quaker City*, I am informed, exceeded those of any other vessel. The captain was transferred at his request to active service, under Commodore Du-

pont. While under detail to the coast of Florida — landing with a party of marines — he was shot with three balls, and instantly killed, in March, '62, before one of the Confederate forts near Fernandina. He was reported to have slain many men before he fell, and the traditions of his courage remain to this day. His body and accoutrements were returned by the Confederates under a flag of truce, with honor, as they said, because he had fought them so bravely. Commodore Dupont wrote me a long personal letter of eulogy of him and affection for him. Secretary Welles, in his general orders, among other strong expressions of commendation, said, "Captain Mather had no superior among those patriotic commanders who have been transferred to the Navy from the Mercantile Marine."

The good knights are dust,  
Their good swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

## CLOSE ELECTION CONTESTS

BY JOHN T. WHEELWRIGHT

AN examination of the names on the voting list in any district must always disclose the fact that most of the voters have at an early stage in the canvass made up their minds on one side or the other of the issue of the day. For instance, in the years from 1884 to 1892 the two great parties in the United States were struggling over the tariff, and at the time of the autumn elections of 1890 most of the adherents of tariff reform, calling themselves Democrats, and those of protection, calling themselves Republicans, were well known to the politicians on both sides in every close Congressional district in the United States.

It is evident that in such a district the Republican mass of voters was paired against the Democratic, leaving a com-

paratively small body of men having minds at all open to any argument. It has long been admitted that in all legislative bodies, arguments do not change votes on any question in which the party line is drawn, and it seems to be equally true that the speeches and documents issued by a political party make very few converts among those who have allied themselves in the past with the rival party.

The field for any work which will bear fruit must be among the names which cannot be checked as mortgaged to the existing parties. Adherents of the smaller parties throw away their votes, so far as the decision of the issue is concerned. The members of these parties must, however, be known by the party managers, so that the latter may have a proper chart for



guidance upon election day. After all this elimination there remain the names of the voters who are to decide the result of the election.

Many of these are the young men who have attained the age of twenty-one since the last election. If we imagine the voting list to be a pyramid of layers of voters, the bottom layer of the youngest voters must be the largest in numbers. It is probable that the number of men on the voting list in the United States to-day who voted for Hayes or Tilden in 1876 is very small, and that the great majority of the voters are young men under thirty. The new voters are wont to vote the same tickets as their fathers, but there is always a certain number of young men who do not follow family precedent in politics, and as a voter gets older, he begins to think more for himself, and to be influenced by his own experience of life.

In communities to which there is little immigration almost all of the new voters are descendants of the old electors, and in the ordinary course of events the old proportion of parties tends to be maintained, particularly in sparsely settled districts, removed from the current of trade and of national life. The towns on Cape Cod, for instance, were Democratic during the years before the war, when the Republican party was gaining fast in the rest of the state. By the convulsion of the civil war they became Republican, and since then have remained steadily with that party, being little impressed by the arguments of the Democratic party during the time when it was making gains in the rest of the Bay State.

On the other hand, communities where there are a large number of foreigners, of other newcomers, of natives, and of educated people, such as Greater New York, show great fluctuations in the parties at frequent intervals.

The balance of power lies with two classes of voters, — the least and the most intelligent. The former are the "floaters," — men not influenced by argument or by ideals, but by the desire to vote with the

winners, by foolish catch words or by humbug, or, it may be, by purchase. If the contest is carried on by both parties with equal vigor and ability, the vote of these men is likely to be evenly divided. It is in this struggle to gain this unintelligent vote that most of the money and effort is expended by political committees in this country. In the cities the "floaters" are more numerous in proportion to the whole vote, and are duly aware of their own importance. Two or three of them will gather together to organize a political club, commonly placing the word "Independent" somewhere in its title. A president is duly elected, an executive committee, and a treasurer. The latter office is at first a sinecure. The reason for the formation of the club is that it shall cease to be one.

The president and treasurer are, in the language of the politicians, "professional strikers." These officials, in company, usually wait upon a manager to make preposterous claims as to the importance of their club. They represent that it consists of a large number of voters who are all anxious not only to vote, but to work zealously for the candidate; but they declare that they are poor and that the club needs suitable headquarters, that a certain amount of money is needed to furnish these headquarters and to pay the rent and the janitor, and last, but not least, for the valuable services of the president and treasurer in doing missionary work.

Or, it may be, the callers upon the political manager represent a torchlight battalion. The opportunities for spending money on torches, uniforms, bands, railway fares, and refreshments, are dazzling, and a candidate would much better have a sacred white elephant on his hands than an army of light-bearers.

Among other callers at headquarters are men who declare that they "represent" certain votes, such as the Labor, German, Italian, Colored, etc.

There is such a thing as the "Colored vote," and it is cast at every election



almost unanimously for the Republican party, and the Democratic manager may always be sure that a Democratic negro, like a Republican Irishman, is such a rare bird that he may be dismissed from any political reckoning. This well-known fact does not prevent our colored brothers from being very skillful in "pulling the legs" of Democratic managers. It is not uncommon, even, for a clergyman of a colored church, accompanied by a leading deacon, to request employment from a Democratic committee. But as to the other votes, it cannot be truthfully said that they are ever represented in a block by anybody.

The so-called "Labor vote" does not, I think, exist. Men belonging to labor organizations vote according to their personal predilections; yet so-called representatives of labor organizations are insistent and clamorous about election time, claiming from managers compensation for the publication of articles in the labor organs. With them come the proprietors of newspapers published in the foreign languages for the German, Italian, and other colonies in the large cities; but the foreign colonies do not vote *en masse* for any political party, and they must be canvassed like the rest of the community, although the task is much more difficult. The recently naturalized voter generally votes at first with the party which has taken the trouble to have him made a citizen.

Political meetings, or "rallies," as their latter name indicates, are held to fire the heart of the party adherents and to attract the attention of the hesitating or careless voter. The party workers are supplied with plausible arguments by skillful stump speeches, delivered in the intervals of patriotic music from a brass band.

These rallies are also an advertisement for the local candidates, whose personalities thus become known to their constituents. Under the "Australian" ballot, shrewd, well-directed advertising is of great service to a candidate. The average person is apt to look upon a man as being

distinguished if his name be familiar, and even the most ignorant or careless voter likes to cast his vote for a candidate of distinction.

One of the most effective methods of advertising adopted is to publish widely in the newspapers an address of recommendation and approval, signed by names of men well known and respected in the community.

If in some controversy in the contest your candidate has confounded his opponent, it is well worth while to bring this fact home to the whole constituency, through the newspapers and circular letters, for the voters follow a candidate who is shrewd and successful.

The man who seeks to defeat a candidate of a majority party must gain a personal following; it is easier to gain votes for an individual than for the whole "ticket." It is of the greatest importance that the candidate of the minority party should be an effective public speaker, and that his manners should be agreeable, and, best of all, his interest in his fellow men genuine. The simulation of good-fellowship, and a forced interest in others, never deceives.

When the managers on both sides have got through spending time and money on this floating vote, the chances are that it has been divided evenly between the two parties.

In the deciding balance, the old voters loosely attached to party, "mugwumps," independents, leaders of thought, form the most important element. The number of these independents in any community is small, even in a district where there are many people of leisure, education, and public spirit. In the country districts the careful canvasses made in the state of Massachusetts from 1889 to 1892 disclosed a very small percentage of such men. Yet they possess an influence all out of proportion to their number, since they are usually enthusiasts, willing to give their time and their money to the side which convinces them.

It is observed that men in active life

are usually allied to some party, and when a man, from retirement or from his calling, is removed from close contact with affairs, his tendency is to become critical, and he is not easily satisfied with the half truths which every active politician must sometimes be compelled to tell in political fights. The party speaker is necessarily the advocate of his side, and must be true to his brief, and when it happens that his party has taken up a wrong position, he must sometimes even be driven to "abusing his opponent." Like a barrister, he must put his best foot foremost and take advantage of every incident and accident in the hope of carrying through a desperate cause, but he is not likely to persuade the most intelligent voters.

The influence of these few leading independents, as they are men of position and weight in the community, decides a close election. If sufficiently aroused, they may be relied upon to contribute the money which a party manager must have to put his sure men on the voting list and bring them to the polls on election day. If the manager has not this money, and is not backed by the enthusiasm of the workers, so that he is able to do these two things, his predicament is like that of the coach of a football team who has the misfortune to have a weak line, and all his skill and development of the balancing vote will go for nothing if he cannot bring up his solid phalanx to match that of his opponents.

The side, then, which gains in a close district a majority of the known independents, however small may be their numbers, will probably gain the victory, since it seems to be the fact that if a small number of clear-headed and important men, picked out more or less at random in a community, think in one way upon a question, the same mental processes which brought them to their conclusion are working the same result with thoughtful men throughout the whole mass of the voters, and will bring those among them who have the same point of

view and mental characteristics to the same conclusion.

It is a curious fact, well known to newspaper men, that the total vote of a state, Congressional district, or large city may be accurately calculated at the moment when the returns from, say, forty per cent of the voting precincts have come in as they happen to be completed. The ratio established by these returns between the two parties is always found to continue through the rest of the vote. This shows that the current of public opinion which is to decide the election operates according to some law evenly throughout the community, and that while there are many men of many minds, yet there are many of the same kind of mind, which will be influenced to the same result by the same arguments. The arguments which would win with the impartial elder voter, loosely attached to a party, will be almost sure to influence the younger voters who are impartial and unattached.

It is usually found that when once the movement of these men toward a party is started, it progresses until it is checked by some political convulsion. From 1884 to 1892 this movement was in favor of the Democratic party in this country. During these years, William E. Russell, a young and able man, presented the issue of tariff reform in the annual contests in Massachusetts. He had from the beginning a following outside of his party, for his youth and eloquence appealed at once to the young voters. He was first a candidate in 1888. He had in every contest a plurality of votes in Boston, a Democratic city, as follows:—

|       |        |                                 |        |
|-------|--------|---------------------------------|--------|
| 1888, | 8,264  | in a total vote <sup>1</sup> of | 69,120 |
| 1889, | 4,670  | " " " " "                       | 54,768 |
| 1890, | 13,358 | " " " " "                       | 56,793 |
| 1891, | 12,812 | " " " " "                       | 64,416 |
| 1892, | 13,617 | " " " " "                       | 78,569 |

In the rest of the state the Republican candidate had a plurality of

|       |        |                                 |         |
|-------|--------|---------------------------------|---------|
| 1888, | 37,311 | in a total vote <sup>1</sup> of | 264,509 |
| 1889, | 12,129 | " " " " "                       | 196,877 |

<sup>1</sup> Of the two great parties.

1890, 4,295 in a total vote of 219,351  
 1891, 7,091 " " " " " 249,935  
 1892, 10,083 " " " " " 291,651

The above election returns show that in 1890 there was a "landslide" to the Democratic party. The larger party in any section should, in ordinary times, when there is an increased vote, increase its plurality, since the reserve vote must always be divided between the two parties in somewhat the same proportion as the vote which went to the polls; but in 1890, a year of political convulsion, we find that in the state, outside of Boston, where the Republicans were in a large preponderance, though there was an increase in the total vote of both parties of 22,474, over the same vote for 1889, the Republican plurality was actually decreased by 7834. The converts made that year continued to vote for Russell as long as he was a candidate. His large plurality in Boston in each of these three elections outweighed the Republican pluralities in the rest of the state. He had a hold upon the voters of Massachusetts much greater than had any other man of his party. It is calculated that in 1891, 8000 Republicans voted for him.

Harrison carried the state in 1892 by 26,000. The normal Republican plurality for the rest of the ticket, excepting Russell, was, in 1891, about 10,000 votes. The increased vote of the presidential year was brought up to 26,000; 69,127 more men voted the Republican and Democratic tickets than in 1891. The reserve vote of Massachusetts in that year came out, 42,560 Republican, 26,560 Democratic, in the voting for President. The Republican reserve was somewhat greater in proportion to the Democratic than was to have been expected by the vote of the previous year. This showed that the minority party had in the previous year put out greater exertions to bring its sure vote to the polls than had the Republican. The election of Russell by a plurality of over 2000, in face of the fact that his party was in the same year in a minority of 26,000, was a remarkable personal tri-

umph. It was due to his hold upon the voters under thirty years of age, who were proud of him as a representative of their generation.

Since 1894 the movement of independent voters has been toward the Republican party, and in close districts Democratic success has been the rare exception when national issues were involved. In 1896 another political convulsion took place. In that year the Democratic party leaders, seeing that it was impossible to carry for any candidate the great conservative states of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, abandoned the conservative programme which had, on the whole, been approved for eight years by the independent voters in these states, and sought to retain their party in power by an appeal to those sections of the United States where "frontier finance" was believed in. Ever since this country was settled, people living on the frontier, removed from banking facilities, have been led astray by the will-o'-the-wisp of the advantage of a depreciated standard of value. Agricultural communities, where the assets of the people are not readily received by any financial institution, and where rates of interest are high, are always a good field for the operations of the financial crank. A "Land Bank" received the hearty support of English country gentlemen in the last decade of the seventeenth century; and a few years later a like institution was wished for by the inhabitants of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

It was to these communities that the Democratic party in 1896 decided to appeal, and by so doing, it of necessity forfeited the confidence of the independent voters, which it had retained for so many years; and not only did it do this, but it dislodged from its great mass, its "rush line," hundreds of thousands of voters who either voted for the Republican candidate or threw away their votes. The Republican majorities in the conservative states in 1896 were enormous. The Democratic party threw away the sub-

stance for the shadow, gaining a few insignificant sage-brush states, while it lost New York and the other close states.

Democratic institutions work best when the parties are evenly balanced, and where there are many voters loosely tied to any party. The machine on each side must be kept upon its good behavior, and it must be forced to put forward its best men, to be conservative in its party measures and management, when it has the responsibilities of government. It is of the greatest importance that there should be an intelligent opposition party

ready to take over at any time the responsibilities of government. Both in England and America to-day the opposition parties are disorganized, and though there are signs in each country that they are being more firmly knit together, yet much remains to be done before a proper balance is established. In each country a great opposition leader is needed. And with the leader must come a definite programme, in which he sincerely believes, which will appeal to those intelligent voters who decide elections, and in whom all the hope of successful popular government must rest.

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## THE SCANTY PLOT

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

"In sundry moods 't was pastime to be bound  
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground." — WORDSWORTH.

BACK from inclement moor, from rugged steep,  
From desultory wanderings far and near,  
I come to thee, my scanty plot, so dear,  
So narrow, so familiar! If I keep  
The weeds down here with diligence, I reap  
Small harvest, but sufficient for my cheer.  
From one such little garden at Grasmere  
What fragrance steals! Where Avon's waters creep  
Another flames with roses. From a third  
A woman gleaned more glory than from all  
Her broad outlying acres. And if powers  
That were ordained the boundary, may a bird  
Not sing within the hedgerow? or the wall  
Be gracious in its thick disguise of flowers?

## WAS SIR WALTER SCOTT A POET?

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

SCOTT was twenty-six, the age of Keats at his death, before he wrote any original verse. He then wrote two poems to two ladies: one out of a bitter personal feeling, the other as a passing courtesy; neither out of any instinct for poetry. At twenty-four he had translated the fashionable *Lenore* of Bürger; afterwards he translated Goethe's youthful play, *Goetz von Berlichingen*. In 1802 he brought out the first two volumes of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, in which the resurrection of the old ballad literature, begun in 1765 by Percy's *Reliques*, was carried on, and brought nearer to the interest of ordinary readers, who, in Scott's admirable introductions and notes, could find almost a suggestion of what was to come in the *Waverley Novels*. The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was begun in 1802, and published, when Scott was thirty-four, in 1805. It was begun at the suggestion of the Duchess of Buccleugh, and continued to please her. Lockhart tells us: "Sir John Stoddart's casual recitation of Coleridge's unfinished *Christabel* had fixed the music of that noble fragment in his memory; and it occurred to him that, by throwing the story of Gilpin Horner into somewhat similar cadence, he might produce such an echo of the later metrical romances as would seem to connect his conclusion of the primitive *Sir Tristrem* with the imitation of the popular ballad in the *Grey Brother* and the *Eve of St. John*." Its success was immediate, and for seven years Scott was the most popular poet in England. When the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* appeared in 1812, there was a more popular poet in England, and Scott gave up writing verse, and, in the summer of 1814, took up and finished a story which he had begun in 1805, simultaneously with the publica-

tion of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*,—the story of *Waverley*. The novelist died eleven years later, in 1825; but the poet committed suicide, with *Harold the Dauntless*, in 1817.

Until he was thirty-one Scott was unconscious that he had any vocation except to be a "half-lawyer, half-sportsman." At forty-three he discovered, sooner than all the world, that he had mistaken his vocation; and with that discovery came the other one, that he had a vocation, which he promptly adopted, and in which, with his genius for success, he succeeded, as instantaneously, and more permanently. He was always able to carry the world with him, as he carried with him his little world of friends, servants, dogs, and horses. And how deeply rooted in the work itself was this persuasive and overcoming power is proved by the fact that *Waverley* was published anonymously, and that the other novels were only known, for many years, as by the author of *Waverley*. None of the prestige of the poet was handed over to the novelist. Scott attacked the public twice over, quite independently, and conquered it both times easily.

Success with the public of one's own day is, of course, no fixed test of a man's work; and, while it is indeed surprising that the same man could be, first the most popular poet and then the most popular novelist of his generation, almost of his century, there is no cause for surprise that the public should have judged, in the one case, justly, and in the other unjustly. The voice of the people, the voice of the gods of the gallery, howls for or against qualities which are never qualities of literature; and the admirers of Scott have invariably spoken of his verse in praise that would be justified if the qualities for which they praise it were

qualities supplementary to the essentially poetic qualities: they form no substitute. First Scott, and then Byron, partly in imitation of Scott, appealed to the public of their day with poems which sold as only novels have sold before or since, and partly because they were so like novels. They were, what every publisher still wants, "stories with plenty of action;" and the public either forgave their being in verse, or for some reason was readier than usual, just then, to welcome verse. It was Scott himself who was to give the novel a popularity which it had never had, even with Fielding and Richardson; and thus the novel had not yet flooded all other forms of literature for the average reader. Young ladies still cultivated ideals between their embroidery frames and their gilt harps. An intellectual democracy had not yet set up its own standards, and affected to submit art to its own tastes. This poetry, so like the most interesting, the most exciting prose, came at once on the wave of a fashion: the fashion of German ballads and "tales of wonder" and of the more genuine early ballads of England and Scotland; and also with a new, spontaneous energy all its own. And it was largely Scott himself who had helped to make the fashion by which he profited.

The metrical romance, as it was written by Scott, was avowedly derived from the metrical romances of the Middle Ages, one of which Scott had edited and even concluded in the original metre: the *Sir Tristrem* which he attributed to Thomas of Ercildoune. This *Sir Tristrem* is but one among many fragmentary versions of a lost original, giving the greatest of all legends of chivalry, the legend of Tristan and Iseult. The most complete and the finest version which we have is the poem in octosyllabic couplets written in German by Gottfried of Strassburg at the beginning of 1200. In this poem we see what a metrical romance can be, and it is no injustice to Scott if we put it for a moment beside his attempts to continue that heroic lineage.

A friend of mine, an Irish poet, was telling me the other day that he had found himself, not long ago, in a small town in the West of Ireland, Athenry, a little lonely place, with its ruined castle; and having to wait there, because he had taken the wrong train, he took out of his pocket a prose version of Gottfried's poem, and sat reading it for some hours. And suddenly a pang went through him, with an acute sense of personal loss, as he said to himself: "I shall never know the man who wrote that; I have never known any man who was such a gentleman." The poem, with all its lengthy adventures, its lengthy comments, is full of the passion of beauty; the love of Tristan and Iseult is a grave thing, coming to them in one cup with death. "Love," says the poet, "she who turneth the honey to gall, sweet to sour, and dew to flame, had laid her burden on Tristan and Iseult, and as they looked on each other their colour changed from white to red and from red to white, even as it pleased Love to paint them. Each knew the mind of the other, yet was their speech of other things." And, at their last parting, Iseult can say: "We two have loved and sorrowed in such true-fellowship unto this time, we should not find it over-hard to keep the same faith even to death. . . . Whatever land thou seekest, have a care for thyself — *my* life; for if I be robbed of that, then am I, *thy* life, undone. And myself, *thy* life, will I for thy sake, not for mine, guard with all care. For thy body and thy life, that know I well, they rest on me. Now bethink thee well of me, thy body, Iseult." This, remember, is in a metrical romance, written in the metre of the *Lady of the Lake*. Now turn to that poem, and read there: —

Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue  
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,  
Marked she, that fear (affection's proof)  
Still held a graceful youth aloof;  
No! not till Douglas named his name,  
Although that youth was Malcolm Graeme.

Much has been claimed for Scott's poetry because of its appeal to unpoetical



persons, who, in the nature of things, would be likely to take an interest in its subject matter; and it has been thought remarkable that poetry composed, like much of *Marmion*, in the saddle, by one "through whose head a regiment of horse has been exercising since he was five years old," should have seemed genuine to sportsmen and to soldiers. A striking anecdote told by Lockhart allows us to consider the matter very clearly. "In the course of the day, when the *Lady of the Lake* first reached Sir Adam Ferguson, he was posted with his company on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery, somewhere no doubt on the lines of Torres Vedras. The men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground; while they kept that attitude, the captain, kneeling at the head, read aloud the description of the battle in Canto VI, and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza when the French shot struck the bank close above them." "It is not often," says Mr. Hutton in his *Life of Scott*, "that martial poetry has been put to such a test." A test of what? Certainly not a test of poetry. An audience less likely to be critical, a situation less likely to induce criticism, can hardly be imagined. The soldiers would look for martial sentiments expressed with clear and matter-of-fact fervor. They would want no more and they would find no more; certainly no such intrusion of poetry as would have rendered the speech of Henry V before the battle of Agincourt but partially intelligible to them, though there Shakespeare is writing for once almost down to his audience. Scott's appeal is the appeal of prose, the thing and the feeling each for its own sake, with only that "pleasurable excitement," which Coleridge saw in the mere fact of metre, to give the illusion that one is listening to poetry.

Let me give an instance from another art. If, on his return to England, you had taken one of Sir Adam Ferguson's soldiers into a picture gallery, and there had been a Botticelli in one corner, and a Titian in another, and between two Bel-

lini altar-pieces there had been a modern daub representing a battle, in which fire and smoke were clearly discernible, and charging horses rolled over on their riders, and sabres were being flourished in a way very like the trooper's way, is there much doubt which picture would go straight home to the soldier? There, it might be said, is a battle-piece, and the soldier goes up to it, examines it, admires it, swears that nothing more natural was ever painted. Is that a "test" of the picture? Are we to say: this picture has been proved to be sincere, natural, approvable by one who has been through the incident which it records, and therefore (in spite of its total lack of every fine quality in painting) a good picture? No one, I think, would take the soldier's word for that: why should we take his word on a battle-piece which is not painted, but written?

A great many of the merits which people have accustomed themselves to see in Scott come from this kind of miscalculation. Thus, for instance, we may admit, with Mr. Palgrave, that Scott "attained eminent success" in "sustained vigour, clearness, and interest in narration." "If we reckon up the poets of the world," continues Mr. Palgrave, "we may be surprised to find how very few (dramatists not included) have accomplished this, and may be hence led to estimate Scott's rank in his art more justly." But is not this rather a begging of the question? Scott wrote in metre, and in some of his metrical narratives attained "sustained vigour, clearness, and interest in narration." But is there anything except the metre to distinguish these stories in verse from what, as Scott himself afterwards showed, might have been much better if they had been told in prose? Until this has been granted, no merit in narration will mean anything at all, in a consideration of poetry as poetry; any more than the noughts which you may add to the left of your figure 1, in the belief that you are adding million to million.

The fact is, that skill in story-telling never made any man a poet, any more

than skill in constructing a drama. Shakespeare is not, in the primary sense, a poet because he is a great dramatist; he is a poet as much in the sonnets as in the plays, but he is a poet who chose to be also a playwright, and in measuring his greatness we measure all that he did as a playwright along with all that he did as a poet; his especial greatness being seen by his complete fusion of the two in one. And it is the same thing in regard to story-telling. Look for a moment at our greatest narrative poet, Chaucer. Chaucer tells his stories much better, much more pointedly, concisely, with much more of the qualities of the best prose narrative, than Scott; who seems to tell his stories rather for boys than for men, with what he very justly called "a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." Chaucer is one of the most masculine of story-tellers, and if you read, not even one of the *Canterbury Tales*, but a book of *Troilus and Cressida*, you will find in it something of the quality which we applaud in Balzac; an enormous interest in life, and an absorption in all its details, because those details go to make up the most absorbing thing in the world. But in Chaucer all this is so much prose quality added to a consummate gift for poetry. Chaucer is first of all a poet; it is almost an accident, the accident of his period, that he wrote tales in verse. In the Elizabethan age he would have been a great dramatist, and he has all the qualities that go to the making of a great lyrical poet. His whole vision of life is the vision of the poet; his language and versification have the magic of poetry; he has wisdom, tenderness, a high gravity, tinged with illuminating humor; no one in our language has said more touching and beautiful things, straight out of his heart, about birds and flowers and grass; he has ecstasy. In addition to all this he can tell stories: that was the new life that he brought into the poetry of his time, rescuing us from "the moral Gower" and much tediousness.

Now look at Scott: I do not say, ask Scott to be another Chaucer; but consider for a moment how much his admirers have to add to that all-important merit of "sustained vigour, clearness, and interest in narration." Well, it has been claimed, first and most emphatically, I think, by Sir Francis Doyle, that his poetry is "Homeric." Sir Francis Doyle says, in one of his lectures on Scott, given when Professor of Poetry at Oxford: "Now, after the immortal ballads of Homer, there are no ballad poems so full of the spirit of Homer as those of Scott." Homer, indeed, wrote of war and warriors, and so did Scott; Homer gives you vivid action, in swiftly moving verse, and so does Scott. But I can see little further resemblance, and I can see an infinite number of differences. No one, I suppose, would compare the pit-a-pat of Scott's octosyllabics with "the deep-mouthed music" of the Homeric hexameter. But Sir Francis Doyle sees in the opening of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and not in this alone, "the simple and energetic style of Homer." Let me, then, take one single sentence from that battle in Canto VI of the *Lady of the Lake*, and set against it a single sentence from one of the battle-pieces in the *Iliad*, in the prose translation of Mr. Lang. Here is Scott's verse:—

Forth from the pass, in tumult driven,  
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,  
The archery appear;  
For life! for life! their flight they ply,  
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,  
And plaids and bonnets waving high,  
And broadswords flashing to the sky,  
Are maddening in the rear.

And here is Homer in English prose: "And as the gusts speed on, when shrill winds blow, on a day when dust lies thickest on the roads, even so their battle clashed together, and all were fain of heart to slay each other in the press with the keen bronze." Need I say more than these extracts say for themselves? What commonness and what distinction, what puerility of effort and what repose in energy!

Then there is Scott's feeling for nature. The feeling was deep and genuine, and in a conversation with Washington Irving Scott expressed it more poignantly than he has ever done in his verse. "When," he said, "I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die!*" There is a great deal of landscape painting in Scott's verse, and it has many good prose qualities: it is very definite, it is written "with the eye on the object," it is always sincere, in a certain sense; it is always felt sincerely. But it is not felt deeply, and it becomes either trite or generalized in its rendering into words. Take the description of Loch Katrine in the third canto of the *Lady of the Lake*, the final passage which Ruskin quotes for special praise in that chapter of *Modern Painters* which is devoted to a eulogy of Scott as the master of "the modern landscape" in verse. It gives a pretty and, no doubt, accurate picture, but with what vagueness, triteness, or conventionality of epithet! We get one line in which there is no more than a statement, but a statement which may have its place in poetry:—

"The grey mist left the mountain side."

In the next line we get a purely conventional rendering of what has evidently been both seen clearly and felt sympathetically:—

"The torrent showed its glistening pride."

How false and insincere that becomes in the mere putting into words! And what a *cliché* is the simile for the first faint shadows on the lake at dawn:—

"In bright uncertainty they lie,  
Like future joys to Fancy's eye."

Even in better landscape work, like the opening of the first introduction to *Marmion*, how entirely without magic is the observation, how superficial a notation of just what every one would notice in the scenery before him! To Ruskin, I know,

all this is a part of what he calls Scott's unselfishness and humility, "in consequence of which Scott's enjoyment of Nature is incomparably greater than that of any other poet I know." Enjoyment, perhaps; but we are concerned, in poetry, with what a poet has made out of his enjoyment. Scott puts down in words exactly what the average person feels. Now it is the poet's business to interpret, illuminate, or at the least to evoke in a more exquisite form, all that the ordinary person is capable of feeling vaguely, by way of enjoyment. Until the poet has transformed enjoyment into ecstasy there can be no poetry. Scott's genuine love of nature, so profound in feeling, as his words to Washington Irving testify, was never able to translate itself into poetry; it seemed to become tongue-tied in metre.

And, also, there was in Scott a love of locality, which was perhaps more deeply rooted in him than his love of nature, just as his love of castles and armor and the bricabrac of mediævalism which filled his brain and his house was more deeply rooted than his love of the Middle Ages. "If," said Coleridge to Payne Collier, "I were called upon to form an opinion of Mr. Scott's poetry, the first thing I would do would be to take away all his names of old castles, which rhyme very prettily, and read very picturesquely; next, I would exclude the mention of all nunneries, abbeys, and priories, and I should then see what would be the residuum—how much poetry would remain." In all these things there was personal sincerity; Scott was following his feeling, his bias; but it has to be determined how far, and in how many instances, when he said nature he meant locality, and when he said chivalry or romance, he meant that "procession of my furniture, in which old swords, bows, targets, and lances made a very conspicuous show," on the way to Abbotsford.

Ruskin's special praise of Scott, in his attitude toward nature, is that Scott did not indulge in "the pathetic fallacy" of reading one's own feelings into the aspect

of natural things. This, in the main, is true, in spite of those little morals which Scott attaches to what he sees. But it is hardly more than a negative merit, at the best; and it is accompanied by no intimacy of insight, no revealing passion; aspects are described truthfully, and with sympathy, and that is all.

Throughout the whole of his long poems, and throughout almost the whole of his work in verse, Scott remains an improviser in rhyme, not a poet. But in a few of the songs contained in the novels, songs written after he had practically given up writing verse, flickering touches of something very like poetry are from time to time seen. In one song of four stanzas, *Proud Maisie*, published in 1818 in the *Heart of Midlothian*, Scott seems to me to have become a poet. In this poem, which is like nothing else he ever wrote, some divine accident has brought all the diffused poetical feeling of his nature to a successful birth. Landor, who seems to have overlooked this perfect lyric, thought there was one line of

genuine poetry in Scott's verse, which he quotes from an early poem on Helvellyn. But I cannot feel that this line is more than a pathetic form of rhetoric. In *Proud Maisie* we get, for once, poetry.

For the rest, all Scott's verse is written for boys, and boys, generation after generation, will love it with the same freshness of response. It has adventure, manliness, bright landscape, fighting, the obvious emotions; it is like a gallop across the moors in a blithe wind; it has plenty of story, and is almost as easily read as if it were prose. The taste for it may well be outgrown with the first realization of why Shakespeare is looked upon as the supreme poet. Byron usually follows Scott in the boy's head, and drives out Scott, as that infinitely greater, though imperfect, force may well do. Shelley often completes the disillusion. But it is well, perhaps, that there should be a poet for boys, and for those grown-up people who are most like boys; for those, that is, to whom poetry appeals by something in it which is not the poetry.

## WORK AND PLAY

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

THAT more people know how to work than how to play seems to be a defect of education. All the punishments of childhood are for lawlessly following the impulse to play; and nearly all the rewards are for aptitude and industry in work. In some respects there has been a relaxation; the interest taken by most pedagogues in the sports of their pupils and the semi-official recognition of athletic prowess in schools are signs of a partial reaction. But it is only partial; the spirit of play is often suppressed before it becomes articulate; the spirit of work is from the first fostered and stimulated. To nearly all is it emphasized that on

work their very being depends; but to only a few is it made clear that on play depends their well-being.

As a nation, we are, it is true, devoted to sports and games, and therefore it would appear on the surface quite needless to point out the advantages of play. There is too much play already, in the opinion of many not illiberal persons; they say that our young men at college play more than they work, and they instance the general and often unhealthy interest in racing and bridge. Certainly it is but natural that the instinct for diversion, so often cowed and stunted by drastic measures in childhood, or perhaps given an

equally unwise license, should be a groping or an unbalanced instinct, prolific of injudicious excesses. The unfortunate persons who commit these bring discredit on the art of play. For it is an art, of which games, even at their best, are only a crude and imperfect expression. They have their value; but play that requires for itself — as games do require — a special machinery and knowledge is not of the kind most readily available, is not the most cunning, and in that way most satisfying resource. The man who is dependent on his racket or his bat or his pack of cards for his amusement is doomed to pass many dull hours. Too few of us have learned how to play when we are alone; too few of us have learned how to play with people who cannot use a racket or a bat or a pack of cards. The woman tending the plants in her garden is playing more profitably, it may be, than the admired pitcher on the local ball nine, who strikes out three men in an inning. She does not experience his sensational moments, but she is gayly occupied in a creative process, and that is play of the most soul-expanding kind. Moreover, it is play that is not dependent on youth and activity, but may continue to serve one in feebleness and age.

The idea is current that action is the essence of play. Hence the extreme misery of the tennis enthusiast, who with racket and court is ready to amuse himself, but has no worthy foe; of the automobilist whose machine is laid by for repairs; of the house party of athletes on a rainy afternoon. The general failure to perceive that there may be a very satisfactory return in the exercise of observation, in the practice of imagination, or even in the loosening of one's reluctant speech is excusable, for it is just the tendency to do these things that was so impressively punished when we were small. What is it that leads children to truancy from school, and to the other most heinous childish breaches? In nine cases out of ten it is not any imperative call to action, but merely a desire to See.

A paltry and commonplace hill becomes a height beckoning with romance; and the child is not contented until he has scaled it and ascertained what the world is beyond. Nearly always this desire to see unites with it a belief in strange happenings and adventures, if one could only slip outside of the prescribed and familiar round; or, again, perhaps there is the conviction that in violating the law, even though it is only to sneak away and hide in a dark cellar, there is glorious heroism or martyrdom. To See and to Imagine, these natural faculties of man may be converted into a means of play, even as the child is trying always to convert them. If early experience and tradition had not taught us to associate a penalty with the employment of these faculties, we should not be so often at a loss for resources.

Mere idleness opens up for any one who has eyes to see and a mind to dream a playground of infinite variety. To sit, for instance, in a garden and watch a bumblebee despoiling the flowers, blundering tentatively from this to that, at last grappling one with fierce ardor, bending it on its stem and showering down the gathered dew, climbing up and into the very heart of it, and then after a brief moment emerging and spurning from him the petals that he had embraced so amorously, — this, to him who observes it with a mind attentive to nothing else, is play. It may be play to stroll along a city pavement, to cling to a strap in a crowded car, to talk to one's neighbor on a stool at a lunch counter. And to watch a man laying bricks, or to lounge upon a fence and observe the ploughman driving his horses in the field, or to inspect any sort of manual labor, should always entertain one who is at leisure, and in whose personal experience such labor has never been more than a diversion. If a child's eye rests upon a carpenter at work, it is held in fascination. It is unreasonable and wrong that we should outgrow this interest of the child; the objects or occupations may become more familiar to us, but they should not seem



stale; our interest in them, instead of declining, should only become the more expert. We should be detecting characteristics and comparing methods and gaining knowledge of a variety of men.

The disposition toward this sort of play is put down in early childhood with the frequent reminder, "You must learn not to stare at people," or, "It is n't polite to point." It is repressed even more at the later period of school, when the boy is left no choice between close attention to books in the schoolroom and devotion to bodily exercise out of doors. The fact that the education of girls is generally so much more lax in both these respects accounts, no doubt, for the feminine "handiness" and flexibility at play; ten women for one man know how to amuse themselves with trifles, to find sport in an idea, delight in a conversation, and contentment in solitude. It is probably true that to attain their excellent frivolity they passed through a less wholesome and healthy period than the corresponding period in the life of the normal boy; so far as a man can judge, the typical school-girl is a capricious, vain, egotistical, and snobbish creature. Few things are more unsavory or depressing than the literature — fortunately not extensive — of girls' school life; nine tenths of the stories which undertake to describe it deal with the inhuman treatment of school-mates who are poorly dressed or "of inferior social position." A precocious faculty of observation seems usually to be of the detective sort, — quick to fasten upon unattractive and suspicious details. It grows charitable and broad with years, the biting comments of youth are gradually tempered, and sarcasm, which it had been a joy to wield, is reserved as a weapon to be but rarely used. The woman is equipped for the gentle, genial play of life by the sharpness of wits and eyes that she learned as a girl.

But the boy on emerging from school, where he has been so single-minded in his pursuits, soon finds that he is deficient in the faculty of observation. The acknow-

ledgment is tacitly made to him by the advisory elder world that in this one vital respect it was necessary to bring him up wrong; and he is recommended now to remedy by his own efforts the deficiency that education imposed upon him. There are not many harder tasks. He has been so bred to think of the main chance, to concentrate his thoughts upon his personal work and business, to be energetic, brisk, and active along one line, that he is unable to waste time to advantage; and when he is idle, it is with an unhappy and unprofitable restlessness. He cannot grasp the point of view, the whimsical, detached, casual, and inconsequent point of view that makes out of mere observation an amusement and a play.

Thus, in the matter of training the outward eye, education in a puzzled, half-apologetic way submits a tardy acknowledgment of failure. But of its failure to provide exercise for the inward eye before which passes the panorama of the unreal, the fanciful, it makes a boast. It deplores as much in man as in boy the tendency to dream; unsympathetic with the inward eye, it declares the day-dreamer to have a mind untrained, if not indeed diseased. Coeval with the admonition not to stare and not to point the finger is the precept not to let the thoughts go wool-gathering. How smartly comes down the pedagogue's rule for inattention in the class! How despairing is the mother's look when Johnny gapes with open mouth and meat on fork, stricken all forgetful of his food! There is, I am sure, in the scientific spirit now prevailing among parents and nurses less encouragement than there used to be to the pleasant delusions of infancy. Have you not been a child and insisted on hollowing out your mashed potato and making a lake of gravy in the crater? And was not the potato spoiled if the lake prematurely burst its banks? Also, when you had your oatmeal, could you bear it if it was not a perfect island, — dry on top and entirely surrounded by cream? My most intense antipathy was conceived at the age of seven for a kind



lady whom I visited, and who arranged my oatmeal for me, diligently drenching its surface. Nowadays, I observe, children seem unfamiliar with the simple diversions that I remember so pleasantly. It is partly, perhaps, that they are exposed to new-fashioned breakfast cereals which soak up cream before imagination can draw breath; it is partly that they are so repeatedly warned by their nurses and mammas not to play with their food.

The atmosphere of discouragement that surrounds the play of children is not abated with the years. The enjoyment of dreams, the building of castles in the air, the escaping from the facts of life, especially from the unpleasant facts, to beguile one's self upon fancy and dalliance are disapproved and despised; and I raise up my voice in protest. What a real and blameless pleasure, I exclaim, it is for the most of us to imagine ourselves greater, braver, finer than we are or than we shall ever be! Entering a shop to buy a necktie, one may perhaps be interrupting the meditation of the salesman on how he should act if he were President, — how gracious he would be, and benign and lovable, and withal how inflexibly independent and in crises stern. This use of his imagination doubtless gives him great pleasure, and it need not at all incapacitate him for selling neckties. The factory girl, watching her threads, dreams of being the mill-owner's daughter, driving in her carriage, and living in the big house on the hill. And she guides her threads as unerringly, as steadfastly, as if she felt the eyes of the foreman upon her. Perhaps it would be nearer the usual truth to think of her standing thus and dreaming, not of a bright future in which she is the centre, but of one that holds rest and ease and pleasure for her tired mother and gayety and promise for little brothers and sisters. And is one to be chidden for dreaming such dreams?

The habit is pernicious, I grant, if it seizes and delays one upon the brink of action. Yet truly it appears to me that those who are excessively fond of ima-

gining great and improbable prospects for themselves would achieve just as little were their love of these visions forever set at rest. There are some men by birth and temperament fit only for dreams, some by like circumstance fit only for action, and many more normally composed in whom the capacity for each exercise might, if it were permitted, serve to offset and refresh the other. But it is thought feeble or unmanly to avail one's self of any such means of rehabilitation; we Americans, after our day's work is done, take our rest in further action, our relaxation in excitement. Yet were the many thousands for whom the theatre furnishes the most frequent evening's amusement to stroll or sit out under the stars, entertaining such thoughts and dreams as come, they would put their souls and minds into better order for the slumber of the night and for the work of the next day.

Perhaps the utterance seems inconsistent in one who contends that we do not play enough. Indeed, the popularity of the theatre at the present time would no doubt be the first fact advanced to refute the criticism. The point is made that everybody goes to the theatre nowadays; the people who in a past generation would have been shocked by the suggestion sit now in the front row. Even the clergy have acquired a habit of recommending plays to their congregations. To be sure, these are generally the poorest possible plays; nevertheless, it is an indication of the yielding on every side to the universal imperative demand for amusement. Such are the comfortable sophistries that one may hear.

Yet it seems to me that there is no other institution so lethal to the spirit of play as the theatre. Never has it been more popular or more depraved. I do not mean in a moral sense; but as offering a spectacle which may incite or divert the mind, and, besides captivating the eye, appeal to the imagination, it is surely in its lowest decadence. Thousands of flexible dancing girls with shrill voices, thou-

sands of effeminate, capering young men, pass in review each season before a city's audience, and go twirling and grimacing on. The performances of these constitute the main interest in possibly half the productions designed to give theatre-goers an evening's pleasure. Feeble wit, clumsy and shabby humor, meretricious music, are impudently combined; and the audience, convinced by the tinsel of the stage, titters and listens and applauds.

The audience is amused; we must face that fact. And nothing could more eloquently demonstrate the helplessness of the ordinary American when withdrawn from his games or his sports and confronted with the problem of amusing himself. His eyes can be diverted only by the abnormal, the bizarre; the natural processes of life are dull and tedious to his failing imagination. Hence the theatre is the resort, the amusement, of the wholly unimaginative, of those who need to have the picture spread before them in all its details, so that they may comprehend it with merely the automatic effort of the senses. Unimaginative, they have no pleasure in reading, unless it is a flat-footed kind of fiction, over which they may drowse with no danger of losing the thread. They cannot call up clear visions in their own minds, nor can they grasp them from the picturesque and vivid page. A mental sluggishness besets them. Removed from the excitement of games and sports, they are more often stultified than stimulated by play.

There is this to be said of Americans, however; because they have been well trained in methods of work, they get perhaps as much enjoyment as any people out of the periods of play that work itself affords. In purely mechanical labor there are no such periods, and that is why all those engaged in it should be permitted and encouraged to occupy their minds with dreams, and their eyes with what is characteristic and interesting in the ordinary movement of life. But in any work demanding mental initiative or action there are sure to be times of pure delight.

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This comes partly from the consciousness of success in solving the problem on which one has been engaged; the attitude of genial congratulation and special affection which one assumes then toward one's self holds a histrionic quality akin to play. Yet this is unimportant compared with the hopefulness and zest of the actual performance, when for very interest one cannot have success or failure too closely in view. The plotting of a large financial scheme and the putting it into execution, the writing at a man's best power of a dramatic climax, the grasping of the feature that will give a picture its subtle, notable distinction, and the painting it in with a few creative strokes, the first clear view to the end in an architectural problem, and the instant leaping to achieve out of commonplace and mere convenience beauty, — these and the like experiences are for thinking and active men the most incomparable play. Detained from finishing or from beginning the work that beckons joyously, one chafes with the impatience of the boy in the schoolroom on the day of his championship game; released, one plunges into the toil with the thrill and elation of the boy rushing to the strife.

The pathetic and yet the eternally cheerful and assuring paradox is this, — that delight in performance by no means guarantees excellence of work. One may humbly imagine how Shakespeare exulted in Mark Antony's funeral address, striking it off perhaps in a couple of glorious immortal hours, now dipping his quill with a leisurely smile at his own cunning, now writing with a concentrated passion. Yet it is our privilege to know that Alberta Smitherson — spoken of as the coming authoress — made similar demonstrations, and felt something of the same emotion, when she composed the story that has just been rejected by the *Boudoir Magazine*. It is certainly a bountiful provision of nature that in the capacity of men for enjoyment and delight there is no such wide disparity as in their power for creation and achievement.

Unquestionably, the nobler the work, the more refreshing must be its aspects to him whom it engrosses. It strengthens a man to feel that, whether he wins or loses, his labor is not undertaken simply for his own profit, and that the question is a far greater one than merely that of success or failure. The old English astronomer, Halley, was one of the sublime among the world's workers, yet exceptional as is his story, it is only typical of the true men of science of every age. He was born in 1656; the last transit of Venus had taken place in 1639, the next would not occur until 1761. Yet it was this phenomenon that engaged his attention; he sought to ascertain what astronomers might learn from the celestial happening that he had never seen and could never see. As the result of his study he left accurate calculations and directions which should enable the skilled observer of a transit of Venus to deduce from that brief event the distance of the earth from the sun, the magnitudes of the planetary orbits, indeed, the scale of the whole solar system, — of all which matters the world was then in ignorance. And when the transit occurred, astronomers who had stationed themselves for it in Otaheite and in Europe followed the instructions that Halley had bequeathed them, and hence were able to make a contribution to human knowledge impressive enough to rank with the discoveries of Newton and Kepler and Galileo. The man whose fertile mind had prepared the way, and who knew that he would be silent in his grave years before his theory could be put to the test, had busied himself gayly and happily in the unfinishable task; no doubt, when he perceived whither his investigations were leading him, he could not have been more excited, more eager, had there been a transit of Venus scheduled for the next morning. And let us make mention, too, of those worthy followers who spent years preparing for the rare happening of a few hours, taking practice observations of a fictitious sun and a fictitious Venus, living and working, it might seem, to see

the transit once, and again eight years later, with the overshadowing dread that cloudy weather might set all at naught and the phenomenon be unseen of mortal eyes for more than another century.

Life is both a usurer and a spendthrift. The weak, the maimed, the toilers under crushing burdens of poverty, disease, and despair, who are held to the most exacting interest on the loan of their few troubled earthly years, often meet the obligation with a more abiding conscience and honor than those dowered at their birth, and attended always by a lavish fortune. We may not seek for the equity in an arrangement which imposes upon one man work that is all drudgery, and on another, who has the implements of play at command, work that is, much of it, play. There is no cant so unthinking and false as that which urges every man to work for the joy of working, — and which is cant even though it be uttered in stirring verse. In a city building there are seven men employed whose work is this: on Monday morning they begin on the ground floor, swabbing corridors, washing windows, polishing brass and iron; and it takes them precisely till Saturday night to progress in this cleansing manner — literally on their knees — to the top of the building. Then on Monday morning again they begin on the ground floor, each one with a fresh cake of soap and with no variation in the week's task before him. It does not seem to me possible for a man to work thus for the joy of working.

Yet it is just this kind of dull, necessary obedience to an order or a routine that constitutes the work of nearly all humanity. Under such conditions, any message to man that urges upon him the pure joy of labor must have a very complacent and superior sound. If ever there lived a boot-black whose chief happiness was in producing the most lustrous possible shine on the shoe of his patron, what a poor-spirited little prig he must have been! how unworthy beside his confrères who

rejoiced to gamble away their pennies in the alley! It is, of course, not wrong for the bootblack to take pleasure in the lustre of his shine, or for the clerk to have pride in the neatness of his page; but if life holds for them no other pleasure quite so keen, they have lost the vital spark of manhood. And therefore it should

be urged upon all those who perform the somnolent, mechanical labor of long hours, day after day, listlessly and well, as most of the world's work is performed, to dream dreams and see visions and hearken even in the midst of their tasks for some passing whisper from the spirit of play.

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## OUR FATHERS' FRIENDS

BY RICHARD BURTON

[In Stockbridge, Massachusetts, may be seen a memorial monument, set on a tree-shaded knoll overlooking a beautiful reach of meadow. It bears the inscription: "The ancient burial place of the Stockbridge Indians, the friends of our Fathers."]

HERE, in this pleasant meadow-place,  
By trees o'erhung and with the breath  
Of summer fragrant, for a space  
I linger, to recall the death

Of the red men of yore, whose worth  
Is here recorded; they were friends  
Unto our fathers, and their earth  
Is honored thus; their memory blends

Benignant with the tales of years  
When red and white lived brotherly;  
From tokenings of blood and tears  
These cool, gray stones seem strangely free.

What word, what deed, made peace prevail?  
Why did they share the ancient good  
Of wood and sky and river-dale,  
Sealing a pact of brotherhood?

We have not learned the lesson yet;  
The generations still arise  
And smite and plunder, and forget  
The other teaching of the skies.

The elms, o'erarching, answer naught,  
But still the scene compels the gaze:  
Beneath this shaft, in kindness wrought,  
Rest the red friends of older days.

## A CASE OF INTELLECTUALITY

BY EMERY POTTLE

## I

IT had been a "Byron afternoon." Mrs. G. M. Higginbotham had given a somewhat shy and embarrassed account of the poet's early life. The shyness was a family trait; the embarrassment arose from the distressing indelicacy attached to the recounting of certain incidents which to her were not — as she put it — *nice*, great though the poet might be. There had been a reading by Miss Ellen Thorpe, — she had breathed out, with much expressive curving of her white fingers, *The Isles of Greece*. Her elocution came out especially effectively in her reference to "bur-r-r-ning Sappho." Mrs. Hiram Coleman's nervous and abashed efforts had gone to the illumination of *Byron, the Poet*. She read with lightning speed, and stumbingly, glancing up occasionally, more to beseech, with her meek eyes, clemency than to accentuate any Byronic point. When she sat relievedly down, she whispered to Miss Ellen Thorpe that she got it all from the encyclopædia, because it seemed so much better than anything she could do. And, as a finality, Mrs. Nelson — the president of the "Fisherville Literary Circle" — had read a long and excellently constructed paper on *The Power of Conscience as Displayed in Byron's Poetry*. Mrs. Kitchell and the Thorpe girls — all the unmarried women in Fisherville were *girls* — had yawned at least twenty times during the reading, though, to be sure, at the end, they had been alert with "My dear, how clever;" and "You do those profound things so well, Mrs. Nelson."

There was a rustle of consummation, — of things done and accomplished. The Circle, with the exception of Mrs. Nelson, felt, not unnaturally, that, as individuals and as a body, they had put a footprint

on the sands of culture. Therefore, for a fortnight, they could, comparatively, take their ease and not worry lest the march of female progress should escape them. Mrs. Kitchell, the hostess, retired to the pantry to see that her daughter Mattie got the cream from the freezer without getting rock salt in it. During the "refreshments" the Circle talked with gossip animation of topics somewhat more local in character than Byron, the Poet.

Mrs. Nelson felt a restless dissatisfaction over the afternoon. It had been the result of her long, eagerly hopeful labor that the Literary Circle had been established; she had gone about from house to house, fairly, to interest her fellow townswomen in this idea of a little group of cultured women really desirous of "knowing good things," as she put it to them. They had, on the instant, responded with easy alacrity, and at the initial meeting had turned out to the number of twenty-five. The Presbyterian minister, Dr. Hackett, had come in and given them a little talk, that first day, on the duty of Christian Womanhood toward the things that make for Broad Culture. Later in the year the number had dwindled, for one reason or another, to a variable seven. And all this had undermined Mrs. Nelson's enthusiasm.

Well, it was disheartening. It was bad enough, Mrs. Nelson thought, to live in Fisherville, Wisconsin, but so to disregard utterly one's *brain* —

Mrs. Nelson frowned wearily. She was very tired. She had worked tremendously on her paper, — and, after all, what was the use — in Fisherville? She dropped down into a chair, — apart from the others, — resentful of a life so barren, so enervating. Mattie, Mrs. Kitchell's daughter, inquired of Mrs. Nelson, as she passed the fig cake, why Paula did not come, too.

Her tone was slightly acid. Mrs. Nelson flushed guiltily.

"She was detained at home," she replied quietly.

"I guess Paula does n't care much about books and things, does she?" returned Mattie triumphantly. It gratified her to see Mrs. Nelson's effort at a dignified hedging of the subject of Paula's taste. Mattie tossed her head.

"You're not going?" presently said Mrs. Kitchell to Mrs. Nelson with loud regret. "Oh, don't; why, I thought that just as soon as the refreshments were out of the way we could play euchre for the rest of the afternoon. Now that the programme is over," she added with a slightly deprecating accent. Fisherville always stood a little in awe of Mrs. Nelson and her intellectuality. Though James Nelson, a Fisherville boy, in the pride of his young Eastern wife, had brought her to them fully fifteen years ago, they still felt deferential to her brains.

"I must," Mrs. Nelson returned a little hurriedly. She felt she must get away to be alone with herself, — the long walk home in the dusk suddenly attracted her. "You know," she added, by way of explanation, "the young man I spoke to you about — my brother-in-law's young friend, Mr. Risley, the one who has been ill with nervous prostration — is coming to-night. He's to stay with us till he gets entirely rested out."

"It'll be fine for Paula," Mrs. Kitchell said half enviously, her eyes on Mattie, "to have a nice young man around."

"Oh," said Mrs. Nelson helplessly. "Oh, — I don't — Well, good-by. The Circle meets with Mrs. Coleman next time, you know. It's Matthew Arnold then, is n't it?"

Paula met her at the door — pretty, slender, appealing little Paula — in a fresh white blouse, her curling yellow hair escaping from its elaborate pompadour arrangement in alluring little tendrils.

"Come in, lady. Are n't you almost

dead with your old literary circle? Did Mattie Kitchell say, 'Why did n't Paula come to-day?'" — she mimicked the nasal tones of Mattie so accurately that her mother laughed in spite of herself, — "and did you have 'refreshments'?"

"Paula — stop. I wish you" —

"Now, mother, don't be tiresome. I would n't belong to the old thing for anything in the world! He's come," she added, nodding toward the stairway. "He's in his room."

"Not Mr. Risley!" Mrs. Nelson was dismayed.

Paula nodded. "He got here sooner than he expected. He's very tired, he says, and went to his room. — Oh yes, I gave him clean towels, and his fire is lighted. Really, he's not bad looking, but he's frightfully serious."

"Seriousness, my dear, is a good quality in young men," Mrs. Nelson responded with reproof.

## II

Egbert Risley was wont to say to a listener — usually a married woman of sympathies — that he seemed to himself destined to work out, agonizingly, in his own soul, every phase of belief and disbelief that had vexed human nature for ages. This largeness of conception undeniably excited in his confidantes a kind of domestic awe freely infused with maternal pity. They felt, not unnaturally, in the face of so exalted and so tremendous a destiny, a desire to succor.

His arrival at the Nelsons' — after the wretchedness of his prostration — was coincident with the period in which Risley was inclined to regard marriage as the white man's burden, and to consider a life of celibacy best suited to lofty intellectual attainment. It was natural, therefore, that he should regard Paula with very little more than an absent, preoccupied eye. Indeed, the first evening after tea with the Nelsons, while Paula played excellent rag-time in the parlor, Risley sat with her mother, gratefully, in



the living-room and induced the talk to the point of declaration that all passion and fire had been burned out of him long ago. Risley, it must be confessed, was twenty-seven.

In spite of herself Mrs. Nelson was impressed, for Risley was not a man to be taken lightly.

"Oh, Mr. Risley — I'm — I'm sure you are exaggerating." She attempted — for Paula had pointed out to her often the position of the true mother — a slight maternal pleasantry: "Some day some charming girl will appear and steal your heart, and then" —

But he regarded her soberly. "My dear Mrs. Nelson, I would not have you imagine that I am not in sympathy with marriage for others, but you must know that, for myself, I believe the highest mentality would not be served by an alliance with a wife!"

It was a wedge. Mrs. Nelson's emancipation had not compassed intellectual celibacy. She was inclined to argue the point from an honest, old-fashioned conception of marriageable young men. In the midst of a discussion that forced her mind as never before to its full pace she remembered her duty as Paula's mother. She had a guilty feeling of doing Paula out of her recreations. The piano-playing was growing irritable, too.

"Paula will want — Would n't you care to go into the parlor and let Paula play for you?" she hesitated.

Afterward she felt a brief sense of shame for the interruption. Risley was courteous enough in his refusal, and, now that she had broken the thread of their talk, he went to his room.

"What on earth," demanded Paula later, "were you and Mr. Risley talking about so confidentially?" Mrs. Nelson imagined she detected resentment, and answered with hasty apology.

"He was talking about" — she decided hastily to omit particulars — "about some of his plans. He spoke of you, too, — how pretty and alive you were, Paula; he's an unusual young man."

"Unusual because he says I am pretty? — Oh, no, mamma! But you mean he's got brains, I suppose. Is n't it a pity, dear, that I'm not intellectual, too?" and Paula departed, singing.

Mrs. Nelson sighed.

That evening was the beginning of a community of mental interests between Risley and Mrs. Nelson. It was not arrived at simply on her part; for there was always Paula and her duty. Not since the years before her marriage, when, as a girl, she had the freedom of a great author's house, had she felt so in the atmosphere of things worth while. The impetus of it all brought a new light into her eyes — still good after forty-eight years — and a responsiveness into her carriage. Paula noticed it curiously; and Ellen Thorpe admitted to Mrs. Kitchell that Mrs. Nelson was certainly looking a good deal better than she had since she'd known her. The flat little blue bonnet that had successfully defied the fashions for ten years was sent to the milliner's for an aigrette and a bit of lace. She spoke shyly to Paula of the matter of renovating her gray poplin, her wedding gown. It *was* a period for Mrs. Nelson.

For the first week Mrs. Nelson made it easy for Risley to escape, and warmed to his good breeding when he did not profit by her unselfishness. She offered up Paula as a topic, but, after a courteous interval, Risley turned firmly to the abstract. They talked, brain to brain, for hours, Mrs. Nelson letting out the repressed thought of years, and Risley expanding under his own power to stimulate. This was the real tournament, — not that callow game of sighs and glances to which the unthinking world gave first place. They were differentiated man and woman by point of view, by subtle differences of attitude toward art and life: that was sufficient for piquancy. Her age to Risley only gave her the advantage.

In the thick of this talk Mrs. Nelson was wont at first, conscience-stricken at the youthful attention she was monopolizing, to retreat with something like, "I

am sorry my daughter is not here; she would so like to hear what you have said about Wagner's music."

"He was very kind to an elderly woman," she made herself say afterwards, when some unsubdued remnant of vanity would have suggested that she had indeed appeared well.

Risley came more and more frequently to sit with her. Sometimes Paula monopolized him, but more often she was content to have him talk to her mother while she amused herself otherwise, — very much as she used to give her nurse the big doll to hold while she played with the little dolls. But he was always "my Mr. Risley" to Mattie Kitchell and the Thorpe girls, even if she obviously cared more for him as a fact than as a companion.

Once, after Paula had insisted on dragging Risley out for a walk, she was generous enough to explain to her mother: "And he likes you, mamma; he thinks you are quite unusual. And he was n't saying it just to please me, either."

Mrs. Nelson took the crumb gratefully. Life with Paula tended to subdue fastidiousness in the matter of praise.

When Risley did talk with Paula it was with a manner that suggested a half smile. He grew in time to have a pleasant feeling for her in the geniality of his surroundings, and spoke of her to her mother as "the child."

In such manner the beautiful intimacy grew.

Nothing could exceed Mrs. Nelson's pride in the afternoon at the Circle when Risley — he had consented delightfully — read a paper on *Matthew Arnold and His Relation to the Times*. Its erudition and its diction were immensely impressive. And the full instant came when she overheard Risley telling Mattie Kitchell that he had rarely met a finer or more original brain than Mrs. Nelson's.

At the tea-table that night Paula opened fire.

"Mother, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to drag poor Mr. Risley up to that awful literary thing of yours. Poor

man, he looks fairly plucked. How can you do it? You know perfectly well that Mrs. Kitchell and Mattie and the Thorpe girls are just about intelligent enough to" —

"Paula," besought Mrs. Nelson, flushing.

"Indeed, Miss Paula" — began Risley.

"Now, Mr. Risley, I know you were just bored to death. I went once, and I give you my word that I nearly died. Ellen Thorpe recited Tennyson while Mattie Kitchell tried to count the tucks in my shirt waist, and the rest slept."

"Paula, dear, Mr. Risley himself read a charming paper on Arnold. I regret that you did not hear it; it was one of the best meetings we ever had. I wish" —

"My dear Miss Paula, it seems to me, really, that the Circle, which your mother has spent so much labor on, is a wonderful witness to her great worth. I think one ought to take advantage of every opportunity of culture. Fisherville is fortunate in having your mother."

Paula laughed, unabashed.

Mrs. Nelson gave Risley a glance warm with humility and pleasure. So it was not strange, when they were alone that evening, — for Paula had gone to a dancing party, — that they two should revert to the subject of Paula.

It came out, after hesitation and maternal shame, — Mrs. Nelson's confession.

"I don't know how to say it," she began.

Risley was kind. "You can say anything, Mrs. Nelson, that is in your mind. I never knew a woman more gifted with the power of expression. Tell me — I shall understand."

"Yes, I think you will," she said emboldened. "Oh, it is wicked to think it, even. But — but — it's Paula. She — she is such a disappointment to me."

He nodded gravely, and she continued, uplifted by the opportunity to open her gates.

"She disappoints me. *She irritates*

me. You'll think I'm an unnatural mother. I am, perhaps. But she has failed me at every turn. Her father — my husband — was a man of wonderful kindness and great physical charm. I loved him as a girl, but later — when he brought me here — it — my love — vanished slowly. We were never mentally akin. Never read together, or talked, really talked, together. It was enough that I was his wife. When Paula came I hoped so much, — I wanted her to be my kind. I dreamed about the days to come when we should be more than mother and child, when we should be friends. I gave her all myself, — read to her, put myself into her life, tried to give her a point of view, — yet little by little I saw it all coming, — just as it is now. We've nothing in common, nothing. Oh, how I have shrunk from it!"

Risley's rather prominent blue eyes were moist; his loose childish mouth curved with sympathy.

"My dear Mrs. Nelson!"

"It's silly of me to cry out like this. But sometimes — Fisherville is trying at best — when Paula breaks out, as she did to-night, I can't bear it. It seems to me that since you have been in the house living has doubled its value. You've been like a rain on a dry garden. Oh, I've starved so long, — you can't think the joy it is to have some one to talk to, some one who does n't think I'm old — and — and foolish." She stopped with a pathetic little laugh.

Risley's sympathy was grateful as he reassured and calmed and encouraged.

"But surely Paula will marry?" he said at length.

"It is my only hope. She's so pretty. Yes, she'll marry. I hope she'll marry a man of her own kind, — some one who will love her and care for her and think she is perfect — Some one without brains," she finished slowly.

He smiled at her. He gave her, in his gentle regard, such a sense of her possession of him. She felt almost girlishly elated over his acceptance of her secret.

Whatever happened, now he understood her, and was not ashamed.

"Yes," he responded, "preferably some one without brains."

Mrs. Nelson added with a smile that was rueful: "If the man that Paula marries ever found out what I have said to you of myself, my feeling toward her, how he would hate me, — even though he might begin with a certain affection for Paula's mother."

"It would be a brute that hated you, dear Mrs. Nelson."

She loved him for his sense of her little tragedy.

### III

It was late in the dinner; the fairy lamps on either end of the table had begun to flicker. The Thorpe girls were wondering whether Mrs. Kitchell would actually be so stylish as to have black coffee, and if so, whether they would have to drink it without cream. The occasion — in honor of Risley — was eventful, for evening dinners in Fisherville were a little precious; and it was, too, rather bewildering. Mrs. Nelson and Risley had assumed control early; they had talked, to be sure, over the head of Fisherville, yet Fisherville admitted their unquestionable superiority, — all save Paula. She resented being, as she put it to herself, shut out in the cold. Besides, Mattie Kitchell had observed the kindly snubs that Risley had unwittingly administered to Paula.

After all, it was black coffee; and during the leisurely elegance of it, Paula took matters into her own hands. She spoke with a confiding air of ownership.

"Mr. Risley, Mattie and I have been thinking that it would be lovely to give a little dance at Fisher's Hall on the tenth. It's leap year, you know, and so we girls are going to invite the men. Will you go with me?"

It was daring; Fisherville gasped.

Risley's eyes sought Mrs. Nelson with a light of understanding. That lady was

between shame and confidence. He smiled gently as he shook his head.

"Indeed, Miss Paula, you honor me exceedingly, but, unfortunately, I am obliged to decline the gracious invitation. For the truth is, your mother and I have made a delightful little plan of our own for that very date."

Fisherville rubbed its hands in secret joy. Competition between mother and daughter was excitingly new; but for the mother to win, — well, that was scandalously worth hearing. Nor did it fail to note Paula's angry red face.

It was like Mrs. Nelson on the way home to say with an eager humility: "Please, Mr. Risley, don't think of me in this matter. I'm an old woman, and I must n't assume too much. If Paula — you understand — our little plan" —

His courtly response was the best thing in the world.

"My dear Mrs. Nelson, I assure you that nothing could come up to make me prefer any pleasure to our hearing of the *Merchant of Venice*."

Not in years had anything so appealed as Risley's suggestion that the two of them go to Chicago on the tenth, hear a famous pair of actors in the *Merchant*, and return late that night to Fisherville. In the succeeding fortnight Mrs. Nelson was buoyant. The gray poplin was indeed beautifully reconstructed. The forgotten sound of orchestras was in her ears; she heard the stir of the crowd, the gasp at the rising curtain. It had been so long since she had seen a Shakespeare play. And now to go, almost like a girl, with Risley, — it was everything to her, she acknowledged joyously. Not even sullen little Paula must spoil it.

And then Paula airily departed, having tossed aside the dance, for a visit out of town, — that was a relief, too. Mrs. Nelson's mind had a really big clear space.

The day before their expedition — always a day of foreboding to those of few pleasures — Paula's telegram came. She was returning home that night. But that, in the long run, did not matter; the Kit-

chells would look out for her in Mrs. Nelson's absence.

Risley was good enough to meet Paula at the station. They walked home together in the crisp air. The confidence of her hand on his arm, the gayety of her, her triviality of chattering talk, her acceptance of him as friendly fact, — it all made for a patronizing geniality toward her.

"You're awfully nice and strong," she said as he helped her along over the icy places. "So you and the lady are going off junketing, and are going to leave poor little Paula all alone?" she pouted plaintively. Risley admitted it smilingly.

"Indeed, Miss Paula" —

"Oh, I know. Mamma's splendid, she has brains. I'm a terrible disappointment to her, I know. She thinks I don't understand that I tire her and disappoint her and annoy her, — but I do. Poor mamma; she's had an awfully mean time of it always; and then to have me thrust on her! She bears it like an angel; you both do. Even though you think me silly — and foolish, and stupid."

Her face, in the chance glow of a street lamp, was tremendously pathetic and appealing. She was a tiny little sheep — out of the fold of culture.

Paula sighed.

Risley felt a glow of good-natured protection.

When they reached the Nelson gate Paula loosened her hold on Risley. Suddenly he heard her fall, and turning apprehensively found her lying there unconscious, deadly still. . . .

So when Paula came home it was in Risley's arms.

Mrs. Nelson, meeting them at the door, saw him stalk by her — with a terrified word of explanation — and carry his burden bravely up the stairs to her bed.

The outcome of the accident had nothing of seriousness in it. As Risley and Mrs. Nelson sat before the fire late — Paula had gone to sleep like a pretty child — the older woman was conscious of a new restraint in him, a restraint he could not have confessed.

His eyes, at least, were utterly absent and turned, inadvertently, to the upper room; the gleam in them was not of mentality.

She spoke presently: "We must give up our excursion to-morrow." The dignity of her motherhood put any regret out of her voice.

"Oh yes, — you are right. Poor little Paula, — she is all right, you think?" His variation of inflection was a study.

"You understand so. Oh yes, she is all right, — a little jarred, but quite all right," she answered quietly.

To Risley Mrs. Nelson's response was curiously apathetic and cold; he resented her. Her own thoughts were busy over the kindness of the man and the irritation that he must feel at having his plans go awry. She hid him in the cloud of her affection.

Her sense of the situation prevented her from saying the things that inevitably she had to feel, — things that had to do with her helpless disappointment, her little resentment, her regret for his disquietude. She could not but notice, however, that he suggested no future carrying out of their plans.

Presently she left him by the fire, where he sat afterward, alone. She wondered, in her own room, what his meditations were, and felt a strange, ill-at-ease consciousness of something gone wrong. If she had but guessed the truth!

Egbert Risley was alive with the wonderful memory of little Paula. Not the old little Paula, — but a new little Paula whom even now he held in his arms, tingling with the joy of it.

He had lifted her, out at the gate, at

first with fear and misgiving; then as he felt her in his arms, deadly still, unconscious, her pretty hair loosened about her face, he held her close and strong, wonderingly, with awe. The warm touch of her skin sent his head reeling; the dark line of her lashes on the colorless perfection of her cheeks made him suddenly breathless. It seemed to him, on the instant, that she must never go out of his arms again, the old masculine primitive protection like a little flame in him; and then, she seemed too frail, too wonderfully, perfectly fashioned for the coarseness and meanness of his touch, he dared not hold her longer. For the first time in his twenty-seven burned-out years, Risley held a girl in his arms — and tumultuously knew it. He did not question the elemental fact.

And if, in the beautiful impulse of it, he had kissed little Paula's closed eyes, that was a matter between himself and —

Before the fire, crumbling and charring into glowing ashen heaps, it was just Paula for him. Everything had fled from him but the glory of the burden he had borne up the stairs.

The room, in its placid silence, became but a haze, the world was a haze; he stared hypnotically into the point of light before him, entranced.

For hours and hours Risley sat before the fire, and always little Paula was in his arms.

The pale face of a new day — such a new day! — peered wanly in at the windows. Vaguely he guessed the truth that this day was to tell him, and Paula, — and Paula's mother.

## ON IMPROVING THE STYLE OF THE BIBLE

BY J. H. GARDINER

IN recent times we have heard much of new versions of the Bible which shall freshen its message and restore the vivifying power of its great truths. It has been discovered that there is something deadening in the old division into verses, and a hidden but magical virtue in the restoration of paragraphs; and that new light clothes the poetical passages when they are printed in broken lines. In somewhat the same spirit there are writers who look on a preference for the King James Version over the Revised as a willful choice of darkness rather than light, and a sign of blind mediævalism; and who hold that the language of the old version, not being the language of the street and of the newspaper to-day, is unintelligible and repellent to our modern babes and sucklings; so that ministers and Sunday-school teachers must translate it laboriously into commonplace words in order to make clear that the book is inspired.

One need not go far afield for examples of this spirit, nor to such extravagant examples of this spirit as the following, from an article in the *Biblical World* of the University of Chicago:—

“As a people Israel followed a zigzag pathway down through antiquity. It was also beset by unnumbered difficulties of various kinds. It led through daring and danger, through woes and foes, through knavery and slavery, through water, waste and war into the promised land. Once here, Canaan on the right of them, on the left of them, in front of them, and among them rallied and plundered.”

In a tempered and intelligently considered form the love of paraphrase appears in many Scripture histories. Here is an example from a recent work of scholarly importance; it is a paraphrase of the stirring account of the murder of Jezebel in 2 Kings ix:—

“Jehu had not followed Ahaziah, but, giving command to his adjutant to throw the body of Joram into the vineyard of Naboth, he himself proceeded to secure the palace. Jezebel, as queen-mother, had continued to rule the kingdom after the death of Ahab. Her death was even more necessary than the death of her son. She was not ignorant of what was going on and was doubtless aware that the hearts of her people were estranged from her. Nothing was left her except to meet death as a queen should meet it. So she arrayed herself in her royal robes, and from a window that commanded the palace gate, saluted the entering enemy. ‘Hail, thou Zimri, thou assassin!’ was the cry that uttered all her scorn. Jehu could only reply: ‘Who are you, to bandy words with me?’ ‘Then, as he saw the servants near her, he commanded them to pitch her headlong from the window. None seemed able to resist his will, and the eunuchs threw her down. Her blood spattered the wall, and her body was mangled by the hoofs of the plunging horses. Such was the end of the imperious Jezebel, daughter of kings, wife of a king, mother of kings. Her unscrupulous acts brought destruction upon herself and upon her children, but we can hardly refuse our tribute of admiration to the right royal way in which she met her fate.”

So strong is this feeling that the old language of the English version has lost its virtue, that a body of anonymous scholars has set forth a *Twentieth Century New Testament*, whose origin, as they declare, lay in “the discovery that the English of the Authorized Version (closely followed in that of the Revised Version), though valued by the more educated reader for its antique charm, is in many passages difficult for those who are less educated, or is even unintelligible to them.



The retention, too, of a form of English no longer in common use not only gives the impression that the contents of the Bible have little to do with the life of our own day, but also requires the expenditure of much time and labor on the part of those who wish to understand or explain it." Here are some examples of their labors. From Matthew xxiii:—

"The Rabbis and Pharisees now occupy the chair of Moses. Therefore practice and lay to heart everything they tell you, but do not follow their example, for they preach but do not practice. While they make up heavy loads and pile them on other people's shoulders, they decline, themselves, to lift a finger to remove them. Indeed, all their actions are done to attract attention. They widen the texts which they wear as charms, and increase the size of their tassels, and like having the place of honour at dinners, and the front seats in the Synagogues, and being greeted in the streets with respect, and being called Rabbi by everybody."

And from Luke xii:—

"Think of the lilies, how they grow! they neither toil nor spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his grandeur was not robed like one of them. If then God dressed in this way the very wild-flowers, which are living to-day and will be used for the oven to-morrow, how much more will he do the same for you, you men of small faith! And so in your case, do not be eager about what you can get to eat or what you can get to drink, and do not live in a state of suspense."

Concerning such results, of which I shall presently quote some more examples, one must admit that they attain the level of style of the daily newspaper. They certainly do not cloud the meaning by any glamour of literary distinction.

Still further examples of this desire to put meaning into the words of the Bible may be found in the studies in "Comparative Translation" set forth in the *Biblical World* in each number since January, 1903, in which the authors present a short passage in the original

language, followed by the rendering of the Authorized and the Revised Versions, and then by a number of modern renderings, ending with "a translation of the editors, which will seek to express the idea as one would now express it if the idea were quite new, and he wished to tell it to some one else." Here are two examples of their results: In Ecclesiastes xi, 1: For the "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days," of the Authorized, they suggest: "Do good even to those from whom you may expect no gratitude and no return: after years of waiting you will find your reward." The second is from 1 Peter i, 17-21, where the Authorized reads:—

"And if ye call on the Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to every man's work, pass the time of your sojourning here in fear:

"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers:

"But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot:

"Who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you,

"Who by him do believe in God, that raised him up from the dead, and gave him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God."

Here these clarifiers and improvers of the text offer us the following:—

"God your Father requires of you, as of all men, a holy life. He has lifted you from your pagan ideals and practices to this higher plane of living, not by an ordinary commercial transaction, but by the giving of his own perfect Son. This supreme blessing to men, which God planned before he created them, has now been bestowed in Christ, whom he raised from the dead and exalted to heaven. You therefore have the best reason to trust God and to hope through his assistance to live aright."

The spirit of which these quotations are crass examples is tolerably widespread, as may be seen from the number and variety of modern renderings quoted by the *Biblical World*. The advance of scholarship has made possible the many corrections of the old text which are set forth in the Revised Version; and in technical works scholars are apt to cut entirely loose from the old phrasing in order to reach a higher degree of accuracy. For all such efforts there is undoubtedly a call and a need; otherwise scholarly and earnest men, who give their lives to the spread of the Gospel, — Good News, as the *Twentieth Century New Testament* translates the word, — would hardly have spent so much time on the task. Forms of words which are familiar tend to lose their hold on the attention; and in the case of the Bible there is an especial danger that the words may pass through the mind without making much articulate impression, since many of us have first known them through church services or family reading in the earlier days of childhood. At that age many words must be heard without understanding; so that afterwards, we may for a long time listen to them without ever clearly realizing their actual meaning and implications. For this vague and unapprehending kind of reading the modern paraphrases are a correction. The very unfamiliarity of the phrasing pricks the mind to attention; and a flagrant and ugly incongruousness between the thought and its form forbids the diffused, half-dreaming enjoyment which sometimes veils for us the precise meaning of a passage in the Authorized Version.

Moreover, it is also true that in many cases the words which to the scholar of the sixteenth century were natural and true renderings of the Hebrew and Greek, to-day are either somewhat archaic or have been found to be inaccurate. *Thou* or *ye* for *you*, *swine* for *pigs*, *sore afraid*, all being no longer in familiar use, have a somewhat different connotation for us than they had for Tindale and his suc-

cessors. So, on the other hand, modern historians are probably right in holding that it gives us a clearer notion of the real facts, to call Barak the Sheikh of Naph-tali, and David, in the days of his alliance with the Philistines, the Emir of Ziklag. Nevertheless, one may doubt whether strangeness or inaccuracy in such minutiae ever produced any serious misunderstanding. To children many more words are unfamiliar than their elders suspect; as the teacher in Minnesota would testify, who, in reading the *Wreck of the Hesperus* with her class, discovered that to some of them the word "schooner" meant only a vessel to hold beer; or as was the case with the child who, hearing Sunday after Sunday the lines of the hymn, "The lambs He in His arms doth hold, and in His bosom bears," pictured to herself a mingled burden of white lambs and woolly black cubs. Teachers of children must be resigned to "the expenditure of much time and labour," not to speak of quick and sympathetic imagination, if they are always to keep the imaginations of their charges from ever roving in strange directions. And even a grown-up reader must put up with some inaccuracy of understanding in details if his reading has much range, since he can keep himself posted only in the larger results of current scholarship.

Nevertheless, as I have said, one must recognize the good service paraphrases and fresh translations may do by correcting and vivifying impressions of meanings when they are become either vague and inaccurate or else dulled through easy familiarity. It is well that we should be made to realize the Oriental setting of the Old Testament, and the homely simplicity of Jesus' intercourse with his disciples; and in so far as the language of the Authorized Version obscures such facts it needs correction.

On the other hand, when paraphrase or retranslation shows such unskillfulness in the use of language as characterizes the *Twentieth Century New Testament* or the renderings of the *Biblical World*, the ac-

tual loss of meaning is greater than the gain. Translation calls for a thorough and sensitive knowledge of two languages and high skill in the use of one; and skill in the use of a language means not only a nice feeling for the distinctions between synonyms, but also a feeling for the associations which give the color to words, and for the rhythm which gives life to connected discourse. One may easily attain novelty by disregarding such matters in a translation of the Bible, but neither full expressiveness nor universal acceptance and permanence.

Mere literary ineptitude, however, needs no serious discussion. What I wish to consider here is rather the diminished power of expression that one notices in reading even the best of modern translations and paraphrases; and in the second place the special source of power which lies in the sensuous form of style, over and above the meaning of the words. Thus we may arrive at a definition or indication of some of the attributes which are essential, over and above literal accuracy, to an adequate translation of the Scriptures. Some comparison of modern versions or paraphrases with the corresponding passages of the Authorized will provide us a favorable base for such a study, since the substance is the same, and the difference in power of expression therefore lies almost entirely in the less tangible elements of the style.

In this discussion one must not neglect the fact that the hold of the old version on our feelings is due in part to long familiarity; for in such matters mere strangeness creates dislike. The intimacy with which the Bible is woven into English literature is, without doubt, in considerable degree a result of the absorption of our fathers in the stories and teachings of the book. On the other hand, if the view which I shall here set forth be sound, this close and affectionate acquaintance with the book is in itself partly due to the musical attributes of the style; and we can point to the slight hold which the French Bible, which is inferior in just

these respects, has gained on the French people, contrasted with the strong and deep hold of the German and English versions, each of them masterpieces of style, as a partial confirmation of this view.

In secular writings we call the special power of style to move the feelings eloquence, and recognize its potency without question. Only in matters which fall under the sway of scholarship is it commonly neglected. In no case is it susceptible of any thorough analysis and definition, for it is bound up with the deeper emotions and feelings of mankind, which cannot be reasoned about. Nevertheless one can point out, on the one hand, some aspects of the fundamental truths which can be expressed only by these non-rational and indefinable qualities of style; and, on the other hand, can name some, at any rate, of the attributes or qualities which a style must possess if it is to express such truths.

In the first place we may point out that the deeper and more elemental truths come to us by intuition rather than by reasoning: and that truths thus intuitively apprehended have an especial and coercive power of conviction. Faith, whether in the power of the Gospel or in the present and future dominance of science, is more compelling than reason. Moreover, in almost all our active life, we arrive at our conclusions by intuition or feeling; we judge of our acquaintances, we buy or sell, we choose our books or our occupations, because of causes which we can never exhaustively explain even to ourselves. Much more is this true of our apprehension of the underlying truths and principles which determine the set and tendency of our thought. We give elaborate and ingenious reasons why we are idealists or rationalists, believers or agnostics; and all the time the real cause lies far below the soundings of analysis in temperamental feelings too vague and diffused to be brought within the limits of a definition, too impalpable to be drawn into any process of abstraction. The per-

ennial failure of metaphysicians to catch one another by the most cunningly and strongly woven arguments is the standing example of the prepotence of intuition, even in what we call our intellectual life.

This helplessness of reason and logic is much more obvious in the field of religion, where of necessity, if God is infinite and the soul is immortal, we must be content in this life to see through a glass darkly. Here the most that we can hope for is to have glimpses of the truth; for the truth itself, being infinite, must transcend finite powers of apprehension and definition. In the matters, therefore, with which the Bible is concerned intuition is our only means of grasping the truth; and forms of speech which have been invented to express reasoning by analysis and abstraction are of no service. Our intuition of such truths can at best be only shadowed forth, and then only by that inspired use of language which we call eloquence.

In the second place, as all men recognize, the element of emotion, which is inseparable from intuition, is even less separable from religion. How large a part it plays in any given case depends on temperament: in those churches where music and a luxuriant ritual are the chief constituents of worship emotion is the largest part of the force that moves to a pure and charitable life; and even in the extreme forms of Puritanism the minister in his prayers aims to inform both his audience and his Maker of the emotion welling up within his soul that makes for righteousness. But whether warm and dominant, or cool and restrained, this emotion is the essential characteristic of religion.

We may say, therefore, that any translation of the Bible which shall be at all adequate to its task must be able to express those deep truths which we can reach only by intuition, and those large and noble emotions which make religion an active force in the world.

The language of such a translation will, as I have said, have little to do with the expression of abstract reasoning, for there

is none such in the Bible; and it will therefore need few of the abstract and general words in which philosophers and theologians delight. But in proportion as abstract words of a precise denotation are less important, the connotation of concrete words, and the expressive power of rhythm become a larger and pressing necessity. It is a fundamental truth in rhetoric that those overtones of meaning which we call connotation inhere in the concrete word, and fade out as a vocabulary becomes abstract; and that the expression of feeling is through this connotation, which includes all those emotional associations and implications of a word which elude the makers of dictionaries. Mr. Kipling's fine lines from *The Five Nations* —

“The solemn firmament marches,  
And the hosts of heaven rise” —

express more of the feelings which fill one when out at night under the great field of the stars than all the terms of scientific precision by which the nebular hypothesis must be expounded. Feeling and emotion cannot be expressed by abstract and general words.

Now this is one point in which modern translations and paraphrases of the Bible tend to fail. Let us begin with a piece of simple narrative, and compare with the modern historian's account of the death of Jezebel, quoted above, the following from the Authorized Version:—

“And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it; and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window.

“And as Jehu entered in at the gate, she said, Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?

“And he lifted up his face to the window, and said, Who is on my side? who? And there looked out to him two or three eunuchs.

“And he said, Throw her down. So they threw her down: and some of her blood was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses: and he trode her under foot.”

Apart from the loss of swiftness and

compactness in the modern paraphrase, it will be noticed that the words are far more general. "So she arrayed herself in her royal robes" for "she painted her face and tired her head" is the most striking example. Even if the latter words do convey to us to-day a somewhat wrong impression, yet they have a vividness which has fixed the popular idea of Jezebel for all time. A more instructive example we may find by comparing a verse from 1 Corinthians xiii, in the accepted version, with the rendering of the same verse in the *Twentieth Century New Testament*. In the former it is (I quote from the Revised Version in order to avoid the contrast between "love" and "charity"): "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." In the latter it is: "Love is long-suffering and kind. Love is never envious, never boastful, never conceited, never behaves unbecomingly." Here the difference between "suffereth long" and "is long - suffering," and still more that between "is not puffed up" and "never conceited," is the difference between a concrete, figurative phrase, in which the burden of the meaning is in the connotation, and a more abstract and general expression, in which the feeling is paler. The mere physical figure of speech in "is not puffed up" expresses an emotion in the only way that emotion can be expressed, that is, by naming the bodily sensations from which, as the psychologists tell us, emotions are inseparable and indistinguishable. In this special case any one can find a striking proof of the psychologists' theory in the vivid response of his own consciousness to the figure. Here the modern version, by substituting the paler phrase "is never conceited," loses in force of connotation, and therefore in the power of expressing and arousing emotion. Some more striking examples of this inseparable dependence of any appeal to the feelings on concreteness of phrasing may be found in the declaration of God's omnipotence in the answer of the Al-

mighty from the whirlwind, in Job xxxviii, and in St. Paul's triumphant declaration of immortality, in 1 Corinthians xv. No poetry is more highly figurative — or, in other words, more concrete — than these passages; and their expressive power — apart from the rhythm, which I shall consider later — lies chiefly in this concreteness of the words; for the full contents of such splendid declarations of faith cannot be expressed through the denotation of abstract words. Here style, if it is to be in any way adequate to its task, must fall back on its power of connotation, which can lift the imagination to regions which the intellect, proceeding soberly by the measuring staff of definition, can never attain.

In general, one may say that this cooler and paler tone is the almost inevitable tendency of all modern translations. Since the sixteenth century the English language has been enriched chiefly in the abstract and general words which have been adapted, mostly from the Latin and Greek, to express the constantly enlarging range of scientific and philosophical thought: and we write naturally and necessarily nowadays in these abstract terms from which the figurative force has long since faded out. Where Tindale wrote "suck out the sweet pith of the Scriptures," we should say "extract the essence;" and thereby, with what is to us the quaintness, lose also the eagerness and delight which color his words with their halo of feeling. Even when we take into account the love of picturesque phrases which effervesced into the affectations of euphuism in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and clothed itself in soberer colors in the quaintness of Thomas Fuller a couple of generations later, we must still recognize that King James's companies of revisers in 1611 must sometimes have adopted concrete and even figurative forms of expression for the reason that the abstract word had not yet been assimilated in the language. The same change in the character of the language shows in the richer colors of



Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, as compared with Langhorne's or Clough's, in the liveliness of Shelton's *Don Quixote*, and in general in the warmth and life of all the translations of the period. The difference lies in the emotional richness of the expression: and that goes back directly to the greater or less degree of concreteness in the vocabulary.

There is still another fact to take into account here. Along with the enrichment of the language through the constant acquisition of new abstract words, and the consequent gain in range and precision of thought, there has gone a considerable increase in the number of words which are used vaguely and lazily. Every general word will for an indolent thinker take the place of several specific words: *move*, for example, in an abstract but vague way, covers the meaning of *run*, *hop*, *slide*, *roll*, *tumble*, and a host of other specific words. In many cases these abstract words are hardly more definite than gestures: we use such counters of speech as *element*, *relation*, *result*, *effect*, without ever stopping to come to close quarters with their meaning. For several years I have set a class of sophomores in Harvard College to study a textbook in which *elements of style*, *principles of style*, and *qualities of style* are used as technical terms; and not three students in a hundred get them straight in their minds on the first reading. This is no doubt an extreme case: but it is safe to say that the general careless use of common abstract terms has largely dulled their expressiveness. Our modern use of language, therefore, tends not only to be less concrete, but also to be vaguer and duller than that of our fathers. This danger obviously makes more difficult the task of modern revisers of the Bible. Unless their scholarship is mated to a keen sense of the expressiveness of words, their revisions will lose both in color and in precision; and even where a writer himself uses these commoner abstract words with entire precision, he cannot always forestall laziness of attention in his readers.

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We may conclude, therefore, that in so far as any modern version tends to substitute abstract and general words for concrete, that version tends to lose its power of communicating an essential and invaluable part of the message which the Bible has to bring to us. Such abstract and colorless renderings as I have quoted above are as translations neither adequate nor accurate.

It is not only in the connotation of words and phrases, however, that the power inheres to express the deep and noble feelings which are so large a part of religion; it lies also in the rhythm and other purely sensuous attributes of the style. Here we approach the realm of music; and we are therefore dealing with a power of expression which appeals to various people in very different degrees; and just as there are people to whom music means nothing at all, so there will be many for whom these musical qualities of style do not exist. We should not argue from the case of Darwin that the temperament of such people lacks the emotional depths in which religious feelings find their scope. Nor, on the other hand, should such people argue that since they themselves are not sensitive to the musical expression of language, therefore such expression is either non-existent or of little value. Here we are in a field where the blind must have as much charity for the sight of the seeing as the seeing have for their blindness.

At the same time it must be clearly recognized that in dealing with the expressive power of rhythm and assonance, even more than in the case of connotation, one must never try to define: here we are entirely in the realms of feeling, where one cannot even begin to explain. All I shall try to do here is to suggest and to make somewhat more tangible the mode of expression of forces which must always hover beyond the limits of man's comprehension. That style has this special power of expression inherent in its pure sound would seem to be too much a truism to need expounding: yet scholars in their



absorption with the tasks which are within the power of learning seem continually in danger of ignoring those things which lie beyond.

The power of music to express and arouse feelings and moods by pure sound is generally recognized. Even the man to whom a symphony orchestra makes only wearisome noises will find himself stirred by the blare and beat of a good brass band; and in this crasser form one can almost recognize in the thrilling of the flesh the responsive sensations which are the excitement. As music rises to higher forms, to subtler rhythms and harmonies and mingling of tones, it gains in the power to body forth those deeper, more diffused moods which for lack of more exact expression we call stirrings of the soul. Now since the symbols of style are in the first place symbols for the sounds of the human voice, style shares to some degree this power of music to body forth by direct appeal to the ear these feelings which must always elude articulate expression through the meaning of the words. How far this power of music and of the musical sound of language lies in the qualities and successions of the sound, and how far in the beat of the rhythm, one cannot say, even if it were necessary for our present purpose to know. All that we need recognize here is that the sensuous forms of style are in themselves an expression of some part of man's consciousness.

One may go somewhat farther, and declare that in these sensuous attributes style finds much of its power to express those deep and noble emotions which, as we have seen, are so large a part of religion. The case of the Authorized Version of the Bible cannot be cited here without seeming to beg the question. Perhaps the best example outside the Bible lies in the prayers and collects of the Book of Common Prayer. These prayers and collects, which were first translated into English by Cranmer and his associates before the middle of the sixteenth century, maintain their hold today on the affections of the Church of

England and of the Episcopal Church of America; and the tendency of other churches to the adoption of a liturgy points perhaps to a wider place for them in the future. In the special aspect of their expression with which I am now dealing one may carry this appeal much farther back and to a much wider field. For Cranmer took over most of these collects and prayers from the old service books of the Roman Church, which in turn had gathered them from the writings of the ancient fathers of the church back to the time of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Chrysostom. With the genius of the sixteenth century for translation Cranmer transferred to the English not only the meaning of the words, but also the rich sound and rhythm of the mediæval Latin; and that without the use of Latinate words. Here are two examples, — the first the collect for the Fifth Sunday after Easter, the other that for the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity. I give first the English, then the Latin of each.

“O Lord, from whom all good things do come; Grant to us thy humble servants, that by thy holy inspiration we may think those things that are good, and by thy merciful guiding may perform the same.”

“Deus, a quo bona cuncta procedunt, largire supplicibus tuis, ut cogitemus te inspirante quæ recta sunt et te gubernante eadem faciamus.”

“Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may by thee be plenteously rewarded.”

“Excita, quaesumus, Domine, tuorum fidelium voluntates ut, divini operis fructum propensius exequentes, pietatis tuæ remedia majora percipiant.”

In these cases, as in so many others in the book, one notices the small number of obviously Latinate words, and yet at the same time cannot help being struck by the similarity of the rhythm and coloring of the English to the Latin. This achievement in translation by which

Cranmer clothed a non-Latinate style with the organ-like richness of his Latin originals has not been surpassed in English.

It will undoubtedly be objected here that the example is of little force, since these prayers are known in this country to a very small number of people; and that the great mass of Americans, as well as a considerable percentage of English people, being descendants in religion of the Puritans and other protestants against the established church of England, find no comfort in a liturgy, and therefore no sympathetic expression in these prayers. The objection is sound and valid, but only within limits; for as we pointed out above, the bigotry of dissent is no less ignorant than the bigotry of response. I am here trying to deal with facts; and it is a fact that these collects and prayers are to great numbers of earnest people the most satisfying expression which they can find of deep religious feelings. This lasting power of appeal we may ascribe in part to the insight of the original writers into the spiritual needs of the soul; in part to the rich musical qualities which have been brought over with so little loss of color and fullness to the English. And we may think that, just as a cheerful frame of mind sometimes betrays the most unmusical and sedate of men into strange attempts at the whistling or humming of tunes, so here, in the case of these noblest and most searching of all emotions, the strong coloring of the sounds is at least as important a part of the power of expression as is the choice of the single words. Even the Ethical Society makes music a part of its cool and sober proceedings: and when we turn to religion we find music a spontaneous and almost universal part of worship. We may conclude, therefore, that the power of language to express religious feeling is inseparably bound up with rich coloring of tone and strong pulsation of the rhythm.

These same qualities of sound — the subdued richness, the strong beat of the rhythm and all the other subtler attributes

which clothe the style with its simple and unconscious earnestness — are found likewise in the Authorized Version of the Bible. These qualities we owe chiefly to Tindale, the first translator. He set the style of our English version; his scholarship, his genius for language, fused by the heat of devotion to his mission and his deep piety, and guided by his passionate desire to bring the Gospel into the hands of the common people, wrought out a style which was worthy of the message which it was to carry. Though he did not complete the translation of the Old Testament, yet the New Testament and the historical books of the Old Testament which came from him needed only revision in details: and it is the crowning merit of the line of revisers down to and including King James's companies that they were wise enough not to try to renovate the style. They all instinctively recognized and respected not only the simplicity and the concreteness of the words, but also the rich possibilities of expression in the unaffected rhythm and the warm tones of the sound. In the sensuous qualities of the style, as well as in the literal accuracy of the words, they made constant slight improvements. A striking instance of this instinct for the expressive power of pure sound is in the splendid climax to St. Paul's declaration of immortality. In the verse "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" the two sonorous O's were first inserted by the revisers of 1611; and the eloquence of the passage thus lifted to its final height. We must hold ourselves fortunate that the work of Tindale was completed by men who united to the best scholarship of the day such sensitiveness of ear and genius for expression; and that the authoritative revision of their work in the nineteenth century fell into the hands of men who in perfecting the literal accuracy were not insensible to the spiritual expression of their text.

It is in the neglect of these possibilities of expression that one sees the second weakness of most modern revisions and

paraphrases. We must count almost among the lost arts the wonderful power which all writers of the sixteenth century had of clothing their words with the strong and varied coloring of emotion. Writing is drier and cooler to-day; and besides, students of the Bible must nowadays carry too heavy a burden of learning to the consideration of each single word to give to their style the strong flow which alone can create rhythm. Unfortunately, in too many cases they seem to have lost not only the command for these subtler capacities of style, but even the respect for them; so that despising them as matters of mere literary sweetness and charm, they leave their revisions bare, rough, and jolting. But bare and jolting language cannot express deep feeling; and unless modern translators and revisers of the Bible recognize that much of its meaning can be brought to expression only through these impalpable overtones of style, their labors, though perhaps necessary, can be only partial and ephemeral in result.

When we go back to the real value of

the Bible we shall see how important are these considerations. The book has not survived through so many generations of men merely because it contains a national literature of extreme interest or because it is a fascinating mine for archæologists. It is treasured because it communicates great truths and arouses in men the deepest and most ennobling emotions. If it be set before us in words which have none of the stimulating power of connotation, and therefore no capacity to set the imagination soaring, it may set forth the views of theologians about the truth, but it cannot give glimpses of those truths which pass human understanding. And if the rhythm of its language be flattened out and the rich coloring of its tones be laboriously dulled, it loses its power to suffuse the workaday fields of life with deep and noble emotion. If modern scholars are to improve on the established versions they must not forget the fact that the definable meaning of words is only a part, and not necessarily the chief part, of the power of language to body forth the great truths which stir men's souls.

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## THE FERTILE HAND

BY EDITH RICKERT

If you knew Deirdre, you would understand what I am going to tell you of her. As it is — no, you cannot scoff; explain it as you will, the thing is true.

She has her name from the splendid heroic woman of Irish saga; but there is about her no breath of the divinity of the ancient Blessed Ones; she is rather of the "little people of the hills," who are all that is left to the world in place of those glorious spirits of old. Deirdre is frail of look, and moves like a reed in the wind, and you hear scarcely more of her footsteps. Her hair is like corn frosted before the harvest, and her eyes are like the water

of clear streams running over gray shale. And although she is no longer young, there is always upon her face the light of one who has known the fairies.

We often sit over the fire together — two lonely women in London; and sometimes she speaks of the strange things that befell her when she was still at home in Ireland. One evening, when she was in the mood, she told me of the Fertile Hand.

"I have it myself," says she, and glances keenly to see whether I must be numbered among the unbelievers.

"Well?" I saved myself.

"Yes, and it brings blessings to other people all the time, but to myself — I never mind that at all! I can't remember the beginning of it. I know I had it when we went to live at Killemara, dad and I. There was a shabby old house, and a garden that made you shiver — it was so full of decay. The first thing I saw in it was a fat grinning toad; and if it had n't been Ireland, you would have known there were adders among the stones of the rockery. The weeds were simply mobbing all the beds, — stinging nettles and docks and ugly, speckly things that were strange to me. There were some broken vases and a statue that had been blown over; and the ground everywhere had a settled mouldy look, as if nobody had turned it up for generations, and it had been quite given over to the dark things of the earth. . . .

"We could n't afford a gardener, and dad was too lame to hobble about much. He had just his pension then. He sat among his books and smoked; and I, when old Biddy - Bid was cross, — I would n't stay in the stuffy house where I was afraid of my own footsteps in the passages, — I went out into the garden and dug."

She stopped and reddened her slender little fingers against the flame, while I had a brief vision of a spidery, spindly child, bathed in yellow hair, struggling with a nettle-bed.

"You won't believe me," she continued serenely, "but at the end of the summer that garden was a village wonder. And I was just nine years old. I could n't have done much; but all the old things that had lain in the earth forgotten for years cropped up and blossomed."

"The ground needed a stirring," quoth I.

"No doubt," she assented, with a dim smile.

"You planted seeds?"

"They all grew. And others were there that I had not sown. The village people used to come in and look; and when they saw me they always shook their heads.

"It was Pat Ryan, I think, who first asked if I might come to help him with his sowing. I walked up and down the furrows, and I scattered some of the grain. He was talking all the while, but it was in the Irish, and I cannot tell what he said. Anyway, he had the biggest crop of any farmer for miles around, — such a crop as nobody had seen the like of for seven years.

"After that I went to many a sowing, and I planted the praties weeks without end. And all the people in Killemara were running after me to bring the luck upon them, till at the last, when even the hens would not lay, 't was I must go and touch them all to bring the blessing. And once, when Molly O'Shane had lost her baby that she and Tim had prayed seven years to get — I was walking along the road when I heard the crying of women from the house, and one of them came out and brought me in, though I was frightened and drew back. But they took me up to Molly, where she sat turning over her apron with never a word nor a tear, and I — I touched her."

"And was it lucky?" I asked, as Deirdre sank into a dream.

"Lucky? What? Who?" she exclaimed, starting up; and then she remembered what she had been saying. "Oh, Molly! She screamed and pushed me so hard that I fell and scraped my knee on the mud floor; I walked lame all the way home, I remember. And she cried out that it would never be the same at all, at all; but then she fell a-sobbing and it was better with her. And nine months after — to a day, mind you — there came another baby. It was a wonder — just; but I cannot tell you how it happened."

There fell a silence between us; but at length I asked: "And was that the only time you ever touched a woman?"

She turned her face away, and I felt rather than saw that the tears were falling as softly and swiftly and silently as one of her own Irish showers.

"No," she whispered, and while I

mentally cursed my blundering tongue, she added: "I will tell you about it."

"Not if you" — I protested.

"I do want to. There's no reason why it should always be kept sealed — least of all from you. I — besides — I was happy in it — I am happy — as happy as only an old woman can be."

She leaned forward and the firelight touched rosily all the frosted hairs in the yellow web.

"He — you must not ask his name, because — well, you can see his pictures in the Academy every year, and the nation has bought two. I — we used to go sketching together. He came to Killemara when I was a slip of a girl, dreaming dreams of how I was to go out into the world and do great things. I painted then. My father said I had a sense of color, but — I could not draw. And he said I had vision. Perhaps I had, but it did not take the place of technique when I came over to London and tried to sell my pictures. While he was there, I liked better to let him do all the painting, while I told him my visions. They sold well — some of them — afterwards: there was the Lake-Fairy on a Water Lily and the Sphinx of the Pool of Killemara, and there was the Ring of Monks that danced round an apple tree, tipped with the flames of hell, that grew in their cloister."

"Oh," said I, "that means" —

"Don't guess," says she, "and don't ask. It was so long ago. What does it matter? . . . Well, he went away to London, and the winter was long; and then in the summer he came, and the days were on wings. For three years he came and went — and we were very good friends. Then, one day — it was wet and he was painting me, just me by the old kitchen fireplace at home — he suddenly told me that he would be married within a little while.

"I sat perfectly still — he was doing my face just then — and when I was allowed to speak I told him how glad I was.

"And then he said, 'Next week she is coming with her mother to see my dear

Killemara. Will you be kind to her?'

"I tried — I tried to be kind to her, but I have never hated any one so much. She was beautiful, as I never was, and she dressed always as she should, while I, in my patched cotton frocks, had to cover up the holes in the carpet with old rugs, and to count out whether there were enough cups and saucers that matched for tea. It was bitter, for she was rich.

"I could understand, oh so easily, how he came to love her. She had all the pretty ways that make men mad; and even though they were engaged, she still drew him on, and held him off, and made believe with others and all, until he was fairly out of his wits with love for her. But she did not trouble much about me, and I sometimes wondered . . . He asked me once for praise for her, and I said — truly — that I had never seen such a woman.

"It was the second summer after they were married that my father died. Then, you know, I came to London to do — oh, what is it that we will do when we are young? Do we ever really know?"

"But" — I protested. She was getting very far from the Fertile Hand.

"I — I'm coming to it. It is n't altogether easy to tell. After my seven years or so of hope and despair, I settled down on my little income just to be a contented old maid. Yes, I — I went early to see him in his studio; and once or twice he painted me. Not often. I could not go too often. And by degrees I found out that they were unhappy. His face told me at once, though he said never a word of it, or against her. Then, one day, I found them together quarreling, and he could not hide it from me. And another time she was angry and spoke bitterly against him. How I hated her! I used to shut my eyes sometimes just to fancy the joy of stabbing her to death. I could have done it, too; but I remembered him in time and how he would suffer by the scandal and all . . .

"Though I hated her so, I could not even then think her a wicked woman

exactly. She was only spoiled, exacting, and jealous and selfish,—not such terrible sins in the eyes of the world. She could not understand his love for his art. To her, painting was nothing more than a livelihood, and she thought that while she had the money and was willing to supply it — Well, she hindered him all she could. The two years that they had been married when I came to London he had done no good work at all,—only silly little decorative pieces. As I watched from week to week how it was going, how he grew more and more discouraged and pessimistic, I was fairly wild. I would have given everything I had or hoped to have to save him, but I could find no way. The woman was so abominably healthy and she gave him no legal cause for a divorce. One can't long be as miserable as I was then — not long and live. . . .

"But there was no way, dear; there really was none. I had just to stand by and see him go down — down . . . and his splendid gift shriveling up — through her fault.

"I could not be sorry for her — not even one day when I came into the studio and found her alone in a passion of tears. I don't know why she — told me — except that it was too late to conceal her unhappiness. All the while I hated every word she spoke; only — that did not mend his case.

"I sat down and tried to reason with her. Poor thing! — I can say it now. Then I had only contempt for the folly that was spoiling both their lives. I talked for him — for his career; and when I had no more breath, I knew that I was just where I began. She did not see. I don't think she even listened. So many women come to shipwreck there. Ah, when love is all the world to them, they cannot understand. . . .

"I found my hand upon her forehead. I did n't mean to put it there. I did not know — I hated her — and yet somehow the thing was done. We sat very still, and she presently fell asleep; so he came in upon us."

I thought she had lost the thread of her story altogether; but at last she said softly, —

"It was just a miracle."

"Do you mean?" — I sat up in my chair.

She nodded. "It came. I did not mean to do it, but it came. It was the way."

I shook my head, an unwilling skeptic.

"You do not believe me?" she said, smiling. "Well, I suppose nobody would. But it's true."

I pondered, knowing her to be wholly honest.

"It was not that she herself changed so much; but now that she has children, the dear things keep the peace. And soon — soon he began to paint again. He is a great man. Not wasted. And she is still abominably healthy; but — I don't mind."

"And you think you wrought the miracle?" I could not help asking.

"Not I," she said at once. "The way of *It* is just to bring the blessing un-awares."

The Fertile Hand — her faith in it was unshakable. . . .

She answered my thought: "There are some people who think they understand the world. I find it hard. But some things I know without any telling."

"But you yourself, Deirdre?" I began to urge.

"Ah, that's the way of the gift," she laughed. "He that hath it, lacks. His joy must come of the giving."

"And yours?" —

She would not let me finish. "Just," she said quietly, and went away from me to stand at my table by the window.

"Oh, don't look at those shriveled roses!" I exclaimed. "I forgot to throw them away this morning."

"Poor things!" says she, and touches them with light and loving fingers. "You should see my room now, dear; it's a perfect hospital for decrepit and disabled plants, collected from my neighbors. But the patients are all doing nicely, thank you. As for Mrs. Bateson's ferns, on the



top floor, I have to keep them two months out of every quarter. At the end of the odd month regularly they come down looking sick to death; but in a day or two they brighten up and look almost happy. . . . I must be going. Please don't remember about my hand, since you can't believe. I don't want to think of you among the scoffers."

I had no intention of scoffing, be sure. When she had gone, I went over to my table to write. Really, the roses were not so bad, — what had she been doing? I bent over and touched them; the petals were almost fresh and — and, yes — fragrant!

Then I took up my pen and wrote this. Do you scoff?

## ABIDING LONDON

BY DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY

THE dirge over Vanishing London which was raised in a recent *Atlantic* is one which must find an echo in the heart of every London-lover. And yet in the regret over each change, the sense of loss with which we wander in the *selva oscura* of hoardings and scaffoldings, missing our familiar nooks and byways, do we not lose sight of London's most mysterious power? For indeed London does not vanish, but abides. By some magic of its own the great city holds inviolate through all its changes the very atmosphere of the past, subduing the stones which yesterday saw hewn and piled to a semblance of the ancients they have invaded. It is hard, truly, to find that "London small and white and clean" of the poet's vision; but the London of Stowe's Survey — with walls yet unbroken, Holy Well running clear, and youthful citizens playing at quintain upon Cornhill — may still be seen by whoso looks for it aright. And the London of old Pepys may still be traced in scenes which would be strange enough to the quick-eyed, small-souled chronicler. Or, pacing the new embankment to-day, past the gray bulk of the Temple, one may catch the vagrant scent and defiant colors of Shakespeare's roses, Yorkist and Lancastrian, across the space of mist-veiled green. The very ground is new, reclaimed but lately from the reluc-

tant river, yet all the place is touched by the sense of far-off things, till it grows harmonious with that innermost sanctuary, the round Temple Church, where the crusaders sleep in basalt.

London cannot be disinherited of its memories and its dreams; more than any other city it has the secret of holding permanent shadows amid crumbling brick and evanescent stone. Perhaps it is the fog, forever unbuilding and rebuilding, or the vague half-effacements of mist, which work the magic; or again, those mystic suffusions of light in which near and familiar outlines are blurred and some far space is etched on a molten sky, remote and dominant. Certain it is that ghosts walk unabashed in London, not only when the tragic sunsets turn one's thoughts toward Tower Hill, but in quite an accustomed and friendly fashion; and their London has not really vanished, though the Strand be a wilderness of "improvements," and Booksellers' Row a thing of the past.

Let those desirous of finding how impregnably London holds its dreams — let them track those dreams through the thickest of the turmoil of change. The Strand, indeed, is laid waste; Holywell Street, dear resort of the booklover, is gone, and Wych Street with its gray, leaning gables. But, turning aside from that

highway where once grave John Evelyn stood and blessed God to see Charles II return to his own, there close at hand lies that other highway of the river, with all its freightage of dreams. Changed, indeed, is the river bank, but there, stranded and forgotten, very driftwood of the past, lifts the beautiful water-gate of York House, to whose steps no waves may wash nor any barge come gliding. The greensward is at its base in place of the green-gray water; but look for a while on the exquisite lines of it up to the curving shell which crests its archway, and the estranged river bears to those deserted steps the pomp of half-remembered pageants. Vanishing London? It is Charing Cross railway station and the embankment which vanish. Inigo Jones gate with the Villiers motto, that curious confession of faith, *Fedei Coticula Crux*, is real, and real no less the palace which is dust and memories, and the regal procession on the glimmering water, drawing toward these very stairs. See the tapestries brushing the current; the banners blown softly aslant; and hark, across the rush of the river and the rhythm of the oars, how the sound of music floats! One of Sedley's lightest lyrics, is it, or that dirge over "the glories of our birth and state" which the Merry Monarch loved?

Leaving that gateway into the past, it is easy, even in this new world of steam and iron, to find the ancient city, the brilliant fugitive court of other days. Tracing the highway of the Thames, that highway so abandoned, as fallen from all its statelier and more festive uses, what does it matter that the actual masonry about us is but of yesterday? Up sweeps the river mist, blurring the further bank till hospital, warehouse, what you will, is unbuilt, rebuilt to its former semblance. And the river remembers; steel-gray, steel-keen under rare winter sunlight, rippling to every nameless tint of jade, agate, and amber, touched sombrely by a sullen westerling sun, it is forever the river of remembrance. And to one who glances suddenly from that current, dim

or gleaming, to the gray, imperturbable Abbey, Westminster is to-day the spot of olden triumphs and tragedies more august. The superbly assertive tower of the House of Parliament subdues itself into inconsequent harmony with the spire of St. Peter's and the solemn Hall of Judgment; its late piled stones are the inheritors of those which echoed Eliot's clarion note for freedom, and they hold the dignity of their inheritance.

It may be protested that the Thames and Westminster Hall could dominate any scene, but it is not only in such consecrated spots that London exerts her wizardry. A few turns and not many steps, and the dreamer of dreams may pass from the busy streets to space and silence in St. James Park. They are planning a new road through the park now, are enlarging the Admiralty, and doing a number of irrelevant things. Nevertheless, St. James Park remains itself, loitering place once of kings, now of vagabonds, and always and in especial of one vagabond king. Among all the other doubtful improvements, one very desirable reinstatement has come to pass. James II has returned to the haunts which he knew so well. The noble bronze of the last Stuart king was removed from its place near Whitehall some time ago, and now it is set up between the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, looking across toward the pond. There he stands, — James, by the Grace of God, King, a stately figure in his Roman armor, with an arrogant, melancholy countenance. And the strange thing is that there is no strangeness in his surroundings, though no stone remains of all that he once looked upon. At his right hand bulks the Admiralty; its red flag, with the symbolic anchor, strikes a clear note of color against the sky. James of York was a good sailor and fighter once. The world forgets it, remembering his later forlorn frustration, but the Admiralty, modern building though it is, makes a fitting background for him. Linger a while by the statue, watch the brave flash of scarlet and steel

from the Horseguards, look across the green reaches of the park: and the newness fades from stone and brick. James might step down from his pedestal and enter the Admiralty, there to confer with his cousin and fellow admiral Prince Rupert. With the thought of that valiant leader of forlorn hopes come earlier, more tragic memories. Across St. James Park the White King walked to his death. But the statue and the park belong to the Restoration, and so characteristically put aside those darker visions. The Admiralty, doubtless, is concerned about the Dutch war: it was of Rupert's victory, not James's, that Dryden wrote those sounding lines which tell how

"Their navy still a stiff stretched cord did show,  
Till you bore in and bent them into flight."

A fine tense image of strife.

But the soldiers and their work keep somewhat disdainfully in the background. In the foreground, — why, the trim walks and green spaces would even now make a fair setting for those seekers of pleasure of whom Pepys and Grammont wrote. Yonder whisks my Lady Castlemaine's much bepraised lace petticoat; and there by the pond leans the black-a-vized gentleman with the sardonic smile, Charles II himself. Most companionable of ghosts is the Merry Monarch, not averse from passing light comments on men and things as he tosses bread to his waterfowl. The waterfowl are still there in actual fact, lineal descendants, it is claimed, of the king's pets, and help more than the bronze statue to hold past and present together. The fleets of Rupert and James of York sail no more the narrow seas; the dynasty which they served is no less driftwood; the vane of Whitehall has been set two centuries and more to the "protestant wind" which wafted William to England and James from his throne. But London preserves its essentials. King Charles's waterfowl quack and gobble happily in the pond, and James Stuart looks toward them from his pedestal. Charles himself could not hit on a comment more ironic.

But not alone in palace and pleasaunce does London hold itself inviolable. Out beyond the Horseguards lies the great Square of the Column, and Charles I rides in bronze on the spot where once the Regicides sealed the "good cause" with atoning blood. The royal statue and Nelson's column must settle matters as they can with the church, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, whose name babbles o' green fields indeed, and conjures back the time when wild roses grew along the Strand. Modern of moderns is Trafalgar Square, modern as the poet Henley who sang its praises; its swiftly passing crowds, its traffic, its quick stir of immediate interests, all glance by, as much things of the moment as the flashing drops of its fountains. And yet there are hours of twilight or of sunset haze when the great square grows remote and visionary, and there seems nothing anachronistic in the wreaths which latter-day Loyalists place beneath the king's statue, as if in homage to a wrong and grief still fresh.

And if Stuart London still abides in vanishing, — and let none doubt it who has ever recreated a bygone society from the sight of one link-holder in St. James Square, — even more tenacious is that elder London of priest and knight and burgess which holds its fastness in the city. Business enterprise may cut new streets and pile one story on another, but nothing serves to efface the "dread endearing stain of time," or to obliterate that little ancient town whose walls and gates and treasured fountains Stowe counts over with civic pride. In any keener air, in any light less lingering and reminiscent, the distinction between old and new would be sharply marked, and London's contrasts would not resolve themselves into harmony. As it is, the smoke with which we are all so fain to quarrel touches the new stones into delicate accord with the ancient buildings, and the sun-shot haze or spectral grayness which softens every vista is the right medium for ghost-seeing. Judged by harsh fact, Shoe Lane is irretrievably modernized,

not like Fetter Lane, which still boasts its jutting gables, but the dingy street declines to forego its antiquity to such purpose that the gallant, forlorn figure of the chivalric poet Lovelace may even now be seen, irrelevant and debonair, beneath the office of the *Standard*.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,"

sang Lovelace, nor does the crumbling of stone walls unmake the citadel of our memories. And so to this day Whitefriars is Whitefrairs, the Alsatia of old disreputable days, though the cutpurses have given place to journalists, and the tiny red danger flags against the grimy walls mean only that the passerby is like to be crushed by a falling bale of paper.

Beyond Whitefriars the Temple— But there, indeed, no spoiler has come, and the past is unperturbed among those echoing courts, where time passes but that it may be measured on their many sundials, and makes no other record. In the city's self what pressure of immediate life, what grapple of contending interests; and yet a stillness below the tumult, a reverie unbroken by all the crash and grind of business life which has yoked Kipling's *Winds of the World*. As one threads the narrow lanes or crowded streets the old life is at every turn,—a scar on the stones, perhaps, an ancient name from which the significance has half slipped. Rood Lane, which lifts no more its sanctifying cross, or Panyer Alley, forsaken of its basket weavers. Always it is there, potent, subduing, and the new buildings take on by its grace a seeming of antiquity. So little is needed to keep that dim, indomitable past bodily with us to-day: the glimpse of a church, say the flowerlike curve of St. Dunstan's portal, or St. Helen's cloistral in its square of green, hinting at the sanctuary of quiet within, where sleep citizens in flowing robe and civic chain, venturers who have made the great ultimate discovery, and warriors, their gauntleted hands long estranged from the swordhilt. Or is it, instead, the hall of one of the city guilds, or of the great trading companies which have borne

England's empire to the seven seas? Much, truly, is gone of that London which was praised as "the supreme City of the whole Land, Mother of Authentick Memory; yes, the very Chamber Royall for Majestie itself and the open Haven for all Merchandise and Commerce, as being the rich Store-house of Peace and Plentie." Yes, but the authentick memory abides. Is the cornmarket gone from Cornhill, and the giant maypole laid low this many a May day? Yet there St. Andrews Understaft, old Stowe, yet poises his quill, unchanged in a changing world.

Mourners over vanishing London, come sup in a true old coffee-house in Change Alley, —rebuilt from cellar to roof, yet low-ceiled, wide-windowed, decorated with antiquated plans, served by traditional waiters, and looking straight into—no, not into Lloyd's Shipping office, but across to the vanished "Garroways," where perhaps the founders of the Hudson Bay Company are met to witness the first auction of furs. And then,—why, where you will, and in whose company you choose. Cowley, "irrecoverably a poet," may come from reading the *Faerie Queene* to be your guide, or Gower from where he sleeps in St. Saviour's, his beloved books beneath his head. Or if you choose rather a man of substance, why then stout John Philpotts, or Sir Thomas Gresham, or another of the merchant princes who wrought the greatness of their merchant city. In any case be assured your companion will find his London within your own, shorn, though it may be, of pageants, festive and tragic, and whelmed in the monotonous immensity of the latter-day city. So, in the end, you may learn to see it no less; present, unassailable through all changes; a London builded in part of actual and ancient stone, solid as that mighty Tudor gateway of Lincoln's Inn or the fretted front of Crosby Hall, in part of suggestions and memories, transitory as the wheeling glint of the doves' wings which brush the stone in passing. And that London does not vanish, but abides.

## THE PACK-MULE

BY BOLTON COIT BROWN

AGES before the birth of the first wheelwright, some prehistoric innovator bound his burden upon a captive ass, while himself went straight-backed and free. The pack-mule, or "sumpter mule" of history, belongs to those times when roads were paths and weapons bows. The flight of time has done for him what it has done for these other things, so that now, except in odd corners where primitive survivals are still found, he is practically extinct.

And yet, to certain of us, perhaps because of ourselves having a primitive turn, and so a natural sympathy for such survivals, this pack-mule has interest, even charm. I, myself, am but an amateur of mules, — a man who, in a few mountain rambles, has developed an interest still lively and not yet dulled by satiety of its object. But experiences that are not long may yet be deep; and at times, when far-penetrating the primeval wilderness, alone with his little bags of food, his conscience and his mule, life is concentrated.

To the majority of the human race a pack-saddle would prove both curious and mysterious. Its form nowise announces its use, its first appearance being that of a small sawbuck entangled among old harness.

To pack, — tie your beast and load half your stuff on either side of him. If one side is heavier his back will get sore. Under the saddle place something soft, porous, and without wrinkles. The little sawbuck set astride his spine you fasten by a broad belly-band called a "cinch-belt." The mule will not like it, but you ignore that. For rough mountaineering we use a breech-strap and breast-band. A second cinch-belt may be placed back of the first. This allows milder cinching, notwithstanding which he especially resents the second belt. You continue to ignore his resentment.

Pack freight with common sense. Neither eggs and ironware, nor paper bags and sharp-cornered boxes go well together. Nor must the load chuck and rattle. Absolute compactness, that will endure to the journey's end, is the aim. The terrible jerking, jerking, jerking that a load gets is far greater than any mortal appreciates until he ropes a pack of assorted valuables to resist it. The load shrinks, the ropes loosen, — and then, if not speedily fixed, catastrophe.

The cinching amazes the tenderfoot. The rope, playing round the cinch-hook, is a power-multiplying device that will pull the belt as tight as you choose, regardless of the size of the mule, — and you do choose. Deaf to his protests you tighten ever tighter, until he humps up and puffs out, at which, bracing your foot against his side, you again tighten viciously. When his third rib cracks, make fast. The mule grunts, but soon goes off nibbling the herbage.

With good packing, after the first stop to retighten cinches, which, with some kinds of loads, is quite unavoidable, you go through any country whatever and so does the mule. At night all is found as it was in the morning. Not a hair has left the mule's back; nor are there any places that hurt him when you poke them with your thumb. Still, even so, it is well to wash his back with cold water.

Sometimes, enticed by the beauty of his sleek wetness, I have been led on to bathe him all over, rejoicing in his bronze-like shine. To a mule, however, all water is an abomination; wherefore my bronze statue generally walked direct to the nearest dust-hole and therein wallowed plentifully upon his back. In some of these respects the mule is a little disappointing.

Packing, however, is but the preface;

traveling is the book. As we travel, through trackless desert and boundless forest, many things are sure to happen. But some are surer than others.

The mule is a faithful beast. He climbs better than the horse, and is less likely to have his judgment biased by that of the man he travels with. Horses trust men; mules don't. Where a mule wills to go he will go willingly; but if he wills not to go, then he will not go at all.

Naturally the mule, like the rest of us, has to get used to things before he fully adjusts himself to them. A mule new under the pack will do things. Such a mule, young, able, vigorous, flinging a succession of vaults and demivaults into space, appearing, like a dolphin from the sea, for an eye-wink above a cloud of dust and instantly disappearing head first into it again, — ah, he is indeed a spectacle! — of woe to the camper whose flour and beans he radiates into the air in recurrent bursts, of delight to the bystander; and also he himself enjoys it vastly. And he sticks right to it until the pack is no more. Then he stops, winks his gentle eyes, and walks along to where some grass is and eats it.

You come raging up, studying which death will best reward such devilishness. But to rage profiteth not: the creature is now mild as any Mary's lamb and meek as any black slave. So you fix him up, gather your dishes from an eighty-foot circle, scrape up a little baking powder, possibly some sugar, and — but it is too sad: I cannot describe it. And its tragedy outweighs its comedy, for you are ninety miles from anywhere where anything is.

Such doings affright even his own kind. One day in the San Joaquin our Jenny bolted straight at a six-mule freight team, — leaping, bucking, and bawling as she rochetted along. Nothing but the united efforts of three men with powerful vocabularies kept that outfit together a minute.

In the mountains, afterward, this animal left her companions and followed some other wanderers away off into an-

other basin, so that we never saw her any more. Mules do that.

Yes, the disappearing mule is distinctly an institution. He does not go where he gets to because he wants to be there, but simply to accommodate you. He prefers being where he came from, his preferences being about as strong as half-inch rope. If you use a smaller size you will have a mule-hunt on your hands in the morning.

Or you may hobble instead of tethering him; although if he aims to go he will carry the hobbles along. In our first hobbling, we tied his forefeet and waited for the struggle and panic. None came: fairly laughing at us, he bounded down the trail like a giraffe. Said my partner, "It improves his gait."

A mule may be tethered to a dragging log or piece of brush. Once — only — I short-tethered mine to a small log, aiming to impede flight by entangling his legs. One rearward glance, one panic bound, two bumped shins, — and then a pyrotechnic display of expert heel-work. About eighty kicks in forty seconds knocked that log into little bits of bits.

A mule may be hobbled fore and aft also. And then there is the long hobble, which lets him walk but not run. Or a drag-chain may be allowed to trail from his ankle for his hind feet to step on. Or he may be enticed into a place with a narrow entrance, which you block up with poles and things. But a qualified mule will squat, like a lizard, and crawl under a pole knee-high.

In fact, there are quite a good many schemes for keeping your mule. There have to be. Some people feed him salt.

This centrifugal tendency of the mule makes it necessary that you be able to out-travel him in a day by as much as he has got the lead of you the previous night. Which if you fail to do, — give him up. For his rate steadily accelerates as he gets more and more scared to be alone in the woods, and you cannot track him after dark.

Stream-crossings make a man and his



mule more intimate. There are three kinds, — swimming, fording, and walking a log. Once beyond his depth, any mule will swim. Men have tried to coax mules thus far, but they could not. Others have, singly and in groups, tried to push him in. These, too, have failed. The mule, thus approached, is as pushable as a tree.

There are, however, ways. He may be surprised into the river or he may be regularly pulled in. By the first method, you get him as close as possible to where a bank overhangs deep water. Then, *suddenly*, give him a mighty boost: he loses his balance and — makes a splendid splash!

In the second method you tie his lead-rope to a tree on the far side of the stream, when an ingenious multiplying hitch enables just a common man to pull in the stubbornest mule.

A good mule makes no trouble at a ford, though sometimes he can't stay on it. Mine once meandered, pack and all, right off into bottomless deeps, whence we with difficulty saved him alive. At a strong, swift ford one may ride the pack, camel fashion, his weight helping to hold the mule from being washed away.

An expert mule will walk a moderately small log over whatever is below it. What that is does not interest him. One time I led an unladen mule over a bridge of eight-inch poles. To his mind this was a case for log-walking. Selecting the outermost pole, he walked half over when he slipped off. He was swept under the bridge and far down stream before he could scramble out. Another time, with his pack on, he walked to the centre of an eighty-foot log, — round, smooth, and without bark, — over a torrent, then

bunched his feet and, turning slowly round, walked back.

Another curious thing about the pack-mule, besides his aversion to water, is his wretched helplessness when once he has fallen. Even when he but loses his balance, he staggers foolishly about when there is ample room and firm footing. He dreads a fall like death, and when he *has* fallen he thinks he *is* dead. Far up a trailless mountain side I led my animal across the face of a chute of loose stuff. Part way over he went heels over head for six revolutions. Again, he went over a fifteen-foot precipice, turned a somersault and struck on his back, or, rather, on his pack, — unhurt. One good thing about a mule is, he is tough.

Mules are so afraid of bears that the mere smell of one will depopulate the country of mules. But of rattlesnakes a mule is so innocent that he will enrage this serpent by smelling of him in an insulting manner, whereby he gets his nose bitten.

Yes, in the course of your travels through desert and forest many things are likely to happen. It should not, however, be judged from the foregoing sketch that they are always happening, that the mule is constantly engaged in bucking, refusing rivers, and falling down mountains. On the contrary, he is generally behaving himself, tramping along behind you, or, where you yourself cannot see the trail, he will confidently lead the way.

The mule is quite all right if only you do not try to take him for a donkey or a man, but always remember that he is just mule. He has a gentle eye, a patient soul, a velvet nose, and he prefers dry grass to green.

## BOOKS NEW AND OLD

## "THE PLAGUE OF NOVELS"

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

A RECENT writer in the *Fortnightly Review* has lifted up his voice in strenuous protest against what he roundly calls "The Plague of Novels." It is a dangerously attractive title to one suffering from the cutaneous irritation produced by compulsory contact with successive swarms of the ubiquitous pest in question. Merely to hear the ordinary twentieth-century romance characterized in terms which are usually reserved for the mosquito and the brown-tailed moth gives a fillip to the sunken spirits of the official reader, and calls up wild visions of some equivalent of the petroleum bath, which might make wholesale havoc with the germs of our torment, or a species of "smudge" potent enough to asphyxiate, at one skillful waft, a million or so of giddy and gauzy little books.

Not that Mr. Cuthbert Haddon — the English writer whom I have quoted — is in the least inclined to take a light or humorous view of the evil which he deprecates. On the contrary, he regards it as one of the worst symptoms in a generally bad situation, and he is nothing if not solemn and statistical. He goes into an elaborate calculation to show that the press of the United Kingdom now issues, upon an average, five new novels and a small fraction on every day of the calendar year — Sundays included; and the bulk of this output he does not hesitate to describe as "distressingly and appallingly bad." Many of these tales, he goes on to say, "are not even written in decent English. The plots are incoherent when they are not hackneyed; the characterization is limp and feeble, the dialogue is imbecile and superficial; — in short, the whole performance is not worth the ink and paper expended upon it." Readers,

reviewers, and booksellers, Mr. Haddon assures us, are alike sick of these abortions, and he inquires of men and angels why they are published. Calming himself to his fatal figures once more after this outburst, he presently arrives at the result that, of these eighteen hundred annual romances by known and unknown authors, only about one in fifteen pays the cost of publication. He accounts for the remainder on the theory that, in a large majority of cases, the publisher takes advantage of his petitioner's financial innocence, and agrees to produce his book, if the latter will contribute toward the cost of the venture a specified sum, which, in reality, covers the said cost, leaving a small margin of profit to his astute sponsor. Eighty pounds sterling is named as the average amount required and received from an inexperienced writer.

I am inclined to think, by the way, that this kind of arrangement is much more common in England — where a good many comparatively affluent people write books, novels especially, because they have nothing better to do — than among ourselves, where the wealthy are for the most part naïvely absorbed in the pursuit of a "good time;" while the nameless candidate for literary honors is apt to be distinctly needy, and could no more stake four hundred dollars on the success of his first experiment in fiction than he could buy Lord Acton's library and present it to Mr. John Morley, after the casual fashion of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. But the publisher, too, must live, and our present concern is neither with the amount nor the source of his mainly encouraging profits, but with the wares which he offers for our inspection.

Now I am afraid we must admit, at the

outset, — and if we must, let us do it promptly and good-humoredly, — that all the hard things which Mr. Haddon says concerning contemporary fiction in England apply with added force to the American. Ours is quite equal in bulk to the transatlantic product, and, as a whole, it is distinctly inferior both in mechanical craftsmanship and in intrinsic interest. Why else is it that when seeking for an hour's more or less idle diversion at railway bookstall or Tabard Inn, we always, other things being equal, choose an English tale, whether by a famous or an obscure author, in preference to an American one of similar notoriety? The unreflecting patriot will probably reply at random that we do not; and then go on to add, with better show of reason, that other things are not equal. English fiction of the very feeblest order has not, it may be presumed, inherent force enough to cross the Atlantic at all. An English name must have some shadow of prestige, an English work some fairly plausible presumption of merit, before even that disinterested being, the American publisher, will care to undertake its reprint. Consequently our worst is continually brought into comparison with their better, or, at all events, their less bad, on the fly-blown stall and in the public mart. But admitting so much, we must still, I think, yield the palm in this not very noble competition to our elder and more practiced kinsfolk.

Here, however, are the summer novels of both countries lying in heaps all about us, ripe and unripe, fair and speckled, — like the tumbled fruitage of a wind-blown orchard. Let us take a rapid survey of the crop as it lies, and see how our home harvest of this particular season will compare with that grown and gathered upon the ulterior shore.

There are fashions in fiction as in dress, and the prevailing modes will be much the same, at any given period, all over the civilized world. For the moment the historical novel, so called, is in general favor, and we get one specimen of this

class from England of an unusually high if not the very highest order. The *Queen's Quair*, by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, has all the literary qualities which have rendered his previous work notable, — terseness of narrative, unhesitating boldness of design, a rapid flow of simple, forceful, and yet perfectly natural dialogue, abundant information about the period he undertakes to portray, and a truly marvelous power of imparting to — one might almost say imposing on — the reader his own often eccentric and startling conception of persons and events in the past. Yet more characteristic of Mr. Hewlett's bold method, and his defiant, almost exaggerated independence of judgment, is a certain calculated coarseness of stroke which often offends the reader's taste or wounds his cherished partialities, but creates an ineffaceable impression, and adds enormously, in the end, to the effect, as seen from a little distance, of the artist's dashing work.

Whether or no the Mary Stuart of the *Queen's Quair* is more like the real woman than any of the widely various portraits which have been drawn of her in the pages of serious history, she has this signal advantage over almost all of them, — that she is consistent with herself. Her temperament enfolds the germ of her deeds; her heritage is clearly seen to imply, at once, the evasive witchery of her person, the lambent brightness of her intelligence, and the strangely arrested development — coexisting as it did with an ardent and heroic form of piety — of her moral sense.

It is a well-known fact, much discussed, as all that pertains to her exciting story has been, that hardly two, even of the painted likenesses of Mary, tell the same tale concerning her personal appearance. We meet her in halls and galleries and private shrines, and each time she seems to wear a new integument, not of serge or velvet merely, but of flesh and blood. The preternaturally white skin is, to the best of my remembrance, always there; but in one frame the young queen is dark-

haired and looks haughtily down on us from under her jeweled cap, out of gray or violet eyes; and in another she has glowing, yet languishing brown orbs, and a rust-colored *chevelure*. Here we find her with the rather short face and sweetly balanced features of the Greek ideal; and there with the elongated oval countenance, and acutely refined lineaments which we know to have been those of so many of her race, and which there seems every antecedent reason to suppose were transmitted to herself as well. But while we continue to doubt concerning the outward semblance of one who confused the brains of men while she stole their hearts away, comes Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and throws his piercing lime-light upon the *svelte* figure of the widow of nineteen, as beheld by her uncle, the Cardinal, when he had forced an entrance into her *chambre de deuil* at Orléans; and something within us involuntarily exclaims that this picture is authentic:—

“A tall slim girl, petted and pettish, pale (yet not unwholesome), chestnut-haired, she looked like a flower of the heat,—lax and delicate. Her skin, but more, the very flesh of her seemed transparent, with colour that warmed it from within, faintly, with a glow of fine rose. They said that when she drank you could see the red wine run like a fire down her throat, and it may partly be believed. . . . The Cardinal, who was no rhapsodist of the sort, admitted her clear skin, admitted her patent royalty, but denied that she was a beautiful girl, even for a queen. Her nose, he judged, was too long, her lips too thin, her eyes too narrow. He detested her trick of the sidelong look. Her lower lids were nearly straight, her upper rather heavy: between them they gave her a sleepy appearance, sometimes a sly appearance when, slowly lifting, they revealed the glimmering hazel of the eyes themselves. Hazel I say, if hazel they were, which sometimes seemed to be yellow and sometimes showed all black. . . . Beautiful she may not have been, though M. de Brantôme would never allow it, VOL. XCIV—NO. DLXV

but fine, fine she was, all over — sharply, exquisitely cut and modelled; her sweet, smooth chin, her amorous lips, bright red where all else was pale as a tinged rose; her sensitive nose, her broad, high brows, her neck which two hands could hold, her small shoulders and bosom of a child.”

There is an equally convincing portrait of Darnley, — too minutely elaborated for reproduction here; and it is thus that Mr. Hewlett allows his flash-beam to waver for a moment over the ominous figure of Bothwell as he first appeared, at Nancy, to the queen and her Maries:—

“She [Mary Livingstone] said that he had a saucy eye — which was not denied — and was too masterful: ‘You can tell it by the hateful growth of hair he hath,’ she cried. ‘When he lifts up his head to laugh, — and he would laugh, mind you, at the crucified Saviour! — you can see the climbing of his red beard, like rooted ivy on an old wall.’”

But it is not merely the detached figures in this dark drama that live again under the spell of Mr. Hewlett’s virile imagination. He has achieved a masterly composition as well.

The whole stormy and ferocious mob of mainly evil men who surrounded the royal exile in bleak Scotland is beheld, for one moment, in exact focus through the glass with which he provides us. Knox, Moray, and Ruthven, Lethington and Riccio, no less than Bothwell and the despicable but hapless Henry Darnley, men about whose names such controversies have raged, group themselves here with seeming ease, both in due subordination to the tragic central figure and in inevitable relation to one another. Our author’s reading of the long-standing Marian riddle is a painful one, but it is awfully plausible. He answers the central question, over which the queen’s devotees and her detractors have been wrangling for centuries, and will doubtless wrangle on, as it must already have been answered, one would think, in the secret depths of most human hearts,—

whether coldly hostile to the soul upon its trial, or keenly compassionate. Was Mary guilty of Darnley's murder? *She knew that Bothwell would compass it.* Even so the indictment is a terrible one, against a brilliant, lovesome, and unhappy being whom one would fain adore. But it need not, and should not, be forgotten that the whole period covered by the *Queen's Quair* constitutes only a brief, early episode in a life that ended before forty; and that the years of Lochleven and the supreme days of Fotheringay afforded ample time and incomparable opportunity for the sinner to expiate and the saint to grow.

I have lingered over the *Queen's Quair* because of its paramount excellence as a work of art. There is no other, even among the English books of the season, that can well bear comparison with it. *Olive Latham* — the new story by Mrs. Voynich — has power of course, and breathes the same spirit of burning pessimism, social and political, which rendered *The Gadfly* and its successor such distally memorable reading. It is a temper of mind which may well have been induced by the dire experiences in Petersburg and Siberia of Mrs. Voynich and her husband; and it is perhaps not without a certain moral value in the way of providing the comfortable and self-indulgent reader with a gauge of the possibilities of human suffering under demonstrably existing conditions in Russia.

I have often thought that the great Russian writers of the now departing generation — Tolstoï, Dostöievsky, and the rest, in whose stern school Mrs. Voynich has been so apt a pupil — had fulfilled some part of their mission by supplying the modern mind and conscience with a practical substitute for the fast fading theological conception of hell. Man's inhumanity to man is a no less real horror than it was in Cowper's day; and the dark places of earth are as full as ever of the "habitations of cruelty." But it seems just at this moment as though the judgment of Russia, at least, were actually be-

gun, and we had but to look on in awed silence at the accomplishment of the vengeance inevitably exacted by the knout and the *bagne*.

Relaxation of the most complete from the grim tension to which Mrs. Voynich subjects her readers may be found in the mild pages of *The Challoners*, a society novel of a rather goody-goody cast, and a distinctly lachrymose *dénouement*; by whom of all people, but the seemingly ranged and repentant author of *Dodo*? It is really hardly fair in Mr. Benson thus to betray our confidence that he will at least amuse us, but it would be a monstrous thing, of course, to deprecate his conversion. A far better and brighter story of the blameless order is *Lychgate Hall*, by the unpretending but agreeably known author of *Fiander's Widow* and *The Manor Farm*. It is a tale of the ever picturesque last century but one, in England, full of neat characterization and spirited adventure, evolving smoothly and naturally, and ending as it should. It is a specimen of the kind of book which almost writes itself in a country of definite and time-honored social forms and long-inherited literary aptitudes, — a kind which will not be possible among us — fast as we move or rather tear onward toward perfection — for a good many years to come. And it is just here, I think, and by no means in the duller native wit or even the clumsier manipulation of our home writers, that the reason lies for that general inferiority of American fiction which I have rashly undertaken the ungrateful task of illustrating. Goethe once told his countrymen, with the superb candor peculiar to that great autocrat in the things of the mind, that the reason why they had no such thing as a first-rate German comedy was because there was nowhere to be found in all the Fatherland a highly organized and finished society. It is much the same with ourselves. The results of our dramatic experiments are shapeless and perishable because the stuff out of which they are made is unseasoned. One

of the most thoughtful and penetrating writers we have has undertaken to preach this very truth in a parable; and the novel by which Judge Grant will be longest remembered was so peculiarly effective, that its crude heroine was instantly and widely recognized — in some quarters indeed fiercely resented — as a type; and the inspired name of Selma has already been adopted into our language as a common noun. Yet even of *Unleavened Bread*, for all its grave purpose and unflinching veracity, it may be said without disparagement, as Sainte-Beuve said of the great Augustine's *Civitas Dei*, that the title is more than the book.

The truth is that it is hardly possible to notice otherwise than summarily and collectively, or even to distinguish one from another, the countless more or less unpromising experiments in every branch of popular fiction which issue in an unbroken stream from over-teeming presses. We have them this year, literally by the dozen, in every one of the lines of which I have cited an English example; and "Passing Away" is the motto stamped upon the coquettish covers of the very best of them, while the worst bring unbidden to our remembrance that forlorn-est of epitaphs upon the infant of a day: —

"Since so soon I was to be done for  
I wonder what I was begun for."

Our light literature corresponds only too exactly with the ephemeral cities which we build for the housing of our World's Fairs. It is a matter of lath and plaster, of excessive and often utterly unmeaning decoration, of improvised lagoons, imported gondolas and lavish electric illumination. Our so-called "society" novel is, perhaps, the worst variety we have. Always rapid, it seldom escapes being vulgar as well. Our "hig-lit" — to adopt the delightful French locution — presents a gorgeous and imposing spectacle, but it is too conscious of its own resolved elegance, too constrained as yet in its fine, imported clothes, to sit easily and gracefully for its portrait. Even a born

*raconteur* like Mr. Marion Crawford, who can build a very palace of delights upon a block of Etruscan masonry with a few bits of green bronze, oxidized glass, and Roman mosaic, becomes trivial and tawdry the moment he plants his foot and sets up his camera in Newport or New York. On the other hand, our pamphlet-novel — or novel of tendency — grapples lightly with commercial and political problems so complex, and involving so many as yet imperfectly understood elements, that it is hardly possible even to state its conditions intelligibly — not to speak of solving them.

Our most healthful and hopeful species of native romance is (I think) the chronicle of rustic sport and rude adventure; representing what is sometimes rather affectingly called a return to Nature, — tales of Western cowboys, Gloucester fishermen, Penobscot logmen. These are breezy and stirring as a rule, and distinctly restful reading after the novel of (bad) manners; but they are sorely handicapped in the race for literary honors by the fact that their characters, beginning with the doughty hero, are all compelled to converse in one form or another of what is erroneously supposed to be dialect.

It would be unfair, however, to confound with the common run of idle tales, or to mention otherwise than with sincere respect, so conscientious and in many ways able a performance as *The Crossing* of Mr. Winston Churchill. But how long and toilsome a crossing it is, and, except for a few striking episodes, — like the battle in Charlestown harbor, — how wearisome! Every step of the pioneer through the wilderness counts; every Indian scalp is named and numbered; every tree registered as it falls by the axe of the indefatigable settler! But here, too, as it seems to me, the trouble lies less with Mr. Churchill, who has elsewhere shown himself an animated and sometimes even thrilling narrator, than with the impracticable character of his theme. The historic vista is too short; the back-



ground of hideous and squalid savagery too near, as yet, for the purposes of art. There are elements of genuine romance in the early history of the great Southwest; in Daniel Boone's dash for the wild, and Aaron Burr's audacious dream of a Texan empire, and the transient ascendancy of such born leaders of men as Clark and Sevier. But a hundred or two more years must elapse before they are ripe for the novelist's purpose. Even then, I fear, the North American Indian, treated realistically as Mr. Churchill treats him, will prove a difficult subject for fiction. He is a singularly monotonous being; as uninteresting intrinsically to any but the ethnologist as the long rows of grotesque totems and gray flint implements that represent his elementary handiwork in miles of chill museum.

There is another among the summer books which deals with the same theme as *The Crossing*, — the hardships and heroisms of the early settlers of Tennessee and Kentucky. It is a collection of short stories entitled *The Frontiersmen*, from the powerful pen of the lady who writes under the pseudonym of Charles Egbert Craddock. But she cunningly evades the tough problem of the Peau Rouge by substituting for the veritable savage that mainly ideal being who sprang full-moccasined, once upon a time, from the brain of James Fenimore Cooper. The notes at the end of *The Frontiersmen* are by far the best part of the book. They show industrious research among the archives of the central states, and bring to light many new and striking facts in their obscure early history.

At the opposite pole from these dutiful but still arid annals of our aborigines — if aborigines they were! — we find a few calm studies in the customs and ethics of the American rich, from the finely pointed pen of Mrs. Edith Wharton. *The Descent of Man*, from which the book takes its name, is an ingenious bit of satire, — so ingenious indeed and far-fetched, as to border upon burlesque. I find this witty lady most admirable when she approaches,

in the light, detached, undemonstrative, but imperturbably gentle manner peculiar to her, with never a suspicion of soil upon her own dainty fingers, some such anomalous and rather sickening social situation as we find discreetly suggested in *The Other Two* and *The Reckoning*. Mrs. Wharton has done much to redeem the American society novel from the reproach of utter commonness, but yet, once again, are not her subtle method and refined analysis almost thrown away upon so flimsy a subject?

Upon the whole, I can think of no better remedy for the excessive consumption of crude fiction by our people than the simple and inexpensive one of *not writing the books*. It is so easy, as some sententious person has, I think, observed before me, not to write a novel! Stint the childlike public for a season of its beloved green apples. Resist the temptation prematurely to photograph the flux of human atoms amid which we live, and the fatuous impulse will in time flee from you. I speak with a certain assurance here, having myself made, long years ago, an earnest attempt or two at writing a domestic novel. These efforts were signally, and, as I now think, very properly unsuccessful, and I call the *Dii indigetes* to witness that I have not repeated the experiment. I have been well content to wait, as I counsel my fellow countrymen and women — unless positively overpowered by vocation — to do, for the event that will disconcert all prophecy, when it arrives, and belie all theory; — for that surely appointed hour in the near or remote future when there shall come spontaneously, without observation, and from the quarter whence it is least expected, some such glorious outburst of the radio-activity of true genius as gave us the *Scarlet Letter* out of a back street in Salem, Massachusetts, more than fifty years ago.

## TWO HISTORIANS

THE new biographies of Prescott and Parkman, recently added to the Ameri-

can Men of Letters Series, bring fresh opportunities of comparison and contrast between these two historians.<sup>1</sup> In outward circumstances they had much in common. Below the surface the divergences were wide. Their personal backgrounds and educative influences had the similarities which Boston in the first half and in the second half of the nineteenth century, broadly speaking, could so well provide. The differences between them were temperamental, and radical. Each had the fortune to be free from the necessity of remunerative labor. Each, therefore, deserves the credit for having done so much of it. Prescott, besides enjoying the greater financial freedom, — “his purse did not lay an embargo on his scholar’s instinct,” says Mr. Ogden, — had for his chief physical handicap the disability of eyesight which resulted from a mere accident, a wanton-seeming caprice of fate. The disabling of Parkman’s vision was but one of many handicaps, the outgrowth of a general condition, intensified by his too vigorous dealings with life. “His body,” says Mr. Sedgwick, “was but a ragged fort in which the spirit was incessantly beleaguered;” and again, in reference to his purgatory of inaction during the civil war, “there is not a chapter in his books which does not show that the bent of his spirit was to fight by day in the forest, and bivouac by night under the stars; and yet while a million men were under arms he was not able to take any part, even the very least.” Where Parkman was restive and headlong, Prescott showed the acceptance and patience of a nature with less need of the curb. It was characteristic of Prescott that many of his earlier years were spent in deliberating upon the theme to which he should devote himself. From boyhood Parkman could not help knowing what he wished

and meant to do, or doing it with a zeal which bent every energy and thought to the prosecution of a single purpose. Prescott, the “well-bred gentleman of letters,” was conspicuously an historian of the old school, writing of what was virtually as remote from him as Greece or Rome. He was under no enforcement to visit the scenes with which he must deal, and make his studies at first hand. It was enough to collect the records as a scholar, and, as an accomplished writer, to give them forth in a form to delight the reader. Parkman stood among the pioneers of the new school. He shirked none of the obligations of old-fashioned scholarship, or of the more modern method requiring some personal contact with his themes. “A cartload of practical experience” was what he himself said he brought back from the Oregon Trail. This, too, was what he sought in all his travels, into the woods, amongst Indians, little changed since the time of Pontiac, and at the headquarters of the religion which the French brought with them to the New World. With such differences of method, as of temperament, it is inevitable that Parkman’s work, like the story of his life, makes the more vivid appeal to the generation of which his spirit is more characteristic than the spirit of Prescott.

From the very material with which Mr. Ogden had to deal — stimulating as it is — his opportunity to tell the absorbing story of a life was a little more restricted than Mr. Sedgwick’s. It is obvious that each of the two biographers has been somewhat hampered by the previous existence of a satisfactory treatment of his subject. Ticknor’s *Life of Prescott* and Mr. Farnham’s *Parkman* are reasonably familiar to readers of American biography. But would not the writer of one of these shorter *Lives* do better to assume that every reader will take up the book innocent of all knowledge of its substance? Mr. Ogden seems, indeed, to have felt at times that his readers must be almost as familiar with Ticknor’s volume as he himself has had to become.

<sup>1</sup> *William Hickling Prescott*. By ROLLO OGDEN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

*Francis Parkman*. By HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Yet he throws an interesting light on Ticknor's point of view when he says that "to bring out vividly the playful and engagingly human aspects of Prescott's character would doubtless have seemed to him like taking liberties with the Muse of History." It is significant also to learn that Ticknor took liberties with the text of some of Prescott's letters. "His severe pen struck out passages wherein the Yankee levity of his compatriot seemed too daring—especially when in the presence of royal personages." It is the distinction of Mr. Ogden's biography, therefore, that, where it is not a mere summary it is rather a supplement to Ticknor's book than a substitute for it. The supplementary knowledge it conveys has happily to do with the "playful and engagingly human aspects of Prescott's character,"—the aspects which made George Hillard tell him directly: "those who have the privilege of being your friends entirely forget that you are a great historian, and only think of you as a person to be loved." The justice of Mr. Ogden's apprehension of Prescott's endowments is only confirmed by the admirable passage comparing the historian's critical ability, to Prescott's disadvantage, with that of Carlyle and of Lowell. By reason of this clearness of vision, one is the more ready to accept the writer's liberal appreciation of Prescott's power and achievement. In a word, Mr. Ogden has accomplished with a high measure of success the task rendered anything but easy by some of the very conditions which seem at a first glance to remove its difficulties.

Because Mr. Farnham's *Life of Parkman* took so unconventional a form, letting chronological sequence give way to what was in effect a series of essays on separate phases of the subject, Mr. Sedgwick had and seized an opportunity to make an individual book. The new material brought forward is not plentiful or important; but the arrangement of the old and new is orderly and effective. The years of preparation receive the greater emphasis which is their due. It is well

that there is no hesitation in printing again such extracts from Parkman's diaries as those which describe the delightful Sicilian guide Luigi. It may fairly be asked why the attention of the reader is not definitely drawn to the episode of Parkman's residence in a Roman monastery during Holy Week as a portion of his deliberate training for a fair-minded treatment of the Catholic spirit. It may also be questioned whether Mr. Sedgwick does not at times go somewhat needlessly out of his way in the search for individual expression. The substance of what he has to say is here generally quite important enough to render this effort superfluous. But it is only occasional. The biography as a whole achieves its purpose in realizing Parkman's heroic personality, and placing a just estimate upon his enriching contributions to history and literature, to history which is literature.

To the American historians of the nineteenth century the literature of the country owes many of its brightest and most characteristic pages. The value and importance of the work these historians have done are best understood when the manner of their doing it and the personal qualities which informed their labors are adequately appreciated. The peculiar service of books like these two new *Lives* is to place within the reach of all a comprehension of the terms on which heroic struggles were fought to a successful issue. In the annals of any country or any literature there are few lives in which this species of warfare is more memorably illustrated than in the lives of Prescott and Parkman. *M. A. DeW. H.*

#### A LIFE OF ZOLA<sup>1</sup>

MR. VIZETELLY'S method in his life of Zola is in some respects that of an advocate rather than a judge; but it may be

<sup>1</sup> *Émile Zola: Novelist and Reformer*. By ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY. Illustrated by Portraits, Views, and Facsimiles. London and New York: John Lane. 1904.

fairly claimed that the way to a right opinion of Zola lies just now through advocacy. The sub-title of this book prepares us for a pretty energetic defense of the man and his work from the ethical point of view. Readers of the *Atlantic* are, so far as his work is concerned, already acquainted with a more discriminating *apologia* at the hand of Mr. Henry James.<sup>1</sup> The light shed upon the novelist's private character will be a new light to most of us, and does not seem to be unduly colored by optimism or by discipular prejudice. The single irregularity which marked Zola's later life is noted with proper frankness, and the knowledge of it will not, unless among the unco' guid, fatally compromise the great Frenchman's authority as a moral teacher. The total narrative, accepted at its face value, presents Zola not at all as that figure of personal grossness, that harsh impersonation of the *bourgeoisie*, that wallowing monster of indecent realism, which he is pictured in current Anglo-Saxon fable, but as a sturdy, intelligent, and (though in spite of himself) inspired reporter of life as he found it, — French life, French decadent life, if one chooses, but the only life to any contact with which he was exposed. That contact was, as Mr. James has suggested, not always close; he employed exactly the method of "getting up" subjects which in other hands has proved least fruitful; and his success in employing this got-up material, if not to the end of art, at least to the end of tremendously effective "human documents," constitutes his chief claim to greatness.

There were dramatic, even melodramatic, accessories to that sudden publicity of his last days, whose flavor the Western palate can hardly relish. He was, nevertheless, a man in many respects after our own heart, as his conduct in the Dreyfus affair sufficiently showed. Mr. Vizetelly's account of the incident is clear, and as full as it could well be under the circum-

<sup>1</sup> *Émile Zola*. By HENRY JAMES. The *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1903.

stances. The task of exploring the Dreyfus affair in all its ramifications remains to be completed; and it is in excellent hands. The principles involved, we already agree, were of more than local or momentary importance; and Zola's defense of them was more than an exploit in grandiloquence. An approximation of justice was all that he lived to see. "Dreyfus is free," he mourned, while mere Dreyfusites wished to rejoice, "but France remains ill, feeling that she has not strength enough to bear the splendour of truth and justice. And yet I am hopeful, for I believe in her labour, in the power of her genius." Such courage, such faith, belonged to this notorious pessimist, this brutal groveler of common report. Mr. Vizetelly does not note, as Mr. James has noted, the strange failure of the novelist's genius to respond to the spur of this experience. The memory of it haunted but did not inspire him. Indeed, some virtue had gone out of him in the struggle; and his later novels, his *Cities* and his *Evangelists*, are sadly inferior to *Les Rougon-Macquart*. The novelist had, indeed, consciously succumbed to the reformer. "I have no intention," he wrote, apropos of certain English criticisms of *Travail*, "of trying to amuse people or thrill them with excitement. I am merely placing certain problems before them, and suggesting in some respects certain solutions, showing what I hold to be wrong and what I think would be right. When I have finished these 'Evangelists,' when *Vérité* and *Justice* are written, it is quite possible that I shall write shorter and livelier books. Personally I should have everything to gain by doing so." Mr. Vizetelly apparently does not see how seriously this attitude compromised the value of Zola's later work. He is indulgent even toward *Vérité*, that monumentally dull work upon which the Dreyfus experience had a more than negative influence for ill. The great novelist's death does not seem to have been, all things considered, untimely.

The critical portions of the book are of

value, though not of conclusive value. It might be expected that the English translator of Zola would have his texts somewhat too closely at his fingers' ends for the formation of a clear critical opinion of them. Mr. Vizetelly possesses such an opinion. His analysis of the *Rougon-Macquart* series is especially distinct and reasonable. About Zola's short stories he has an admirable and quotable passage: "Placed beside the tales of Guy de Maupassant, those of Zola, in spite of all their naturalism, of their details, strike one as being more romantic, more imaginative; and this is as it should be, for Zola was largely a child of the sun, whereas Maupassant, however passionate his temperament, was always a Norman, deficient in the purely imaginative faculty, but possessed of great shrewdness — intuition, so to say — which assisted his powers of observation and his superb craftsmanship." The biographer does not claim too much for Zola as an artist; but one must think that if the word can be applied in no sense to the author of *L'Assommoir* and *La Débâcle*, it is become a trifling word to conjure with.

H. W. B.

#### CYCLOPÆDIAS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

WITH the issue of the fourth volume of Garnett and Gosse's illustrated history of *English Literature*,<sup>1</sup> and of the third volume of the new edition of *Chambers's Cyclopædia*,<sup>2</sup> these two massive contributions to our literary history are now brought to a conclusion. Limitations of space make it impossible for the *Atlantic* to give a detailed review of either work, so enormous is the field covered, and so

<sup>1</sup> *English Literature. An Illustrated Record.* By RICHARD GARNETT and EDMUND GOSSE. Four volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903-1904.

<sup>2</sup> *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature.* New Edition. By DAVID PATRICK. Three volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1902-1904.

manifold are the critical questions involved in the execution of such a task as the survey of our literature in its entirety. The huge volumes must be left, practically, to tell their own story, but their mere physical appearance affords weighty evidence of the vastness and richness of the material at the disposal of their compilers.

The sub-title of the work issued under the charge of Dr. Garnett and Mr. Gosse sufficiently explains the most noticeable feature of their undertaking. It is an attempt to teach the history of English literature by appealing to the eye as well as to the ear. Many thousands of portraits, autographs, and facsimiles of title-pages illuminate the narrative, and for the fullness and freshness of these illustrations too much praise can scarcely be given. Dr. Garnett's share in the authorship makes him responsible for the entire first volume and for the second as far as to the end of the chapter on Shakespeare. To Mr. Gosse's practiced hand has been entrusted the remainder of the record. In dealing with the more important authors his method has been to note first the general scope and significance of the writer's productions, then to tell in some detail the story of his life, and to furnish extracts from his writings, making constant use of pictorial illustration to bring the whole vividly before the reader. To criticise here the exact proportion of space allotted to various authors and periods, or to question the complete sympathy and justice with which Mr. Gosse discusses individual writers like Ruskin or John Stuart Mill, would of course be possible, but it would be, for our purposes, beside the mark. The main question is, whether these huge volumes have proved successful in their general aim of furnishing an attractive and compendious illustrated record of the long centuries of our literature, and the question must be answered by a prompt affirmative.

It is more than sixty years since Dr. Robert Chambers devised and prepared the first edition of his famous *Cyclopæ-*

*dia*. It has been revised and reissued four times, and now a completely new edition has been produced under the editorship of Dr. David Patrick. The familiar two volumes have been increased to three; the space assigned to Old English and Middle English writers has been greatly enlarged; many authors not included hitherto have been discussed; frequent illustrations have been inserted; and, what is of especial interest to American readers, American literature, in the editor's words, "has from the beginning been treated as an integral and important part of the literature of Greater Britain. We do not look upon Longfellow or Poe as foreigners, or read the histories of Prescott, Motley, and Parkman as if written by strangers."

Here again, as with the volumes just noticed, we cannot enter into detailed comment upon the work of Dr. Patrick and his coadjutors. But we must at least say that the old *Cyclopædia* has been greatly enriched and strengthened by this new material. The special articles by critical authorities, such as Mr. Saintsbury's on Swift, Mr. T. Watts-Dunton's on *The Nineteenth Century*, and George Borrow, or, for that matter, Mr. Chadwick's articles upon the more important American authors, are excellently suited to the purpose. It is inevitable that the inclusion of living authors — convenient as it doubtless may be to many who have not a *Who's Who* at their elbow — should raise some queries as to proportion and taste. We are inclined to think that Mr. Gosse's *Epilogue*, in which he discusses

the place and value of scientific criticism of literature, makes a fitter close for a great encyclopædia than biographical paragraphs about Miss Marie Corelli and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. But perhaps these ladies will differ with us.

#### BRANDES'S "MAIN CURRENTS"

It must be nearly or quite a quarter of a century since American scholars were first delighted and quickened with the German translations of the critical works of Georg Brandes. His *Haupt-strömungen*, we venture to say, has done more than any series of books produced outside of France itself to arouse interest in the germinal periods of recent European literature. Of the English translation in six volumes, now in course of publication,<sup>1</sup> four volumes have appeared: *The Emigrant Literature*, *The Romantic School in Germany*, *The Reaction in France*, and *The Romantic School in France*. The latter is really the fifth volume in point of order, but *Naturalism in England*, which precedes it, has been temporarily delayed in publication. The final volume, *Young Germany*, is also shortly to be issued. In the new contact with the English-reading public which the present spirited translation makes possible, these brilliant and suggestive books by one of the foremost of living critics deserve and will no doubt secure a wide influence upon a new generation of men of letters.

<sup>1</sup> *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*. In six volumes. By GEORG BRANDES. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903-1904.



## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### THE TYRANNY OF THE CALENDAR

THE season is at hand when Time throws his annual challenge in our teeth. The bell tinkles peremptorily and a calendar is thrust upon us. November is still young when we are dragged upon the threshold of another year. The leisurely dismissal of the Old Year is no longer possible; we may indulge in no lingering good-by, but he goes out in haste, with apologetic step, and we slam the door upon him. It is off with the old love and on with the new, whether we will or no. I solemnly protest against the invasion of the calendar. In an age that boasts of freedom, I rebel against a tyrant who comes merely to warn us of the fugitive character of Time. That sharp elbow in the ribs has prodded many a noble soul to his death. These pretty devices that we are asked to hang upon our walls are the seductive advertisements of an insinuating and implacable foe. We are asked to be *particeps criminis* in his hideous trade; for must I not, at his behest, tear off and cast as rubbish to the void a day, a week, a month, that I may not have done with at all? Why should I throw my yesterdays into the waste-basket? Yet, if I fail, falling only a few leaves behind, are not my shameless inefficiency and heedlessness paraded before the world? How often have I delivered myself up to my enemies by suffering April to laugh her girlish laughter through torrid July! I know well the insinuating smile of the friend who, dropping in on a peaceful summer morning, when Time has paused in the hayfield to dream upon his scythe-handle, walks coolly to the calendar and brings me up to date with a fine air of rebuke, as though he were conferring the greatest favor in the world. I am sure I should have no standing with my neighbors if they

knew that I rarely wind my watch, and that the clocks in my house — save one or two that are kept going merely to avoid explanations — are never wound.

There is a gentle irony in the fact that the most insolent dispensers of calendars are life insurance companies. It is a legitimate part of their game: you and I are their natural prey, and if they can accent for us the mortality of the flesh by holding before us year after year in compact form the slight round of the year, they are doing much to impress upon us the appalling brevity of our most reasonable expectancy. How weak we are to suffer the intimidation of these soulless corporations, who thrust their wares upon us as much as to say, "Here's a new year, and you'd better make the most of it, for there's no saying when you'll get another." You, my friend, with your combined calendar and memorandum always before you, may pledge all your to-morrows if you will; but as for me, the Hypocritic Days, the Barefoot Dervishes, may ring my bell until they exhaust the battery; but I am not at home to them. If the day be fine, I am out through the back gate and away to the golf links; if it be stormy, I may be trying my hand at a jingle in my study under the shingles. Either way, you may be sure that no Barefoot Dervish can reach me to extort an hour as my grudging alms.

We are all prone to be cowards, and to bend before this tyrant whose banner is spread victoriously on all our walls. Poets and philosophers aid and abet him; the preachers are forever telling us what a dreadful fellow he is, and warning us that if we don't get on the good side of him we are lost forever, — mere wreckage on an inhospitable shore. Hypocrisy and false oaths are born of such teaching. Januarius, let us remember, was two-faced, and it has come about naturally that New

Year's oaths carry a reserve. They are not, in fact, serious obligations. He is a weak soul who sets apart a certain number of days for rectitude, and I can't, for the life of me, see anything noble in making a constable of the calendar. I find with joy that I am freeing myself of the tyrant's thrall. I am never quite sure of the day of the week; I date my letters yesterday or to-morrow with equal indifference. Sometimes June has thrust her roses into my windows before I change the year in dating my letters. When my friend, the editor, asks me to submit something for his Christmas number, — asks me just when, after trying all spring, I am learning to brassie over that third-hole bunker, — I drop my game long enough to ask which Christmas he means, the one that's coming, or the last. Which reminds me that the magazines seem leagued with the calendar for man's undoing. I sometimes rush home from an inspection of a magazine counter in mad haste to get where Oblivion cannot stretch forth a long lean arm and pluck me into the eternal shades; for I decline, with all the strength of my crude Western nature, to countenance the manufacture of yesterdays, no matter how cheerful, out of my confident to-morrows. A March magazine put forth in the middle of February does not fool the daffodils a bit. This stamping of months that have not arrived upon our current literature is nothing more or less than counterfeiting; or, rather, the issuing of false currency by the old Tyrant who stands behind the counter of the Bank of Time. And there is the railway time-table, — the unconscious comic utterance of the *Zeitgeist*! Who am I, pray, that I should stuff my pocket with calendars and time-tables? Why not throw all the charts to the fishes and let the winds do their will with us awhile? Let us, I beg, leave some little margin in our lives for the shock of surprise.

The Daughters of Time are nice girls, and they may offer me all the bread, kingdoms, stars they like; but they must

cheer up a bit or keep out of my front yard. No shuffling about like Barefoot Dervishes, but in golden sandals let them come, an they must, and I will kindle a fire of next year's calendars in their honor. But finally let me say, to prevent futile expectations on their part, that I am at an age when all girls look a good deal alike to me!

#### THE END OF THE STORY

Last words are always of interest, be they spoken or written. It is the laughing farewell as the train pulls out, or the hurried whisper from the steamer's gang-plank, that we remember in the after days. Orators save their most convincing argument for the end of the speech, and although the finest lines of a play do not always ring the curtain down, the strongest scenes are crowded into the last act.

How is it with the story-tellers? Some say it is not the end of the novel, but the climax of the plot, which fixes the attention and memory. The hold which the end of the story takes upon the average reader needs no proof when we recall the experience of Dickens, who, when the *Old Curiosity Shop* was being given to the world in monthly parts, was overwhelmed with petitions "not to let Little Nell die." Smile as we may at these troubled souls, and those others who must read the last chapter first to see if it all "ends right," there is a sound reason under their impulse, — as there usually is under every widespread feeling of "the world's common folk." It is the closing chapter which makes or mars a book. It is the last thought that lingers with us when we finish the story, and lay the book aside. It is that which makes *Sentimental Tommy* so unsatisfying. We watch him, as he trudges heart-hungry out of Thrums, with a strange yearning in our own hearts. If Barrie had only let him die, or married him, or in some way surely and finally disposed of him, we would acquiesce. But to send him off alone "to a far country" is to make of him an uneasy spirit, a

ghost that will not be laid. And so the reading world eagerly longed for and warmly welcomed *Tommy and Grizel*; only to lay it down, too, indignant at the absurd anti-climax which leaves Tommy (this time instead of the reader) in suspense. It is hard to forgive Barrie for the bathos of that closing scene.

Kingsley, on the other hand, sums up the whole moral of *Hypatia* in the closing paragraph:—

“And now, readers, farewell. I have shown you New Foes under an Old Face. Your own likeness in toga and tunic, instead of coat and bonnet. One word before we part. The same Devil who tempted these old Egyptians tempts you. The same God who would have saved these old Egyptians if they had willed, will save you, if you will. Their sins are yours, their errors yours, their doom yours, their deliverance yours. There is nothing new under the sun. The thing which has been, it is that which shall be. Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone, whether at Hypatia or Pelagia, Miriam or Raphael, Cyril or Philammon.”

I have always felt that George Eliot planned the end of the *Mill on the Floss*, and worked back from that point; for, undoubtedly, Maggie's love for Tom is the one master passion of her life. She cared both for Stephen Guest and for Philip, but she loved Tom with a love which possessed her whole being; the roots of that love reached down to the old childish days, and it had grown with her growth. So, while George Eliot tells us that “the other was always solitary, his companionship was among the trees of the Red Deeps, where the buried joy seemed still to hover—like a revisiting spirit,” still her last thought is with the brother and sister: “The tomb bore the names of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, and below the names it was written ‘In their death they were not divided.’”

In view of events in Africa, the Philip-pines, and “far China's land,” the closing words of Victor Hugo's *History of a Crime* are peculiarly significant. He says:

“One day before long the seven nations which combine in themselves the whole of humanity will join together and amalgamate like the seven colors of the prism in a radiant celestial arch; the marvels of peace will appear eternal and visible above civilization; and the world, dazzled, will contemplate the immense rainbow of the united peoples of Europe.”

Goldsmith, in closing his *Citizen of the World*, brushes aside, as lightly as Emerson would, the modern bugbear of consistency. The words are these: “‘They must often change,’ says Confucius, ‘who would be constant in happiness and wisdom.’”

Charles Reade ends *It's Never Too Late to Mend* with the comfortable thought, “These average women are not the spice of fiction, but they are the salt of real life.”

In *Griffith Gaunt* he gives us a glimpse of his conception of the life that stretches beyond. The thought is both bright and broad:—

“So, then, though they could not eat nor dance together in earthly mansions, they could do good together—and methinks, in the eternal world where years of social intercourse will prove less than cobwebs, these, their joint acts of mercy, will be links of a bright, strong chain, to bind their souls in everlasting amity.”

The ending of Dickens's *Hard Times* suggests the end of *Middlemarch*,—the thought is essentially the same. Dickens is speaking of Louisa; he says she has grown learned in childish lore, that she is trying hard to know her fellow creatures, and to beautify with imaginative graces the hard reality of their “lives of machinery.” He concludes with,—

“She holds this course as part of no fantastic vow, or bond, or brotherhood, or sisterhood, or pledge, or covenant, or fancy dress, or fancy fair, but simply as a duty to be done. Dear reader! It rests with you and me whether in our two fields of action, similar things shall be or not. Let them be! We shall sit with lighter bosoms on the hearth, and see the ashes of our fires turn grey and cold.”

Compare this with the end of *Middlemarch*:—

"Dorothea's full nature, like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

The last sentences of *Vanity Fair* and the *Book of Snobs* may very fairly stand as types of Thackeray's two great points of view. *Vanity Fair* is dismissed with the cynical, —

"Ah, Vanitas, Vanitatum; which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or having it is satisfied? Come children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

We close the *Book of Snobs* with a better inspiration:—

"May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin, never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all."

Carlyle fully understood the lasting force of a final thought. He closes his *French Revolution* with, —

"While the voice of man speaks with man, hast thou not there the living fountain out of which all sacredness sprang, and will yet spring? Man, by the nature of him, is definable as 'an incarnated word.' Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely; thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell."

From within the walls of the Tower come the mournfully prophetic words of an earlier historian. 'Tis Raleigh, soldier, courtier, discoverer, man of the world, and man of letters, penning the last words of his *History of the World*:—

"O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none has dared, thou hast

done; whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with those two narrow words, *Hic jacet*."

Lowell's last lines of the *Biglow Papers* come to me as a solemn warning:—

My frien's, I've talked nigh on to long enough,  
I hain't no call to bore ye coz ye 're tough;

It's the las' time thet I shell e'er address ye,  
But you 'll soon fin' some new tormentor: bless  
ye!

Against all "problem stories" I wish to register a grudge. If a writer cannot make up his own mind, why should I divide the silent watches of the night between punching my pillow and crying "Anathema!" while I try to do it for him? Of these haunting human question marks, perhaps the worst is Frank Stockton's barbaric princess, so coolly balancing in her hand the fates of the Lady and the Tiger all these years, while we and the whole arena wait. Out upon her, and the long line of peace-troublers of which she stands as the type.

#### THE CURSE OF DELIBERATION

I would fain learn which is worse, to be thoughtless, or to be thought-tied? If there be any moral quality in the world I utterly envy and hanker after, it is impetuosity; precipitation; the priceless faculty of talking before you think; of not looking before you leap; of catching bald Time by the forelock; of bolting and running; of counting chickens ere they are hatched; of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. Were I a correspondent of Mr. Spectator, in the year 1711, I should be fairly certain that my case would receive respectful consideration, and an infallible remedy both golden and ironical. But what, Sir, am I to do in this day of anointed hurry? I find myself incapable of action save on the ultimate consideration; muscle-bound, as it were,

with second thoughts. I must chew the cud, be the occasion trivial or the reverse, first of all, and for a snug space of time. The day is fine: will I go canoeing? asks Vespertina. No: it should have been mentioned yesterday. The delightful prospect stirs my blood no whit, and there is no valid reason against the pastime. But I observe that it should have been mentioned yesterday, whereupon Vespertina weeps immoderately. "Let there be a poem on the *Aurora Borealis*!" whispers the Muse. "Hussy," say I, "thou'rt too sudden. On what known historic incident, on what pre-natal impression, can I found a poem on the *Aurora Borealis*? Go to." Alas, she goes.

I wish to cultivate inner heat, and a furious hand and foot: my sad lucidity of soul shall be bartered cheap for these. I long to stumble into swear-words, to be mastered by irrational impulse, and to be capable of remorse. I wish to see and love, like any fool, before I see through and doubt, like any knave. It would crown my career could I be born suddenly and happily, at last, into a Heaven which has been the too intermittent subject of my cogitations: the indecent unprepared novelty of it all might make a man of me. I am self-hesternized, precedent-ridden, obsessed by the fatal habit of having no habits, and of being obliged, at every turn and at all hours, to use my will anew, instead of the ready money of instinct, or even that of social custom.

Mr. Editor, there is a most serviceable asset called the muscular intelligence; but even that the fairies stole from my cradle. Other mortals, more favored, are able to do the same deed for the thousandth time, with some degree of mechanical celerity and of cerebral unconsciousness. But each morning, when I have thrust first my left, then my right foot into the right shoe (thank Heaven I am not a centipede, and am subject only to one error of the sort *per diem*!), and when I have tied, after convolute labors, my simple four-in-hand, I have wasted, not only the congested lifetime of Methu-

salem, but as much genius and industry, in a way, as would have set up Sir Isaac Newton! Again, Sir, it is an heroic feat, and nothing less, when I shake my ideas free of confusion, and rise into exact knowledge of some bit of etiquette which for my sixty-odd years has been staring me in the face: such, say, as preceding a lady up the stair. Nor could I ever learn to dance.

It is my bitter destiny to punctuate my page, and more: to stake my peace on every comma of my own placing in a world of wild unfettered prose-poems and of split infinitives. My microbe, my daimon, is deliberation. But I apprehend, with no small pang, that nobody will believe it; that I shall never win the pity and indulgence so richly my due: for I have maintained only too successfully an air of inspiration, bonhomie, and bluster, to cover my congenital unreadiness. Now that I have made a clean breast of it I feel better. Did you ask me to have this cigar? Sir, to be perfectly frank with you, I must take time to think it over.

#### NEW THOUGHTS ON THE PURITAN CONSCIENCE

It has been such a delight to have a new thought on this subject that I feel I must not eat my morsel alone. It has only recently come to me, and I have not gotten quite used to it myself. Perhaps some one will help me. At times it fills me with joy as almost too good to be true; in other moments I do not feel quite able to support the weight of the discovery. Whenever during all these years my conscience has become insupportably disagreeable it has always been a relief to me to throw the blame of it upon the Puritans, and hope that when we had gotten a little farther away from them such things would become impossible. I tried to think of it all as a piece of atavism and that I should get over it. What brought me up with a sharp turn was to find what an unconscionably long time it took for the Puritan power in me to get on the wane. It is

now some thirty years, nearly a generation, and long enough for anything merely provincial to show signs of wear if it were ever going to, and yet it is as lively and as uncomfortable as ever.

Of late a suspicion, half joyous and half sad as I have intimated, has come over me that perhaps it was not the Puritan conscience at all. I have felt just the possibility of the Puritan, living in the enlightened state above, doing what I never used to think a Puritan could do, laughing, laughing in his sleeve at us, and wondering how long it would take us witty people to realize that it was not his conscience we had gotten hold of but our own.

Ah, that Puritan conscience! Would that it were Puritan, indeed! I could stand its slings and arrows well enough, but one sign and another warns me that it has lasted too long for any reasonable person to lay it to the Puritan any longer, and that it is ours, our very own, gotten not from him, but from the same place from which he got it, and that whether we like it or not we must get used to the situation. We can call it all the bad names we like, but it has come to stay.

Providence has broken the truth to us gently. For two hundred years we were allowed to meet together and discuss the matter, and act as if it were not really ours, while all the time we were being accustomed to it. The time has come for us to own up to it. Instead of berating the Puritan henceforth, or admiring him unduly, I shall have to think of him in a brotherly sort of way as having had the same trouble that I have had, or, in more jubilant moments, think of myself as just as good as he was, and stay away from dinners founded on the delusion that conscience was his specialty.

It has been such a comfort to me to think that the Puritan was provincial. It is hard to have one of my stoutest beliefs thus rudely questioned. I fear the fact is that he did not begin to be as provincial as could be desired, but rather that he had run plump up against some enormous

spiritual laws, that he could not escape them and did not try to, but took what little comfort there was to be had out of the situation by acting more or less as if he had made the laws himself. It was probably better so; a slight sense of ownership being, on the whole, rather necessary, and no harm done by it. We can call the laws what we please so long as we obey them. Nowadays most people seem to prefer to call them universal, when what they mean is God; or Puritan, which takes the edge off them for a little, until we realize down deep that they are ours just as much as the Puritans'. Why not give them credit for their youth, and admit once for all their depressing contemporaneity?

I see the transfigured Puritan floating off on his cloud. Not the kind of Puritan we put up in the parks in bronze or talk about at dinners, but a soberly cheerful figure with just the suspicion of a wink in his eye, as, receding forever, he seems saying to me: "It was n't our conscience at all. We did n't like it any better than you do. It is yours; it is everybody's. It will crop up everywhere. If it has helped humanity to call it ours for a century or two, we are glad to have been of service in breaking it to you more gently than it was ever broken to us. We have been at your dinners and outlaughed you all, wondering when you would wake up and see where the real laugh came in. If we can be of further help, command us, but we foresee a swiftly coming time when we shall no longer be of use to you. Farewell."

#### LES GENS DE MA CONNAISSANCE

Mr. Saintsbury in his sketch of Piron in *A Frame of Miniatures* recalls the story of the way in which the poet greeted the reading of a manuscript which a young author was submitting to him. "At each reminiscence, he (Piron) solemnly lifted his hat, until at last the author, nettled, asked him what was the matter. 'C'est que j'ai la coutume de saluer les



gens de ma connaissance,' was the reply."

It is not vouchsafed to many of us to have M. Piron's opportunity for the retort courteous, nor perhaps, were the opportunity ours, should we seize it with such Gallic skill. But I fancy that most of us could follow, through some yellowing drawer-full of boyhood reflections and rejected manuscripts, the traces of "les gens de notre connaissance," — the unconscious echoes, when we first came under the thrall of some master spirit, — the little twists of phrase, the stylistic mannerisms, naïvely confessing at whose shrine we worshiped.

Not long ago, chance unearthed for me a little brown dog-eared volume, — the diary of a college boy. The bescrewled and dusty pages told of college scrapes and summer outings, of books bought and read and gravely judged. And whenever a new planet swam into his ken, the boyish style underwent a corresponding change.

"Joyousest of joyous days," I find recorded in a vacation period, "how fair hast thou been, and how much do I regret thy passing! By what Elysian stream have I wandered, and with what bliss played out for the passing moment my little rôle! Great hast thou been for me, O Day of Days, doubly great by reason of that pure damsel who paused with me beside the purling brook."

Is it necessary to turn back a few pages and find: "Received from my father, Charles Lamb's *Essays of Elia*"? And why in these callous latter days should I recall that the "Elysian stream" bore the ignominious cognomen of Muddy Run, and that the "pure damsel" stepped not so lightly but that her well-shod feet left as distinct an impress in the soft Virginia soil as did her coquettish glances upon my impressionable heart?

But the pure damsel passes, and Lamb gives place to another mood and style. There is no record of a new purchase — there is no need. For the young sentimentalist bounds suddenly into a somewhat

incoherent transcendentalism, and his inspiration is unmistakable.

"These are kind people," he writes, with a patronizing air which sits comically upon his eighteen years, "good people and not without somewhat to commend them, — but mere sitters by the chimney-nook, — nought of the *Heroic* upon them. God Commonplace, a poor shambling creature, their deity. What know they of Manhood, of Herohood, the rude giants of the old world struggling through chaotic confusion, of Luther fighting the battle of the right against a world, of Cromwell raising his standard against monarchical injustice?" As a matter of fact, the good people probably knew their Carlyle much better than the callow stripling who was criticising them, — and probably entertained aspirations without parading them, into the bargain.

But no boy could pass through his literary nonage without coming at some time or other under the domination of the eighteenth-century Dictator. "The profusion of weighty volumes around me," the diarist writes (it is winter, and the reference is doubtless to the sober college shelves), "oppress (sic) me with the meagerness of my own intellectual life. Ah, that I may profit by the 'present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground!'" And so, *passim*, with the sagest of reflections, in the weightiest of Johnsonese.

Sir Thomas Browne, from whom, with unconscious humor, he has quoted: "It is an honorable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours" — Izaak Walton, conceitful Lyly, and glorious old Malory — with what unspoiled zest they are greeted, unconsciously echoed, freely plagiarized! Blessed boyhood discoveries I greet them again — les gens de ma connaissance — half envious of that first keen delight, that innocent privilege of plagiarism.